Vernon J. Watney,
Cornbury.

LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
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Horace Walpole

from a miniature by Zincke.

Walker & Cockerell Ph. Sc.

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THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. III: 1750—1756

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume III	vii-xi
Letters 314-491	1-455

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From miniature by Christian Friedrich Zincke *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

HON. SIR EDWARD WALPOLE, K.B. . . . *To face p.* 132
From painting in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

ANNE LENNOX, COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE . ,, 283
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in National Gallery.*

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN . . . . . ,, 405
From pastel by Hamilton *in possession of the* Earl of Carlisle.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. III

T			C
		1750.	
314	July 25, 1750	Horace Mann	309
315	Aug. 2, 1750	Horace Mann	310
316	Sept. 1, 1750	Horace Mann	311
317	Sept. 10, 1750	George Montagu	312
318	Sept. 20, 1750	Horace Mann	313
319	Oct. 18, 1750	Horace Mann	314
320	Nov. 19, 1750	Horace Mann	315
321	Dec. 19, 1750	Horace Mann	316
322	Dec. 22, 1750	Horace Mann	317
		1751.	
323	Feb. 9, 1751	Horace Mann	318
324	March 13, 1751	Horace Mann	319
325	March 21, 1751	Horace Mann	320
326	April 1, 1751	Horace Mann	321
327	April 22, 1751	Horace Mann	322
328	May 30, 1751	Horace Mann	323
329	May 30, 1751	George Montagu	324
330	June 3, 1751	Rev. Joseph Spence	325
331	June 13, 1751	George Montagu	326
332	June 18, 1751	Horace Mann	327
333	June 19, 1751	Miss Anne Pitt.	
334	July 16, 1751	Horace Mann	328
335	July 22, 1751	George Montagu	329
336	Aug. 31, 1751	Horace Mann	330
337	Oct. 8, 1751	George Montagu	331
338	Oct. 14, 1751	Horace Mann	332
339	Nov. 22, 1751	Horace Mann	333
340	Dec. 12, 1751	Horace Mann	334
		1752.	
341	Jan. 9, 1752	George Montagu	335
342	Feb. 2, 1752	Horace Mann	336
343	Feb. 27, 1752	Horace Mann	337

T			C
344	March 23, 1752 . .	Horace Mann	338
345	May 5, 1752 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	339
346	May 12, 1752 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	340
347	May 13, 1752 . . .	Horace Mann	341
348	June 6, 1752 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	342
349	Thursday [June, 1752]	George Montagu. . . .	343
350	June 23, 1752. . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	344
351	July 27, 1752 . . .	Horace Mann	346
352	July 30, 1752 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	345
353	Aug. 5, 1752 . . .	Richard Bentley. . . .	347
354	Aug. 28, 1752. . .	George Montagu. . . .	348
355	Oct. 28, N.S. 1752. .	Horace Mann	349
356	Nov. 8, 1752 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	350
356*†	Nov. 20, 1752. . .	Earl of Cardigan.	
357	Nov. 25, 1752. . .	Hon. Henry Pelham . .	351
358	Dec. 11, 1752. N.S. .	Horace Mann	353
359	Dec. 14, 1752 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	352

1753.

360	Feb. 14, 1753. . .	Horace Mann	354
361	Feb. 20, 1753 . . .	Thomas Gray	355
362	March 4, 1753. . .	Horace Mann	356
363	March 27, 1753 . .	Horace Mann	357
364	April 16, 1753 . .	Horace Mann	358
365	April 27, 1753 . .	Horace Mann	359
366	May 5, 1753 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	360
367	May 22, 1753 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	361
368	May 24, 1753 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	362
369	June 11, 1753. . .	George Montagu. . . .	363
370	June 12, 1753. . .	Horace Mann	364
371	July 17, 1753. . .	George Montagu. . . .	365
372	July 21, 1753. . .	Horace Mann	366
373	Aug. 4, 1753 . . .	John Chute	367
374	Aug. 16, 1753. . .	George Montagu. . . .	368
375†	Sept. 1, 1753 . . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
376	Sept., 1753 . . .	Richard Bentley. . . .	369
377	Oct. 6, 1753 . . .	Horace Mann	370
378	Nov. 4, 1753 . . .	Robert Dodsley	2655
379	Dec. 6, 1753 . . .	Horace Mann	371
380	Dec. 6, 1753 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	372
381	Dec. 19, 1753 . . .	Richard Bentley. . . .	373

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
		1754.	
382	Jan. 28, 1754	Horace Mann	374
383	Feb. 10, 1754	Miss Anne Pitt.	
384	March 2, 1754	Richard Bentley.	375
385	March 6, 1754	Richard Bentley.	376
386	March 7, 1754	Horace Mann	377
387	March 17, 1754	Richard Bentley.	378
388	March 19, 1754	George Montagu.	379
389	March 28, 1754	Horace Mann	380
390	April 24, 1754	Horace Mann	381
391	April 30, 1754	John Chute	382
392	May 14, 1754	John Chute	383
393	May 18, 1754	Richard Bentley.	384
394	May 21, 1754	John Chute.	
395	May 21, 1754	George Montagu.	385
396	May 23, 1754	Horace Mann	386
397	June 5, 1754	Horace Mann	387
398	June 8, 1754	George Montagu.	388
399	June 29, 1754.	George Montagu.	389
400	July 5, 1754	Horace Mann	390
401	July 6, 1754	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	391
402	July 9, 1754	Richard Bentley.	392
403	Aug. 6, 1754	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	393
404	Aug. 29, 1754.	George Montagu.	394
405	Oct. 6, 1754	Horace Mann	395
406	Thursday,17[Oct.,1754]	George Montagu.	514
407	Oct. 24, 1754	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	396
408	Nov. 3, 1754	Richard Bentley.	397
409	Nov. 11, 1754.	Richard Bentley.	398
410	Nov. 16, 1754.	George Montagu.	399
411	Nov. 20, 1754.	Richard Bentley.	400
412	Dec. 1, 1754	Horace Mann	401
413	Dec. 13, 1754.	Richard Bentley.	402
414	Dec. 24, 1754	Richard Bentley.	403
		1755.	
415	Jan. 7, 1755	George Montagu.	404
416	Jan. 9, 1755	Richard Bentley.	405
417	Jan. 9, 1755	Horace Mann	406
418	Feb. 8, 1755	Richard Bentley.	407
419	Feb. 23, 1755	Richard Bentley.	408
420	March 6, 1755	Richard Bentley.	409
421	March 10, 1755	Sir Horace Mann	410
422	March 27, 1755	Richard Bentley.	411

T			C
423	April 13, 1755	Richard Bentley.	412
424	April 22, 1755	Sir Horace Mann	413
425	April 24, 1755	Richard Bentley.	414
426	May 6, 1755	Richard Bentley.	416
427	May 13, 1755	George Montagu.	417
428	June 10, 1755.	Richard Bentley.	419
429	June 15, 1755.	Sir Horace Mann	420
430	July 5, 1755	Richard Bentley.	421
431	July 16, 1755	Sir Horace Mann	422
432	July 17, 1755	Richard Bentley.	423
433	July 17, 1755	George Montagu.	424
434	July 26, 1755	George Montagu.	425
435	Aug. 4, 1755	Richard Bentley.	426
436	Aug. 15, 1755.	Richard Bentley.	427
437	Aug. 21, 1755.	Grosvenor Bedford.	
438	Aug. 26, 1755.	Sir Horace Mann	428
439	Aug. 28, 1755.	Sir Horace Mann	429
440	Aug. 28, 1755.	Richard Bentley.	430
441	Sept. 18, 1755.	Richard Bentley.	431
442	Sept. 20, [1755]	George Montagu.	432
443	Sept. 23, 1755.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	433
444	Sept. 29, 1755.	Sir Horace Mann	434
445	Sept. 29, 1755.	John Chute	435
446	Sept. 30, 1755.	Richard Bentley.	436
447	Oct. 7, 1755	George Montagu.	437
448	Oct. 19, 1755	Richard Bentley.	438
449	Oct. 20, 1755	John Chute	439
450	Oct. 27, 1755	Sir Horace Mann	440
451	Oct. 31, 1755	Richard Bentley.	441
452	Nov. 8, 1755	George Montagu.	442
453	Nov. 15, 1755.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	443
454	Nov. 16, 1755.	Richard Bentley.	444
455	Nov. 16, 1755.	Sir Horace Mann	445
456	Nov. 25, 1755.	George Montagu.	446
457	Dec. 4, 1755	Sir Horace Mann	447
458	Dec. 17, 1755	Richard Bentley.	448
459	Dec. 20, 1755.	George Montagu.	449
460	Dec. 21, 1755.	Sir Horace Mann	450
461	Dec. 30, 1755.	George Montagu.	451
		1756.	
462	Jan. 6, 1756	Richard Bentley.	452
463	Jan. 22, 1756	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	453

T			C
464	Jan. 24, 1756 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	454
465	Jan. 25, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	455
466	Feb. 5, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	456
467	Feb. 12, 1756 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	457
468	Feb. 23, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	458
469	March 4, 1756 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	459
470	March 18, 1756 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	460
471	March 25, 1756 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	461
472	April 13, 1756 . .	Horatio Walpole . . .	2656
473	April 14, 1756 . .	Horatio Walpole . . .	2657
474	April 16, 1756 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	462
475	April 18, 1756 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	463
476	April 20, 1756 . .	George Montagu. . . .	464
477	May 4, [1756]. . .	George Montagu. . . .	415
478	May 16, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	466
479	May 19, 1756 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	467
480	May 27, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	468
481	June 6, 1756 . . .	Earl of Strafford. . . .	469
482	June 8, 1756 . . .	John Chute	470
483	June 14, 1756. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	471
484	July 11, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	473
485	July 12, 1756 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	474
486	July 24, 1756 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	475
487	August, [1756] . .	Richard Bentley. . . .	478
488	August 28, 1756 . .	George Montagu. . . .	476
489	August 29, 1756 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	477
490	Thursday [Sept. 2, 1756]	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	522
491	Sept. 19, 1756. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	479

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

314. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 25, 1750.

I told you my idle season was coming on, and that I should have great intervals between my letters; have not I kept my word? For anything I have to tell you, I might have kept it a month longer. I came out of Essex last night, and find the town quite depopulated: I leave it to-morrow, and go to Mr. Conway's [1], in Buckinghamshire, with only giving a transient glance on Strawberry Hill. Don't imagine I am grown fickle; I thrust all my visits into a heap, and then am quiet for the rest of the season. It is so much the way in England to jaunt about, that one can't avoid it; but it convinces me that people are more tired of themselves and the country than they care to own.

Has your brother told you that my Lord Chesterfield has bought the Houghton lantern? the famous lantern, that produced so much Patriot wit [2]; and very likely some of his Lordship's? My brother had bought a much handsomer at Lord Cholmondeley's sale; for with all the immensity of the celebrated one, it was ugly, and too little for the hall. He

Letter 314.—[1] Mr. Conway hired Latimers, in Buckinghamshire, for three years. *Walpole.*

[2] In one pamphlet, the noise on this lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was the porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern. *Walpole.*

would have given it to my Lord Chesterfield rather than he should not have had it.

You tell us nothing of your big events, of the quarrel of the Pope and the Venetians, on the Patriarchate of Aquileia[3]. We look upon it as so decisive that I should not wonder if Mr. Lyttelton, or Whitfield the Methodist, were to set out for Venice, to make them a tender of some of our religions.

Is it true too what we hear, that the Emperor has turned the tables on her Cæsarean jealousy[4], and discarded Metastasio the poet, and that the latter is gone mad upon it, instead of hugging himself on coming off so much better than his predecessor in royal love and music, David Rizzio? I believe I told you that one of your sovereigns, and an intimate friend of yours, King Theodore, is in the King's Bench prison. I have so little to say, that I don't care if I do tell you the same thing twice. He lived in a privileged place; his creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance; he bit at it, and concluded they were both to be reinstated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me; though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him. The King of Portugal[5] (and when I have told you this, I have done with kings) has bought a handsome house here[6] for the residence of his ministers.

I believe you have often heard me mention a Mr. Ashton[7], a clergyman, who, in one word, has great preferments, and owes everything upon earth to me. I have long had reason to complain of his behaviour; in short, my father is dead, and I can make no bishops. He has at last quite thrown

[3] The right to nominate the Patriarch of Aquileia was in dispute between the Austrians and Venetians. To put an end to the quarrel Benedict XIV suppressed the Patriarchate in this year (1750).

[4] The Empress Maria Theresa.

[5] John V.

[6] In South Audley Street. *Walpole.*

[7] Thomas Ashton, Fellow of Eton College, and Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. *Walpole.*

off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton, taking for his motto these lines:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

I have forbid him my house, and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture:

Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
Quid vacat et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

I own it was pleasant to me the other day, on meeting Mr. Tonson[8], his bookseller, at the Speaker's and asking him if he had sold many of Mr. Ashton's books, to be told, 'Very few indeed, Sir!'

I beg you will thank Dr. Cocchi much for his book; I will thank him much more when I have received and read it. His friend, Dr. Mead, is undone; his fine collection is going to be sold[9]: he owes above five-and-twenty thousand pounds. All the world thought him immensely rich; but, besides the expense of his collection, he kept a table for which alone he is said to have allowed seventy pounds a week. . . .[10] I wish you joy of your palace[11] filling again—mind, I don't say seraglio—oh! but they won't live with you—I had forgot. Adieu!

315. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 2, 1750.

I had just sent my letter to the Secretary's office the other day when I received yours: it would have prevented my reproving you for not mentioning the quarrel between the

[8] Jacob Tonson the younger (d. 1767).

[9] Dr. Mead's collections were not dispersed until after his death in 1754.

[10] Passage omitted.

[11] This alludes to the return of Mr. and Mrs. B. Mr. Mann was supposed to be in love with her. *Walpole.*

Pope and the Venetians; and I should have had time to tell you that Dr. Mead's bankruptcy is contradicted. I don't love to send you falsities, so I tell you this is contradicted, though it is by no means clear that he is not undone—he is scarce worth making an article in two letters.

I don't wonder that Marquis Acciauoli's villa did not answer to you: by what I saw in Tuscany and by the prints, their villas are strangely out of taste, and laboured by their unnatural regularity and art to destroy the romanticness of the situations. I wish you could see the villas and seats here! the country wears a new face; everybody is improving their places, and as they don't fortify their plantations with entrenchments of walls and high hedges, one has the benefit of them even in passing by. The dispersed buildings—I mean temples, bridges, &c.—are generally Gothic or Chinese, and give a whimsical air of novelty that is very pleasing. You would like a drawing-room in the latter style that I fancied and have been executing at Mr. Rigby's in Essex; it has large and very fine Indian landscapes, with a black fret round them, and round the whole entablature of the room, and all the ground or hanging is of pink paper. While I was there, we had eight of the hottest days that ever were felt; they say, some degrees beyond the hottest in the East Indies, and that the Thames was more so than the hot well at Bristol. The guards died on their posts at Versailles; and here a Captain Halyburton, brother-in-law of Lord Morton[1], went mad with the excess of it.

Your brother Gal will, I suppose, be soon making improvements like the rest of the world: he has bought an estate in Kent, called Bocton Malherbe[2], famous enough for having belonged to two men who, in my opinion, have very little title to fame, Sir Harry Wotton[3] and my Lord Chesterfield.

LETTER 315.—[1] James Douglas (1702–1768), fourteenth Earl of Morton.

[2] Called also Boughton Malherbe.

[3] Diplomatist and Provost of Eton; d. 1639.

I must have the pleasure of being the first to tell you that your pedigree is finished at last; a most magnificent performance, and that will make a pompous figure in a future great hall at Bocton Malherbe, when your great-nephews or great-[grand]children shall be Earls, &c. My cousin Lord Conway is made Earl of Hertford, as a branch of the Somersets: Sir Edward Seymour gave his approbation handsomely. He has not yet got the dukedom himself, as there is started up a Dr. Seymour who claims it, but will be able to make nothing out.

Dr. Middleton is dead—not killed by Mr. Ashton—but of a decay that came upon him at once. The Bishop of London [4] will perhaps make a jubilee for his death, and then we shall draw off some of your crowds of travellers. Tacitus Gordon [5] died the same day; he married the widow of Trenchard [6] (with whom he wrote *Cato's Letters*), at the same time that Dr. Middleton married her companion. The Bishop of Durham (Chandler), another great writer of controversy, is dead too, immensely rich; he is succeeded by Butler [7] of Bristol, a metaphysic author, much patronized by the late Queen; she never could make my father read his book, and which she certainly did not understand herself: he told her his religion was fixed, and that he did not want to change or improve it. A report is come of the death of the King of Portugal [8], and of the young Pretender; but that I don't believe.

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean [9], a fashionable highwayman,

[4] Thomas Sherlock.

[5] Thomas Gordon, political writer. Sir Robert Walpole made him First Commissioner of Wine Licences.

[6] John Trenchard (1662–1723). Gordon's marriage to his widow is said to have been suggested by Trenchard himself on his death-bed.

[7] Joseph Butler (1692–1752), Bishop of Bristol, and author of the *Analogy of Religion*.

[8] John V of Portugal died on July 31, 1750.

[9] James Maclean or Maclaine, son of a Presbyterian minister at Monaghan; executed at Tyburn, Oct. 3, 1750.

who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton[10], Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago. and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, and who perhaps goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney bowling-green two months ago with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him

[10] Alexander Montgomerie, tenth Earl of Eglintoun. He was murdered in 1770 by Mungo Campbell, an Excise officer.

no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, 'My dear, what did the lords say to you? have you ever been concerned with any of them?'—Was not it admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better! But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around[11].

Another celebrated Polly has been arrested for thirty pounds, even the old Cuzzoni[12]. The Prince of Wales bailed her—who will do as much for him?

I am much obliged to you for your intended civilities to my liking Madame Capello; but as I never liked anything of her but her prettiness, for she is an idiot, I beg you will dispense with them on my account: I should even be against your renewing your garden assemblies: you would be too good to pardon the impertinence of the Florentines, and would very likely expose yourself to more: besides, the absurdities which English travelling boys are capable, and likely to act or conceive, always gave me apprehensions of your meeting with disagreeable scenes—and then there is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys, and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not learn the world, because they are sent to

[11] The last song in the *Beggar's Opera*.

[12] Francesca Cuzzoni, a celebrated singer. She died in Italy, in great poverty, in 1770.

teach it, and as they come forth more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instil all theirs into their pupils. Don't assemble them!

Since I began my letter, the King of Portugal's death is contradicted: for the future, I will be as circumspect as one of your Tuscan residents was, who being here in Oliver's time, wrote to his court, 'Some say the Protector is dead; others that he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other.'

Will you send me some excellent melon seeds? I have a neighbour who shines in fruit, and have promised to get him some: Zatteè, I think he says, is a particular sort. I don't know the best season for sending them, but you do, and will oblige me by some of the best sorts.

I suppose you know all that execrable history that occasioned an insurrection lately at Paris, where they were taking up young children to try to people one of their colonies, in which grown persons could never live[13]. You have seen too, to be sure, in the papers the bustle that has been all this winter about purloining some of our manufacturers to Spain. I was told to-day that the informations, if they had had rope given them, would have reached to General Wall. Can you wonder? Why should Spain prefer a native of England[14] to her own subjects, but because he could and would do us more hurt than a Spaniard could? A grandee is a more harmless animal by far than an Irish Papist. We stifled this evidence: we are in their power; we forgot at the last peace to renew the most material treaty[15]! Adieu! *You* would not forget a material treaty.

[13] Apparently a false report. The real cause of the riots seems to have been the action of some of the police, who, on a pretext of arresting beggars, seized the children of well-to-do people in order to extort a ransom from the parents.

[14] General Richard Wall was of Irish parents, but I believe not born in these dominions. *Walpole.*—He was born in Ireland.

[15] The Treaty of Commerce. See letter to Mann of Oct. 18, 1750.

316. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1750.

Here, my dear child, I have two letters of yours to answer. I will go answer them; and then, if I have anything to tell you, I will. I accept very thankfully all the civilities you showed to Madame Capello on my account, but I don't accept her on my account: I don't know who has told you that I liked her, but you may believe me, I never did. For the Damers[1], they have lived much in the same world that I do. He is moderately sensible, immoderately proud, self-sufficient, and whimsical. She is very sensible, has even humour, if the excessive reserve and silence that she draws from both father and mother would let her, I may almost say, ever show it. You say, 'What people do we send you!' I reply, 'What people we do not send you!' Those that travel are reasonable, compared with those who can never prevail on themselves to stir beyond the atmosphere of their own whims. I am convinced that the opinions I give you about several people must appear very misanthrope; but yet, you see, you are generally forced to own at last that I did not speak from prejudice: but I won't triumph, since you own that I was in the right about the B.'s[2]. I was a little peevish with you in your last, when I came to the paragraph where you begin to say 'I have made use of all the interest I have with Mr. Pelham[3].' I concluded you was proceeding to say, 'to procure your arrears'; instead of that, it was, to

Letter 316.—[1] Joseph Damer, afterwards created Baron Milton in Ireland, married Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*

[2] The Barretts.

[3] Thomas Pelham, of Stanmer. A young gentleman who travelled with Mr. Milbank. *Walpole.*—First cousin of the Duke of Newcastle, whom he succeeded as Baron Pelham of Stanmer in 1768; cr. Earl of Chichester, 1801. Lord of Trade, 1754; Lord of the Admiralty, 1761–64; Comptroller of the Household, 1765–74; Surveyor-General of Customs of London, 1773–1805; Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent, 1774–75; Keeper of the Wardrobe, 1775–82; d. 1805.

make him serve Mr. Milbank[4]—will you never have done obliging people? do begin to think of being obliged. I dare say Mr. Milbank is a very pretty sort of man, very sensible of your attentions, and who will never forget them—till he is past the Giogo[5]. You recommend him to me: to show you that I have not naturally an inclination to hate people, I am determined not to be acquainted with him, that I may not hate him for forgetting you. Mr. Pelham will be a little surprised at not finding his sister[6] at Hanover. That was all a pretence of his wise relations here, who grew uneasy that he was happy in a way that they had not laid out for him[7]: Mrs. Temple is in Sussex. They looked upon the pleasure of an amour of choice as a transient affair; so, to make his satisfaction permanent, they proposed to *marry* him, and to a girl[8] he scarce ever saw!

I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the Heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning, infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more: it is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my Lord both descend from Edward I, by his two Queens[9]. The pedigree is painted in a book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers

[4] Acclome, youngest son of Sir Ralph Milbanke, fourth Baronet. Mann was anxious that young Pelham should secure some post for Mr. Milbanke, whose father had left him badly off. He entered the army, reached the rank of Major, and died unmarried at Havannah.

[5] The highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna. *Walpole.*

[6] Mrs. Temple, widow of Lord Palmerston's son: she was afterwards married to Lord Abergavenny. *Walpole.*

[7] Mr. Pelham was greatly attached to a Countess Acciauoli in Florence; hence the anxiety of his family to induce him to leave Italy. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 310.)

[8] Frances, second daughter of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. T. Pelham married Miss Frankland. *Walpole.*

[9] Eleanor of Castile and Margaret of France.

the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue! I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus; but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope;* the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Le Neve[10], the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs[11], whose father[12] had been a footman, 'Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!' Pray mind, how I string old stories to-day! This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur Moore[13], who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, 'God! Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?' I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses, and executions: he replied, 'that Arthur Moore had had his coffin chained to his whore's.'—'Lord!' said I, 'how do you know?'—'Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's.' He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs, 'Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's[14] body was taken up.' Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very apropos? With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on

[10] Peter Leneve, Norroy King-at-Arms (1661–1729).

[11] James Craggs the younger (d. 1721), sometime Secretary at War and Secretary of State.

[12] James Craggs the elder (d. 1721), sometime Joint Postmaster-General.

[13] Arthur Moore (d. 1730), sometime Lord of Trade. He began life either as groom or footman.

[14] Charles Lennox (1672–1723), first Duke of Richmond, son of Charles II by Louise de Keroualle. His body had been removed to Chichester Cathedral.

a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides and illustrious headless[15]. Mrs. Frere ran about, looked at nothing, let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous, when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing; 'And you are a fool, you don't know what you missed in the other room.'—'Why, what?'—'Why, my Lord Holland's[16] picture.'—'Well! what is my Lord Holland to me?'—'Why, do you know,' said he, 'that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington Church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother[17]?' Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times.

The Duke of Richmond[18] is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances. Lord Albemarle, Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Rutland, are talked of for Master of the Horse. The first is likeliest to succeed; the Pelhams wish most to have the last: you know he is Lady Catherine's brother, and at present attached to the Prince. His son Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished to-morrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey[19], has tied up Lord Granby so rigorously that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand

[15] For some account of these pictures see Horace Walpole's letter to Bentley of Sept. 1753.

[16] Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, beheaded in 1649.

[17] Catherine Tatton, Baroness Abergavenny; d. 1729.

[18] Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond.

[19] Heneage Finch (1715–1777), Lord Guernsey, eldest son of second Earl of Aylesford, whom he succeeded in 1759.

pounds a year: he is to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchilsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauceboats: besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds apiece in all kinds of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management? two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want! Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the meantime he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother[20]: his love-letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning.

My friend M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is? They have made a print, a very dull one, of what I think I said to Lady Caroline Petersham about him,

Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!

You have seen in the papers a Hanoverian duel, but maybe you don't know that it was an affair of jealousy. Swiegel,

[20] The Dowager Duchess of Somerset.

the slain, was here two years ago, and paid his court so assiduously to the Countess[21], that it was intimated to him to return; and the summer *we*[22] went thither afterwards, he was advised to stay at his villa. Since that, he has grown more discreet and a favourite. Freychappel came hither lately, was proclaimed a beauty by the Monarch, and to return the compliment, made a tender of all his charms where Swiegel had. The latter recollected his own passion, jostled Freychappel, fought, and was killed. I am glad he never heard what poor Gibberne was intended for.

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

Mr. Whithed has been so unlucky to have a large part of his seat[23], which he had just repaired, burnt down: it is a great disappointment to me too, who was going thither gothicizing. I want an Act of Parliament to make master-builders liable to pay for any damage occasioned by fire before their workmen have quitted it. Adieu! This I call a very gossiping letter; I wish you don't call it worse.

317. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1750.

You must not pretend to be concerned at having missed me here, when I had repeatedly begged you to let me know what day you would call; and even after you had learnt that I was to come the next day, you paraded by my house with all your matrimonial streamers flying[1], without even

[21] Lady Yarmouth. *Walpole.*
[22] The King.
[23] Southwick, in Hampshire.

Letter 317.—[1] On August 9 Montagu's sister married Nathaniel Whetenhall.

saluting the future castle. To punish this slight, I shall accept your offer of a visit on the return of your progress; I shall be here, and Mrs. Leneve will not.

I feel for the poor Handasyde[2]! If I wanted examples to deter one from making all the world happy, from obliging, from being always in good-humour and spirits, she should be my memento. You find long wise faces every day, that tell you riches cannot make one happy.—No, can't they? What pleasantry is it that poor woman fallen from! and what a joyous feel must Vanneck[3] have expired in, who could call and think the two Schutz's his friends, and leave five hundred pounds a-piece to their friendship—nay, riches made him so happy, that, in the overflowing of his satisfaction, he has bequeathed an hundred pounds a-piece to eighteen fellows, whom he calls *his good friends, that favoured him with their company on Fridays.*—He took it mighty kind that Captain *James de Normandie*, and twenty such names, that come out of the Minories, would constrain themselves to live upon him once a week!

I should have liked to visit the castles and groves of your old Welsh ancestors with you: by the draughts I have seen, I have always imagined that Wales preserved the greatest remains of ancient days, and have often wished to visit Picton Castle, the seat of my Philipps-progenitors.

Make my best compliments to your sisters, and with their leave make haste to this side of the world; you will be extremely welcome hither as soon and for as long as you like: I can promise you nothing very agreeable, but that I will try to get our favourite Mr. Bentley to meet you. Adieu!

Yours very sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] The widow of Brigadier-General Handasyde. *Wright.*

[3] Gerard Vanneck, merchant. For his will see *Gent. Mag.* 1750, p. 393.

318. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1750.

I only write you a line or two to answer some of your questions, and to tell you that I can't answer others. I have inquired much about Dr. Mead, but can't tell you anything determinately: his family positively deny the foundation of the reports, but everybody does not believe their evidence. Your brother is positive that there is much of truth in his being undone, and even that there will be a sale of his collection[1] when the town comes to town. I wish for Dr. Cocchi's sake it may be false. I have given your brother Middleton's last piece to send you. Another Fellow of Eton[2] has popped out a sermon against the Doctor since his death, with a note to one of the pages, that is the true sublime of ecclesiastic absurdity. He is speaking against the custom of dividing the Bible into chapters and verses, and says it often encumbers the sense. This note, though long, I must transcribe, for it would wrong the author to paraphrase his nonsense:—'It is to be wished, therefore, I think, that a fair edition were set forth of the original Scriptures, *for the use of learned men in their closets*, in which there should be no notice, either in the text or margin, of chapter, or verse, or paragraph, or any such arbitrary distinctions (now mind), and I might go so far as to say even *any pointings or stops*. It could not but be matter of much satisfaction, and much use, to have it in our power to recur occasionally to such an edition, where the understanding might have full range, free from any external influence from the eye, and the continual danger of being either confined or misguided by it.' Well, Dr. Cocchi, do English divines yield to the Romish for refinements in absurdity! did one

Letter 318.—[1] His collection was not sold till after his death in the years 1754 and 1755. *Walpole.*
[2] William Cooke. *Walpole.*

ever hear of a better way of making sense of any writing than by reading it without stops! How determined must that rule of salvation be, that is in danger of being misunderstood, if it is subjected to the common rules that are used to make certain sense of anything else! Most of the parsons that read the first and second lessons practise Mr. Cooke's method of making them intelligible, for they seldom observe any stops. George Selwyn proposes to send the man his own sermon, and desire him to scratch out the stops, in order to help it to some sense.

For the questions in Florentine politics, and who are to be your governors, I am totally ignorant: you must ask Sir Charles Williams: he is the present ruling star of our negotiations. His letters are as much admired as ever his verses were. He has met the ministers of the two angry Empresses, and pacified Russian savageness and Austrian haughtiness. He is to teach the monarch of Prussia to fetch and carry, unless they happen to treat in iambics, or begin to settle the limits of Parnassus instead of those of Silesia. As he is so good a pacificator, I don't know but we may want his assistance at home before the end of the winter:

> With secretaries, secretaries jar,
> And rival bureaus threat approaching war.

Those that deal in elections look still higher, and snuff a new Parliament; but I don't believe the King ill, for the Prince is building baby-houses at Kew; and the Bishop of Oxford[3] has laid aside his post-obit views on Canterbury, and is come roundly back to St. James's for the deanery of St. Paul's. I could not help being diverted the other day with the life of another Bishop of Oxford, one Parker[4], who,

[3] Dr. Secker. *Walpole.*—He obtained the deanery in the following December.

[4] Samuel Parker, d. 1688.

like Secker, set out a Presbyterian, and died King James the Second's arbitrary master of Maudlin College.

M'Lean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub ballad for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake. His profession grows no joke: I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of 'Stop thief!' a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped. I expect to be robbed some night in my own garden at Strawberry; I have a pond of gold-fish, that to be sure they will steal to burn like old lace; and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk with this hot summer that I am forced to water my pond once a week! The season is still so fine, that I yesterday, in Kensington town, saw a horse-chestnut tree in second bloom.

As I am in town, and not within the circle of Pope's walks, I may tell you a story without fearing he should haunt me with the ghost of a satire. I went the other day to see little Spence[5], who fondles an old mother in imitation of Pope. The good old woman was mighty civil to me, and, among other chat, said she supposed I had a good neighbour in Mr. Pope. 'Lord! Madam, he has been dead these seven years!'—'Alas! aye, Sir, I had forgot.' When the poor old soul dies, how Pope will set his mother's spectre upon her for daring to be ignorant 'if Dennis be alive or dead[6]'!

[5] Joseph Spence, author of an *Essay on Pope's Odyssey*, *Polymetis*, &c. *Walpole.*

[6] Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, l. 270.

319. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1750.

I had determined so seriously to write Dr. Cocchi a letter myself to thank him for his Baths of Pisa, that it was impossible not to break my resolution. It was to be in Italian, because I thought their superlative *issimos* would most easily express how much I like it, and I had already gathered a tolerable quantity together, of *entertaining*, *charming*, *useful*, *agreeable*, and had cut and turned them into the best-sounding Tuscan adjectives I could find in my memory or my Crusca: but, alack! when I came to range them, they did not fadge at all; they neither expressed what I would say, nor half what I would say, and so I gave it all up, and am reduced to beg you would say it all for me; and make as many excuses and as many thanks for me as you can, between your receiving this, and your next going to bully Richcourt, or whisper Count Lorenzi. I laughed vastly at your idea of the latter's *hopping into matrimony;* and I like as much Stainville's jumping into Richcourt's place. If your pedigree, which is on its journey, arrives before his fall, he will not dare to exclude you from the *libro d'oro*—why, child, you will find yourself as sumptuously descended as

——All the blood of all the Howards,

or as the best-bred Arabian mare, that ever neighed beneath . . .[1] Abou-âl-eb-saba-bedin-lolo-ab-alnin! But pray now, how does *cet homme-là*, as the Princess used to call him, dare to tap the chapter of birth? I thought he had not had a grandfather since the Creation, that was not born within these twenty years!—But come, I must tell you news, big news! the treaty of commerce with Spain is arrived *signed*. Nobody

Letter 319.—[1] Passage omitted.

expected it would ever come, which I believe is the reason it is reckoned so good; for *autrement* one should not make the most favourable conjectures, as they don't tell us how good it is. In general, they say, the South Sea Company is to have one hundred thousand pounds in lieu of their annual ship[2]; which, if it is not over and above the ninety-five thousand pounds that was allowed to be due to them, it appears to me only as if there were some halfpence remaining when the bill was paid, and the King of Spain had given them to the Company to drink his health. What does look well for the treaty is, that stocks rise to high-water mark; and what is to me as clear, is, that the exploded *Don Benjamin*[3] has repaired what the *Patriot* Lord Sandwich had forgot, or not known to do at Aix-la-Chapelle. I conclude Keene will now come over and enjoy the Sabbath of his toils. He and Sir Charles are the plenipotentiaries in fashion. Pray, brush up your *Minyhood*, and figure too: blow the coals between the Pope and the Venetians, till the Inquisition burns the latter, and they the Inquisition. If you should happen to receive instructions on this head, don't wait for *St. George's Day* before you present your memorial to the Senate, as they say Sir Harry Wotton was forced to do for St. James's, when those aquatic republicans had quarrelled with Paul the Fifth, and James the First thought the best way in the world to broach a schism was by beginning it with a quibble. I have had some *Protestant* hopes too of a civil war in France, between the King and his clergy: but it is a dull age, and people don't set about cutting one another's throats with any spirit! Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my

[2] By the Treaty of Seville (1729) the South Sea Company was empowered to dispatch one ship a year to Spanish America.

[3] Benjamin Keene, afterwards Knight of the Bath, Ambassador at Madrid, was exceedingly abused by the Opposition in Sir R. Walpole's time, under the name of Don Benjamin, for having made the Convention in 1739. *Walpole.*

friend Mr. M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel.

The pasquinade was a very good one[4]. When I was desiring you to make speeches for me to Dr. Cocchi, I might as well have drawn a bill upon you too in Mr. Chute's name; for I am sure he will never write himself. Indeed, at present he is in his brother's purgatory, and then you will not wonder if he does nothing but pray to get out of it. I am glad you are getting into a villa: my castle will, I believe, begin to rear its battlements next spring. I have got an immense cargo of painted glass from Flanders: indeed, several of the pieces are Flemish arms; but I call them the achievements of the old Counts of Strawberry. Adieu!

320. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1750.

I stayed to write to you, till I could tell you that I had seen Mr. Pelham and Mr. Milbank, and could give you some history of a new administration—but I found it was too long to wait for either. I pleaded with your brother as I did with you against visiting your friends, especially when, to encourage me, he told me that you had given them a very advantageous opinion of me. That is the very reason, says I, why I don't choose to see them: they will be extremely civil to me at first: and then they will be told I have horns and hoofs, and they will shun me, which

[4] It alluded to the dispute between the Pope and the Venetians.

I should not like. I know how unpopular I am with the people with whom they must necessarily live[1]: and, not desiring to be otherwise, I must either seek your friends where I would most avoid them, or have them very soon grow to avoid me. However, I went and left my name for Mr. Pelham, where your brother told me he lodged, eight days ago; he was to come but that night to his lodgings, and by his telling your brother he believed I had not been, I concluded he would not accept that for a visit; so last Thursday, I left my name for both—to-day is Monday, and I have heard nothing of them—very likely I shall before you receive this—I only mention it to show you that you was in the wrong and I in the right, to think that there would be no *empressement* for an acquaintance. Indeed, I would not mention it, as you will dislike being disappointed by any odd behaviour of your friends, if it were not to justify myself, and convince you of my attention in complying with whatever you desire of me. The King, I hear, commends Mr. Pelham's dancing; and he must like Mr. Milbank, as he distinguished himself much in a tournament of bears at Hanover.

For the ministry, it is all in shatters; the Duke of Newcastle is returned more averse to the Bedfords than ever: he smothered that Duke with embraces at their first meeting, and has never borne to be in the room with him since. I saw the meeting of Octavia and Cleopatra[2]; the Newcastle was all haughtiness and coldness. Mr. Pelham, who foresaw the storm, had prudentially prepared himself for the breach by all kind of invectives against the house of Leveson. The ground of all, besides Newcastle's natural fickleness and jealousy, is, that the Bedford and Sandwich have got the Duke[3]. A crash has been expected, but people

LETTER 320.—[1] The ministry.
[2] The Duchesses of Newcastle and Bedford. *Walpole.*
[3] Of Cumberland.

now seem to think that they will rub on a little longer, though all the world seems indifferent whether they will or not. Mankind is so sick of all the late follies and changes, that nobody inquires or cares whether the Duke of Newcastle is Prime Minister, or whom he will associate with him. The Bedfords have few attachments, and Lord Sandwich is universally hated. The only difficulty is, who shall succeed them; and it is even a question whether some of the old discarded must not cross over and figure in again. I mean, it has even been said, that Lord Granville will once more be brought upon the stage:—if he should, and should push too forward, could they again persuade people to resign with them? The other nominees for the Secretaryship are Pitt, the Vienna Sir Thomas Robinson, and even that formal piece of dullness at the Hague, Lord Holderness. The talk of the Chancellor's being President, in order to make room, by the promotion of the Attorney[4] to the seals, for his second son[5] to be Solicitor, as I believe I once mentioned to you, is revived; though he told Mr. Pelham, that if ever he retired, it should be to Wimple[6]. In the mean time, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Presidentship (vacant by the nomination of Dorset to Ireland in the room of Lord Harrington, who is certainly to be given up to his master's dislike), and the Blues, are still vacant. Indeed, yesterday I heard that Honeywood[7] was to have the latter. Such is the interregnum of our politics! The Prince's faction lie still, to wait the event, and the disclosing of the new treaty[8]. Your friend Lord Fane[9] some time ago had a mind to go to Spain: the Duke of Bedford, who I really believe is an honest man, said very bluntly, 'Oh! my Lord,

[4] Sir Dudley Ryder.

[5] Charles Yorke.

[6] The Chancellor's seat in Cambridgeshire. *Walpole.*

[7] Sir Philip Honeywood, Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[8] The commercial treaty with Spain.

[9] Charles, Lord Viscount Fane, formerly Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

nobody can do there but Keene.' Lord North[10] is made governor to Prince George with a thousand pound a year, and an earl's patent in his pocket; but as the passing of the patent is in the pocket of time, it would not sell for much. There is a new preceptor, one Scott[11], recommended by Lord Bolingbroke. You may add that recommendation to the chapter of our wonderful politics. . . .[12] I love the history of refinements. Mr. Dodington has a steel machine to pick up his handkerchief. I have heard of old fat men having such to reach coals that fell on the hearth.

I have received your letter from Fiesoli Hill; poor Strawberry blushes to have you compare it with such a prospect as yours. I say nothing to the abrupt sentences about Mr. B.[13] I have long seen his humour—and a little of your partiality to his wife.

We are alarmed with the distemper being got among the horses: few have died yet, but a farrier who attended General Ligonier's dropped down dead in the stable. Adieu!

321. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1750

Well! you may be easy; your friends have been to see me at last, but it has so happened that we have never once met, nor have I ever seen their persons. They live at Newcastle House; and though I give you my word my politics are exceedingly neutral, I happen to be often at the court of Bedford. The interministerium still subsists; no place is filled up but the Lieutenancy of Ireland; the Duke of Dorset was too impatient to wait. Lord Harrington remains

[10] Francis, Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford. *Walpole.*

[11] George Louis Scott (1708–1780). He was a godson of George I, and an accomplished mathematician. His appointment as tutor caused some agitation, as he was supposed to be a Jacobite.

[12] Passage omitted.

[13] Mr. Barrett.

a melancholy sacrifice to the famous general resignation[1], which he led up, and of which he is the only victim. Overtures have been made to Lord Chesterfield to be President; but he has declined it; for he says he cannot hear causes, as he is grown deaf. I don't think the proposal was imprudent, for if they should happen, as they now and then happened, to want to get rid of him again, they might without consequence; that is, I suppose nobody would follow him out, any more than they did when he resigned voluntarily. For these two days everybody has expected to see Lord Granville President, and his friend the Duke of Bolton colonel of the Blues; two nominations that would not be very agreeable, nor calculated to be so to the Duke, who favours the Bedford faction. His old governor Mr. Poyntz[2] is just dead, ruined in his circumstances by a devout brother, whom he trusted, and by a simple wife, who had a devotion of marrying dozens of her poor cousins at his expense: you know she was the 'Fair Circassian[3].' Mr. Poyntz was called a very great man, but few knew anything of his talents, for he was timorous to childishness. The Duke has done greatly for his family, and secured his places for his children, and sends his two sons abroad, allowing them eight hundred pounds a year. The little Marquis of Rockingham[4] has drowned himself in claret; and old Lord Dartmouth[5] is dead of age. When Lord

LETTER 321.—[1] In 1746. *Walpole.*—When the Pelham ministry resigned on George II's refusal to employ Pitt; they returned to office in two days, on Lord Granville's failure to form a ministry. Harrington remained unemployed till his death in 1756.

[2] Stephen Poyntz, formerly Minister in Sweden, after being tutor to Lord Townshend's sons. *Walpole.*

[3] Anna Maria Mordaunt, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. A young gentleman at Oxford wrote the *Fair Circassian* on her, and died for love of her. *Walpole.*—The author was Samuel Croxall, a young clergyman. The announcement of his death was fictitious; he enjoyed many preferments in the diocese of Hereford, and died in 1752.

[4] Sir Thomas Watson Wentworth, Knight of the Bath, created Earl of Malton and Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[5] William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State to Queen Anne. *Walpole.*

Bolingbroke's last work was published, on the *State of Parties at the late King's Accession*, Lord Dartmouth said, he supposed Lord Bolingbroke believed that everybody was dead who had lived at that period.

There has been a droll cause in Westminster Hall: a man laid another a wager that he produced a person who should weigh as much again as the Duke. When they had betted, they recollected not knowing how to desire the Duke to step into a scale. They agreed to establish his weight at twenty stone, which, however, is supposed to be two more than he weighs. One Bright [6] was then produced, who is since dead, and who actually weighed forty-two stone and a half. As soon as he was dead, the person who had lost objected that he had been weighed in his clothes, and though it was impossible to suppose that his clothes could weigh above two stone, they went to law. There were the Duke's twenty stone bawled over a thousand times,—but the righteous law decided against the man who had won!

Poor Lord Lempster [7] is more Cerberus [8] than ever (you remember his *bon mot* that proved such a blunder); he has lost twelve thousand pounds at hazard to an ensign of the Guards—but what will you think of the folly of a young Sir Ralph Gore [9], who took it into his head that he would not be waited on by drawers in brown frocks and blue aprons, and has literally given all the waiters at the King's Arms rich embroideries and laced clothes!

[6] Edward Bright, of Maldon, in Essex. (See *Gent. Mag.* 1750, p. 525.)

[7] Eldest son of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

[8] When he was on his travels and had run much in debt, his parents paid his debts: some more came out afterwards; he wrote to his mother, that he could only compare himself to Cerberus, who, when one head was cut off, had another spring up in its room. *Walpole.*

[9] Sir Ralph Gore (1725–1802), sixth Baronet, cr. (June 30, 1764) Baron Gore, of Manor Gore, co. Donegal; Viscount Bellisle, 1768; Earl of Ross, 1772. He served in the army, and distinguished himself at Laffeldt (1747); Lieutenant-General, 1782; Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, 1788.

The town is still empty: the parties for the two playhouses are the only parties that retain any spirit. I will tell you one or two *bons mots* of Quin the actor. Barry would have had him play the ghost in *Hamlet*, a part much beneath the dignity of Quin, who would give no other answer but, 'I won't catch cold in my ——.' I don't know whether you remember that the ghost is always ridiculously dressed, with a morsel of armour before, and only a black waistcoat and breech behind. The other is an old one, but admirable. When Lord Tweedale was *nominal* Secretary of State for Scotland, Mitchell[10], his secretary, was supping with Quin, who wanted him to stay another bottle: but he pleaded *my Lord's business*. 'Then,' said Quin, 'only stay till I have told you a story. A vessel was becalmed: the master looked up and called to one of the cabin-boys on the top of the mast, "Jack, what are you doing?" "Nothing, Sir." He called to another, a little below the first, "Will, what are you doing?" "Helping Jack, Sir."' Adieu!

322. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 22, 1750.

As I am idling away some Christmas days here, I begin a letter to you, that perhaps will not set out till next year. Any changes in the ministry will certainly be postponed till that date: it is even believed that no alteration will be made till after the session; they will get the money raised and the new treaty ratified in Parliament before they

[10] Andrew Mitchell (1708–1771), afterwards Knight of the Bath; Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, 1742–47; Commissioner at Antwerp, 1751–52; Envoy to Berlin, 1756–71. During his residence at Berlin, he was on very confidential terms with Frederick the Great, whom he frequently accompanied on his campaigns. When it was proposed to remove Mitchell in 1758, Frederick refused to part with him. His valuable diplomatic correspondence is now in the British Museum. Two volumes of his papers were published by Bisset in 1850.

break and part. The German ministers are more alarmed, and seem to apprehend themselves in as tottering a situation as some of the English: not that any Secretary of State is jealous of them—their Countess[1] is on the wane. The housekeeper[2] at Windsor, an old monster that Verrio painted for one of the Furies, is dead. The revenue is large, and has been largely solicited. Two days ago, at the Drawing-room, the gallant Orondates[3] strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward—against all precedent he kissed her in the circle. He has had a hankering these two years. Her life, which is now of thirty years' standing, has been a little historic[4]. Why should not experience and a charming face on her side, and near seventy years on his, produce a title?

Madame de Mirepoix is returned: she gives a lamentable account of another old mistress[5], her mother. She has not seen her since the Princess went to Florence, which she it seems has left with great regret; with greater than her beauty, whose ruins she has not discovered: but with few teeth, few hairs, sore eyes, and wrinkles, goes bare-necked and crowned with jewels! Madame Mirepoix told me a reply of Lord Cornbury, that pleased me extremely. They have revived at Paris old Fontenelle's opera of *Peleus and Thetis;* he complained of being dragged upon the stage

LETTER 322.—[1] Lady Yarmouth. The new amour did not proceed. *Walpole.*

[2] Mrs. Marriot. *Walpole.*

[3] George II. Orondates appears in La Calprenède's novel, *Cassandre.*

[4] She was, though Maid of Honour, privately married to Augustus, second son of the late Lord Hervey, by whom she had two children; but disagreeing, the match was not owned. She afterwards, still Maid of Honour, lived very publicly with the Duke of Kingston, and at last married him—during Mr. Hervey's life. *Walpole.*

[5] Princess Craon, formerly mistress of Leopold, Duke of Lorrain. *Walpole.*

again for one of his juvenile performances, and said he could not bear to be hissed now: Lord Cornbury immediately replied to him out of the very opera,—

Jupiter en courroux
Ne peut rien contre vous,
Vous êtes immortel.

Our old Laureat has been dying: when he thought himself at the extremity, he wrote this lively, good-natured letter to the Duke of Grafton:—

'May it please your Grace,

'I know no nearer way of repaying your favours for these last twenty years than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones[6], for the vacant laurel: Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him. I don't know the day of my death, but while I live, I shall not cease to be, your Grace's, &c.

'Colley Cibber.'

I asked my Lord Chesterfield who this Jones[7] is; he told me a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it. There are two new *bons mots* of his lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary. He says, 'he would not be President[8] because he would not be between two fires'; and that 'the two brothers are like Arbuthnot's Lindamira and Indamora[9]; the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling

[6] A bricklayer's apprentice. He attracted the notice of Chesterfield when the latter was Viceroy of Ireland, and was enabled by his help to publish his *Poems on Several Occasions*. After the successful production of his tragedy, *The Earl of Essex*, Jones took to drink, and died in the workhouse in 1770.

[7] I think he was an Irish bricklayer; he wrote an *Earl of Essex*. *Walpole.*

[8] Of the Council. See the previous letter.

[9] See the Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus in Swift's Works; Indamora alludes to Mr. Pelham, Lindamira to the Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

and kicking, and as they grew together, there was no parting them.'

You will think my letters are absolute jest-and-story books, unless you will be so good as to dignify them with the title of Walpoliana. Under that hope, I will tell you a very odd new story. A citizen had advertised a reward for the discovery of a person who had stolen sixty guineas out of his scrutore. He received a message from a condemned criminal in Newgate, with the offer of revealing the thief. Being a cautious grave personage, he took two friends along with him. The convict told him that he was the robber: and when he doubted, the fellow began with these circumstances: 'You came home such a night, and put the money into your bureau: I was under your bed: you undressed, and then went to the foot of the garret stairs, and cried, "Mary, come to bed to me ——"' 'Hold, hold,' said the citizen, 'I am convinced.' 'Nay,' said the fellow, 'you shall hear all, for your intrigue saved your life. Mary replied, "If anybody wants me, they may come up to me:" you went: I robbed your bureau in the meantime, but should have cut your throat, if you had gone into your own bed instead of Mary's.'

The conclusion of my letter will be a more serious story, but very proper for the Walpoliana. I have given you scraps of Ashton's history. To perfect his ingratitude, he has struck up an intimacy with my second brother, and done his utmost to make a new quarrel between us, on the merit of having broke with me on the affair of Dr. Middleton. I don't know whether I ever told you that my brother hated Middleton, who was ill with a Dr. Thirlby [10],

[10] Styan Thirlby, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, published an edition of Justin Martyr, and I think wrote something against Middleton. He communicated several notes to Theobald for his Shakspeare, and in the latter part of his life took to study the common law; he lived chiefly for his last years with Sir Edward Walpole, who had procured

a creature of his. He carried this and his jealousy of me so far, that once when Lord Mountford brought Middleton for one night only to Houghton, my brother wrote my father a most outrageous letter, telling him that he knew I had fetched Middleton to Houghton to write my father's life, and how much more capable Thirlby was of that task. Can one help admiring in these instances the dignity of human nature? Poor Mrs. Middleton is alarmed with a scheme that I think she very justly suspects a plot of the clergy to get at and suppress her husband's papers. He died in a lawsuit with a builder, who has since got a monition from the *Commons* for her to produce all the Doctor's effects and *papers*. The whole debt is but eight *hundred* pounds. She offered ten *thousand* pounds security, and the fellow will not take it. Is there clergy in it, or no[11]? Adieu!

323. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1751.

You will wonder that I, who am pretty punctual, even when I have little to say, should have been so silent at the beginning of a session: I will tell you some reasons why; what I had to tell you was not finished; I wished to give you an entire account; besides, we have had so vigorous an attendance, that with that, and the fatigue, it was impossible to write. Before the Parliament met, there was a dead tranquillity, and no symptoms of party spirit. What is more extraordinary, though the opposition set out vehemently the very first day, there has appeared ten times greater spirit on the court side, a Whig vehemence that

for him a small place in the Custom House, and to whom he left his papers; he had lost his intellects some time before his death. *Walpole.*

[11] Mrs. Middleton was not deprived of her husband's papers, which were left by her to Dr. Heberden.

has rushed on heartily. I have been much entertained—what should I have been, if I had lived in the times of the Exclusion Bill[1], and the end of Queen Anne's reign, when votes and debates really tended to something! Now they tend but to the alteration of a dozen places, perhaps, more or less—but come, I'll tell you, and you shall judge for yourself. The morning the Houses met, there was universally dispersed, by the penny post, and by being dropped into the areas of houses, a paper called *Constitutional Queries*[2], a little equivocal, for it is not clear whether they were levelled at the *family*, or by *part* of the *family* at the Duke. The Address was warmly opposed, and occasioned a remarkable speech of Pitt, in recantation of his former orations on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by whom he is pushed at all rates, in opposition to Lord Sandwich and the Bedfords. Two or three days afterwards there were motions in both Houses to have the *Queries* publicly burnt. That too occasioned a debate with us, and a fine speech of Lord Egmont, artfully condemning the paper, though a little suspected of it, and yet supporting some of the reasonings in it. There was no division on the resolution; but two days afterwards we had a very extraordinary and unforeseen one. Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8,000 seamen this year, instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his old behaviour; whenever he wanted new advancement, he used to go off. He has openly met with great discouragement now; though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of Secretary of State. However, the old corps resented this

LETTER 323.—[1] In 1679–80. [2] Attributed to Lord Egmont.

violently, and rubbed up their old anger: Mr. Pelham was inclined to give way, but Lord Hartington, at the head of the young Whigs, divided the House, and Pitt had the mortification of being followed into the minority by only fifteen persons. The King has been highly pleased with this event; and has never named the Pitts and Grenvilles to the Duke of Newcastle, but to abuse them, and to commend the spirit of the young people. It has not weakened the Bedford faction, who have got more strength too by the clumsy politics of another set of their enemies. There has all the summer been a Westminster petition in agitation, driven on by the independent electors, headed by Lord Elibank, Murray[3] his brother, and one or two gentlemen. Sir John Cotton, and Cooke[4] the member for Middlesex, discouraged it all they could, and even stifled the first drawn, which was absolutely treason. However, Cooke at last presented one from the inhabitants, and Lord Egmont another from Sir George Vandeput: and Cooke even made a strong invective against the High Bailiff; on which Lord Trentham produced and read a letter written by Cooke to the High Bailiff, when he was in their interest, and stuffed with flattery to him. Lord Trentham's friends then called in the High Bailiff, who accused some persons of hindering and threatening him on the scrutiny, and, after some contention, named Crowle, counsel for Sir George Vandeput, Gibson, an upholster and independent, and Mr. Murray. These three were ordered to attend on the following Thursday to defend themselves. Before that day came, we had the report on the 8,000 seamen, when Pitt and his associates made speeches of lamentation on their disagreement with Pelham, whom they flattered inordinately. This ended in a burlesque

[3] Hon. Alexander Murray (d. 1777), fourth son of fourth Baron Elibank.

[4] George Cooke (d. 1768), Prothonotary of the Common Pleas; Joint Paymaster-General, 1766.

quarrel between Pitt and Hampden[5], a buffoon Whig, who hates the cousinhood, and thinks his name should entitle him to Pitt's office. We had a very long day on Crowle's defence, who had called the power of the House *brutum fulmen:* he was very submissive, and was dismissed with a reprimand on his knees. Lord Egmont was so severely handled by Fox, that he has not recovered his spirits since. He used to cry up Fox against Mr. Pelham, but since the former has seemed rather attached to the Duke and the Duke of Bedford, the party affect to heap incense on Pelham and Pitt—and it is returned.

The day that Murray came to the bar, he behaved with great confidence, but at last desired counsel, which was granted: in the mean time we sent Gibson to Newgate.

Last Wednesday was the day of trial: the accusation was plentifully proved against Murray, and it was voted to send him close prisoner to Newgate. His party still struggling against the term *close*, the Whigs grew provoked, and resolved he should receive his sentence on his knees at the bar. To this he refused to submit. The Speaker stormed, and the House and its honour grew outrageous at the dilemma they were got into, and indeed out of which we are not got yet. If he gets the better, he will indeed be a meritorious martyr for the cause: *en attendant*, he is strictly shut up in Newgate.

By these anecdotes you will be able to judge a little of the news you mention in your last, of January 29th, and will perceive that our ministerial vacancies and successions are not likely to be determined soon. Niccolini's account of the aversion to Lord S.[6] is well grounded, though as to inflexible resentments, there cannot easily be any such thing,

[5] John Hampden (d. 1754), M.P. for Wendover, the last descendant in the male line of the patriot. His estates passed to the Trevor family.

[6] Lord Sandwich.

where parties and factions are so fluctuating as in this country. I was to have dined the other day at Madame de Mirepoix's with my Lord Bolingbroke, but he was ill. She said, she had repented asking me, as she did not know if I should like it. 'Oh! Madam, I have gone through too many of those things, to make any objection to the only one that remains!'

I grieve much for the return of pains in your head and breast; I flattered myself that you had quite mastered them.

I have seen your Pelham and Milbank, not much, but I like the latter; I have some notion, from thinking that he resembles you in his manner. The other seems very good-humoured, but he is nothing but complexion. Damer is returned; he looks ill; but I like him better than I used to do, for he commends you. My Lord Pomfret is made Ranger of the parks, and by consequence my Lady is queen of the Duck Island[7]. Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father[8] scarce allows him anything: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you: what I am now going to tell you will not, for you have long known her follies: the Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Di. Egerton[9], a pretty daughter of the Duchess of

[7] In St. James's Park, so called from the decoy established there by Charles II.

[8] Edward Wortley-Montagu, senior (d. 1761), grandson of first Earl of Sandwich, and sometime Lord of the Treasury and Ambassador at Constantinople.

[9] Daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgwater, by the Lady Rachel Russell, sister of the Duke of Bedford. Lady Diana Egerton was afterwards married to the Earl of Baltimore. *Walpole.*

Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her: she did, but did not invite her: the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttelton[10], her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card:

'The advertisement came to hand: it was very pretty and very ingenious; but everything that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed: the Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house not being unlike Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; hers is large, but will not hold half of hers: postponed, but not forgot: unalterable.' Adieu!

324. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1751.

You will be expecting the conclusion of Mr. Murray's history, but as he is too great a hero to submit, and not hero enough to terminate his prison in a more summary, or more English way, you must have patience, as we shall have, till the end of the session. His relations, who had leave to visit him, are excluded again: rougher methods with him are not the style of the age: in the mean time he is quite forgot. General Anstruther is now the object in fashion, or made so by a Sir Harry Erskine[1], a very fashionable figure in the world of politics, who has just come into Parliament, and has been laying a foundation for the next reign by attacking the Mutiny Bill, and occasionally General Anstruther, who treated him hardly ten years ago in Minorca. Anstruther has mutually persecuted and been persecuted by

[10] Richard Lyttelton, afterwards Knight of the Bath.

Letter 324.—[1] Sir Harry Erskine, fifth Baronet (d. 1765); M.P. for Ayr; served in the army, from which he was dismissed for parliamentary opposition, but was subsequently restored, and became a Lieutenant-General. He was a favourite of Lord Bute, and a prominent figure in society. By his marriage with a sister of Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Rosslyn, he had a son who succeeded as second Earl of Rosslyn.

the Scotch ever since Porteous's affair, when, of all that nation, he alone voted for demolishing part of Edinburgh. This affair would be a trifle, if it had not opened the long-smothered rivalship between Fox and Pitt: for these ten days they have been civilly at war together; and Mr. Pelham is bruised between both. However, this impetuosity of Pitt has almost overset the total engrossment that the Duke of Newcastle had made of all power, and if they do not, as it is suspected, league with the Prince, you will not so soon hear of the fall of the Bedfords, as I had made you expect. With this quantity of factions and infinite quantity of speakers, we have had a most fatiguing session, and seldom rise before nine or ten at night.

There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years. My Lady Vane[2] has literally published the Memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers, no part of the success of the others with her: a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for; she does not want money, none of her stallions will raise her credit; and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed! The other is a play[3] that has been acted by people of some fashion at Drury Lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names, should I tell you: but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote[4], a player, to Lady Nassau Poulett[5], who had kept the latter. The rage was so great

[2] Anne, daughter of Mr. Hawes, and wife of William, Lord Viscount Vane. The history of her intrigues, communicated by herself, were published in a novel called *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. *Walpole.*

[3] *Othello.*

[4] Samuel Foote (1720–1777).

[5] Isabella, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Poulett, youngest brother of the Duke of Bolton. She was mad. *Walpole.*—Her husband was Francis Blake Delaval (afterwards Knight of the Bath), who died in 1771.

to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose: the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! what an august Senate! yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, 'Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation.'

The King has been much out of order, but he is quite well again, and they say, not above sixty-seven! Adieu!

325. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1751.

What, another letter, when I wrote to you but last week! —Yes—and with an event too big to be kept for a regular interval. You will imagine from the conclusion of my last letter that our King is dead—or, before you receive this, you will probably have heard by flying couriers that it is only our King that was to be. In short, the Prince died last night between nine and ten. If I don't tell you ample details, it is because you must content yourself with hearing nothing but what I know true. He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the King's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton House, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and laid down for three hours, upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton House, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the Prince did not mind him. My father once said to this King, when he was ill and royally untractable, 'Sir, do you know what your father died of? of thinking he could not die.' In short, the Prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and

has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday: a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot[1], and Hawkins[2] the surgeon, were present: the former said, 'Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night.' Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, 'Here is something I don't like.' The cough continued; the Prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, 'Je sens la mort!' The page who held him up, felt him shiver, and cried out, 'The Prince is going!' The Princess was at the feet of the bed; she catched up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead.

Lord North was immediately sent to the King, who was looking over a table, where Princess Emily, the Duchess of Dorset[3], and Duke of Grafton were playing. He was extremely surprised, and said, 'Why, they told me he was better!' He bid Lord North tell the Princess he would do everything she could desire; and has this morning sent her a very kind message in writing. He is extremely shocked —but no pity is too much for the Princess; she has eight children, and is seven months gone with another. She bears her affliction with great courage and sense. They asked her if the body was to be opened; she replied, what the King pleased.

LETTER 325.—[1] Edward Wilmot (1693–1786), Physician in ordinary to the King; created a Baronet in 1759.

[2] Cæsar Hawkins (1711–1786), afterwards Sergeant Surgeon to George III; created a Baronet in 1778.

[3] Elizabeth (d. 1768), daughter of Lieutenant-General Colyear; m. (1709) Lionel Cranfield Sackville, seventh Earl (afterwards first Duke) of Dorset. She was First Lady of the Bedchamber and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline.

This is all I know yet; you shall have fresh and fresh intelligence—for reflections on minorities, Regencies, Jacobitism, oppositions, factions, I need not help you to them. You will make as many as anybody, but those who reflect on their own disappointments. The creditors are no inconsiderable part of the moralists. They talk of fourteen hundred thousand pounds on post-obits. This I am sure I don't vouch: I only know that I never am concerned to see the tables of the money-changers overturned and cast out of the temple[4].

I much fear, that by another post I shall be forced to tell you news that will have much worse effects for my own family. My Lord Orford[5] has got such another violent boil as he had two years ago—and a thrush has appeared too along with it. We are in the utmost apprehensions about him, the more, because there is no possibility of giving him any about himself. He has not only taken an invincible aversion to physicians, but to the bark, and we have no hopes from anything else. It will be a fatal event for me, for your brother, and for his own son. Princess Emily[6], Mr. Pelham[7], and my Lady Orford, are not among the most frightened.

Your brother, who dines here with Mr. Chute and Gray[8], has just brought me your letter of March 12th. The libel you ask about was called *Constitutional Queries*; have not you received mine of February 9th? there was some account of our present history. Adieu! I have not time to write any longer to you; but you may well expect our correspondence will thicken.

[4] Frederick Prince of Wales' debts were never paid. *Dover.*

[5] Robert, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, was Knight of the Bath, Auditor of the Exchequer, Master of the Buckhounds, and Ranger of Richmond Park. *Walpole.*

[6] Princess Emily had the reversion of New Park. *Walpole.*

[7] The Auditor of the Exchequer was in the gift of Mr. Pelham, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[8] Thomas Gray, author of the *Elegy in a Churchyard*, and other poems. *Walpole.*

326. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 1, 1751.

How shall I begin a letter that will—that must—give you as much pain as I feel myself? I must interrupt the story of the Prince's death, to tell you of *two* more, much more important, God knows! to you and me! One I had prepared you for—but how will you be shocked to hear that our poor Mr. Whithed[1] is dead as well as my brother! Whithed had had a bad cough for two months; he was going out of town to the Winchester assizes; I persuaded and sent him home from hence one morning to be blooded. However, he went in extreme bad weather. His youngest brother, the clergyman, who is the greatest brute in the world, except the elder brother, the layman, dragged him out every morning to hunt, as eagerly as if it had been to hunt heretics. One day they were overturned in a water, and then the parson made him ride forty miles; in short, he arrived at the Vine half dead, and soon grew delirious. Poor Mr. Chute was sent for to him last Wednesday, and sent back for two more physicians, but in vain; he expired on Friday night! Mr. Chute is come back half distracted, and scarce to be known again. You may easily believe that my own distress does not prevent my doing all in my power to alleviate his. Whithed, that best of hearts, had forgiven all his elder brother's beastliness, and has left him the Norton estate, the better half; the rest to the clergyman, with an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds a year to his Florentine mistress, and six hundred pounds to their child. He has left Mr. Chute one thousand pounds, which, if forty times

Letter 326.—[1] Francis Thistlethwaite, who took the name of Whithed for his uncle's estate, and, as heir to him, recovered Mr. Norton's estate, which he had left to the Parliament for the use of the poor, &c., but the will was set aside for insanity. *Walpole.*

the sum, would not comfort him, and, little as it is, does not in the least affect or alter his concern. Indeed, he not only loses an intimate friend, but in a manner an only child; he had formed him to be one of the prettiest gentlemen in England, and had brought about a match for him, that was soon to be concluded with a Miss Nicoll[2], an immense fortune; and I am persuaded had fixed his heart on making him his own heir, if he himself outlived his brother. With such a fortune, and with such expectations, how hard to die!—or, perhaps, how lucky, before he had tasted misfortune and mortification!

I now must mention my own misfortune. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, the physicians and *all the family of painful death*[3] (to alter Gray's phrase) were persuaded, and persuaded me, that the bark, which took great place, would save my brother's life—but he relapsed at three o'clock on Thursday, and died last night. He ordered to be drawn and executed his will with the greatest tranquillity and satisfaction on Saturday morning. His spoils are prodigious—not to his own family! indeed I think his son the most ruined young man in England. My loss, I fear, may be considerable, which is not the only motive of my concern, though, as you know, I had much to forgive, before I could regret: but indeed I do regret. It is no small addition to my concern, to fear or foresee that Houghton and all the remains of my father's glory will be pulled to pieces! The widow-Countess immediately marries —not Richcourt, but Shirley, and triumphs in advancing her son's ruin by enjoying her own estate, and tearing away great part of his.

[2] She was afterwards married to the Marquis of Carnarvon. *Walpole.* — Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Nicholl, of Minchendon House, Southgate. She died in 1768, before her husband succeeded to the dukedom of Chandos.

[3] Vide Gray's *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College. Walpole.*

Now I will divert your private grief by talking to you of what is called the public. The King and Princess are grown as fond as if they had never been of different parties, or rather as people who always had been of different. She discountenances all opposition, and he *all ambition.* Prince George, who, with his two eldest brothers, are to be lodged at St. James's, is speedily to be created Prince of Wales. Ayscough, his tutor, is to be removed with her entire inclination as well as with everybody's approbation. They talk of a Regency to be established (in case of a minority) by authority of Parliament, even this session, with the Princess at the head of it. She and Dr. Lee, the only one she consults of the late cabal, very sensibly burned the late Prince's papers the morning he was dead. Lord Egmont, by seven o'clock the next morning, summoned (not very decently) the faction to his house: all was whisper! at last he hinted something of taking the Princess and her children under their protection, and something of the necessity of harmony. No answer was made to the former proposal. Somebody said, it was very likely indeed they should agree now, when the Prince could never bring it about; and so everybody went away to take care of himself. The imposthumation is supposed to have proceeded, not from his fall last year, but from a blow with a tennis-ball some years ago. The grief for the dead brother is affectedly great; the aversion to the living one[4] as affectedly displayed. They cried about an elegy[5], and added, 'Oh, that it were but his brother!' On 'Change they said, 'Oh, that it were but the butcher!'

[4] The Duke of Cumberland.

[5] 'Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,—
There 's no more to be said.'
Horace Walpole, *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 504.

The Houses sit, but no business will be done till after the holidays. Anstruther's affair[6] will go on, but not with much spirit. One wants to see faces about again! Dick Lyttelton, one of the Patriot officers, had collected depositions on oath against the Duke for his behaviour in Scotland, but I suppose he will now throw his papers into Hamlet's grave!

Prince George, who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, 'I am afraid, Sir, you are not well!'—he replied, 'I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew.' Prince Edward is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester Fields: one said, 'He has left a great many small children!'—'Ay,' replied the other, 'and what is worse, they belong to our parish!' But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair Chapel. 'He had no great parts (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I), but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people: and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company.'

Adieu! my dear child; I have tried, you see, to blend so much public history with our private griefs, as may help to interrupt your too great attention to the calamities in the former part of my letter. You will, with the properest

[6] During a debate on the Mutiny Bill, Sir Harry Erskine accused General Anstruther of cruelty towards himself. The cause came on before the House of Commons, when the lawyers declared that proceedings were barred by the Act of Indemnity. The parties were accordingly formally reconciled.

good-nature in the world, break the news to the poor girl, whom I pity, though I never saw. Miss Nicoll is, I am told, extremely to be pitied too; but so is everybody that knew Whithed! Bear it yourself as well as you can!

327. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1751.

I could not help, my dear child, being struck with the conclusion of your letter of the 2nd of this month, which I have just received: it mentions the gracious assurances you had received from the dead Prince—indeed, I hope you will not want them. The person[1] who conveyed them was so ridiculous as to tell your brother that himself was the most disappointed of all men, he and the Prince having settled *his* first ministry in such a manner that nothing could have defeated the plan. An admirable scheme for power in England, founded only on two persons! Some people say he was to be a duke and secretary of state. I would have him drawn like Edward V with the coronet hanging over his head. You will be entertained with a story of Bootle: his *washerwoman* came to a friend of hers in great perplexity, and said, 'I don't know what to do, pray advise me; my master is gone the circuit, and left me particular orders to send him an express if the King died: but here's the Prince dead, and he said nothing about him.' You would easily believe this story, if you knew what a mere law-pedant it is!

The Lord[2] you hint at certainly did not write the *Queries*, nor ever anything so well: he is one of the few discarded; for almost all have offered their services, and been accepted. The King asked the Princess if she had a mind for a Master of the Horse; that it must be a noble-

Letter 327.—[1] George Bubb Dodington. *Walpole.*
[2] Lord Middlesex. *Walpole.*

man, and that he had objections to a particular one, Lord Middlesex. I believe she had no objection to his objections, and desired none. Bloodworth is at the head of her stables; of her ministry, Dr. Lee; all knees bow to him. The Duke of Newcastle is so charmed with him, and so sorry he never knew him before, and can't live without him! He is a grave, worthy man; as a civilian, not much versed in the world of this end of the town, but much a gentleman. He made me a visit the other day on my brother's death, and talked much of the great and good part the King had taken (who, by the way, has been taught by the Princess to talk as much of him), and that the Prince's servants could no longer oppose, if they meant to be *consistent.* I told this to Mr. Chute, who replied instantly, 'Pho! he meant *subsistent.*' You will not be surprised, though you will be charmed, with a new instance of our friend's disinterested generosity: so far from resenting Whithed's neglect of him, he and your brother, on finding the brute-brothers making difficulties about the child's fortune, have taken upon them to act as trustees for her, and to stand all risks. Did not Mr. Whithed know that Mr. Chute would act just so?

Prince George is created Prince of Wales, and his household is settled. Lord Harcourt is his governor, in the room of Lord North, to whom there was no objection but his having a glimpse of parts more than the new one, who is a creature of the Pelhams, and very fit to cipher where Stone is to figure. This latter is sub-governor, with the Bishop of Norwich[3] preceptor, and Scott sub-preceptor. The Bishop is a sensible, good-humoured gentleman, and believed to be a natural son of the old Archbishop of York[4]. Lord Waldegrave[5], long a personal favourite of the King,

[3] Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich. *Walpole.*

[4] Dr. Lancelot Blackburne. *Walpole.*—The report of his relationship to Hayter is unfounded.

[5] James, second Earl of Walde-

who has now got a little interest at his own court, is Warden of the Stannaries, in the room of Tom Pitt; old Selwyn, Treasurer; Lord Sussex[6], Lord Downe[7], and Lord Robert Bertie, Lords of the Bedchamber; Peachy, a young Schutz, and Digby[8], Grooms: but those of the House of Commons have not kissed hands yet, a difficulty being started, whether, as they are now nominated by the King, it will not vacate their seats. Potter has resigned Secretary to the Princess, and is succeeded by one Cressett[9], his predecessor, her chief favourite, and allied to the house of Hanover by a Duchess of Zell[10], who was of a French family—not of that of Bourbon. I was going on to talk to you of the Regency; but as that measure is not complete, I shall not send away my letter till the end of next week.

My private satisfaction in my nephew of Orford is very great indeed: he has an equal temper of reason and goodness that is most engaging. His mother professes to like him as much as everybody else does, but is so much a woman that she will not hurt him at all the less. So far from contributing to retrieve his affairs, she talks to him of nothing but mob stories of his grandfather's having laid up —the Lord knows where!—three hundred thousand pounds

grave, and Lord of the Bedchamber to the King. *Walpole.*—Lord Waldegrave was Governor to the Prince of Wales, 1752–56; Teller of the Exchequer, 1757; K.G., 1757. In the year 1757 he accepted office as First Lord of the Treasury, but resigned in a few days, foreseeing the impossibility of commanding a majority in the House of Commons. His marriage to Horace Walpole's niece Maria, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, brought him into intimate personal relations with Horace Walpole. Lord Waldegrave's death of smallpox (in 1763) was greatly regretted by Horace Walpole, on personal as well as political grounds.

[6] George Augustus Yelverton (1727–1758), second Earl of Sussex.

[7] Henry Pleydell-Dawnay (1727–1760), third Viscount Downe. He served in the army, and behaved with great gallantry in command of his regiment at Minden. He died of wounds received in the battle of Campen (Oct. 16, 1760).

[8] Edward Digby (d. 1757), grandson of fifth Baron Digby, whom he succeeded in 1752.

[9] James Cresset. He became a Comptroller of Army Accounts, and Treasurer to the Prince of Wales.

[10] Eléonore d'Olbreuse, wife of George William, Duke of Zell, and mother of Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I of England.

for him; and of carrying him with her to *Italy*, that he may converse with *sensible* people! In looking over her husband's papers, among many of her intercepted *billets-doux*, I was much entertained with one, which was curious for the whole orthography, and signed *Stitara:* if Mr. Shirley was to answer it in the same romantic tone, I am persuaded he would subscribe himself *the dying Hornadatus*. The other learned Italian Countess [11] is disposing of her fourth daughter, the fair Lady Juliana, to Penn [12], the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania; but the nuptials are adjourned till he recovers of a wound in his thigh, which he got by his pistol going off as he was overturned in his post-chaise. Lady Caroline Fox has a legacy of five thousand pounds from Lord Shelburne [11], a distant relation, who never saw her but once, and that three weeks before his death. Two years ago Mr. Fox got the ten thousand pound prize.

May 1, 1751.

I find I must send away my letter this week, and reserve the history of the Regency for another post. The bill was to have been brought into the House of Lords to-day, but Sherlock, the Bishop of London, has raised difficulties against the limitation of the future Regent's authority, which he asserts to be repugnant to the spirit of our constitution. Lord Talbot had already determined to oppose it; and the Pitts and Lytteltons, who are grown very mutinous on the Newcastle's not choosing Pitt for his colleague, have talked loudly against it without doors. The preparatory steps to this great event I will tell you. The old Monarch grandchildizes exceedingly: the Princess, who is certainly a wise woman, and who, in a course of very difficult situations, has never made an enemy nor had a

[11] Lady Pomfret. *Walpole.*

[12] Thomas Penn, of Braywick, Berkshire.

[13] Henry Petty (circ. 1675–1750), first Earl of Shelburne.

detractor, has got great sway there. The Pelhams, taking advantage of this new partiality, of the universal dread of the Duke, and of the necessity of his being administrator of Hanover, prevailed to have the Princess Regent, but with a council of nine of the chief great officers, to be continued in their posts till the majority, which is fixed for eighteen; nothing to be transacted without the assent of the greater number; and the Parliament that shall find itself existing at the King's death to subsist till the minority ceases: such restrictions must be almost as unwelcome to the Princess as the whole regulation is to the Duke. Judge of his resentment: he does not conceal it. The divisions in the ministry are neither closed nor come to a decision. Lord Holderness arrived yesterday, exceedingly mortified at not finding himself immediate Secretary of State, for which purpose he was sent for; but Lord Halifax would not submit to have this cipher preferred to him. An expedient was proposed of flinging the American province into the Board of Trade, but, somehow or other, that has miscarried, and all is at a stand. It is known that Lord Granville is designed for President—and for what more don't you think?—he has the inclination of the King—would they be able again to persuade people to resign unless he is removed?—and will not all those who did resign with that intention endeavour to expiate that insult?

Amid all this new clash of politics Murray has had an opportunity for one or two days of making himself talked of. A month ago his brother[14] obtained leave, on pretence of his health, to remove him into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms; but he refused to go thither, and abused his brother for meanness in making such submissive application. On this his confinement was straitened. Last week, my worthy cousin, Sir John Philips, moved the King's

[14] Lord Elibank. *Walpole.*

Bench for a rule to bring him thither, in order to his having his habeas corpus. He was produced there the next day; but the three judges, on hearing he was committed by the House of Commons, acknowledged the authority, and remanded him back. There was a disposition to commit Sir John, but we have liked to be pleased with this acknowledgment of our majesty.

Stitara[15] has declared to her son that she is marrying Shirley, but ties him up strictly. I rather like it, for the wedding-ring will not get her with child, and a new man might. I am ready to begin again the panegyric of my nephew, but I will rather answer a melancholy letter I have just received from you. His affairs are putting into the best situation we can, and we are agitating a vast match[16] for him, which, if it can be brought to bear, will even save your brother, whose great tenderness to mine has left him exposed to greater risks than any of the creditors. For myself, I think I shall escape tolerably, as my demands are from my father, whose debts are likely to be satisfied. My uncle Horace is indefatigable in adjusting all this confusion. Do but figure him at seventy-four, looking, not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint; doing everybody's business, full of politics as ever, from morning till night, and then roaming the town to conclude with a party at whisk! I have no apprehensions for your demands on Dodington; but your brother, who sees him, will be best able to satisfy you on that head.

Madame de Mirepoix's brother-in-law was not Duke, but Chevalier, de Boufflers.—Here is my uncle come to drop me a bit of marriage-settlements on his road to his rubbers, so I must finish—you will not be sorry: at least I have given you some light to live upon! Adieu!

[15] The Countess of Orford.

[16] With Miss Nicholl.

328. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

In your last of May 14th, you seem uneasy at not having heard from me in two posts. I have writ you so exactly all the details that I knew you would wish to hear, that I think my letters must have miscarried. I will mention all the dates of this year; Feb. 9th, March 14th and 21st, April 1st, and May 1st; tell me if you have received all these. I don't pretend to say anything to alleviate your concern for the late misfortunes, but will only recommend to you to harden yourself against every accident, as I endeavour to do. The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for everybody else as well as for oneself. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life by something still more empty, fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I am lamenting any present uneasiness it is actually passing away. I cannot feel the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool, and I scarce know any other being that is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them that they teach one indifference.

If I could be mortified anew, I should be with a new disappointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of saving both my family and yours. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed, whom he still laments immoderately, he undertook to get Miss Nicoll, the vast fortune, a fortune of above

150,000*l.*, whom Whithed was to have had, for Lord Orford. He actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. How clearly he is justified, you will see, when I tell you that the man, who had 1,100*l.* a year for her maintenance, with which he stopped the demands of his own creditors, instead of employing it for her maintenance and education, is since gone into the Fleet. After such fair success, Lord Orford has refused to marry her; why, nobody can guess. Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, had retrieved all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all our glory! —Now, all must go!—and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery (a story too long for a letter), is embroiled with his own brother—the story, with many others, I believe I shall tell you in person; for I do not doubt but the disagreeable scenes which I have still to go through, will at last drive me to where I have long proposed to seek some peace.—But enough of these melancholy ideas!

The Regency Bill has passed with more ease than could have been expected from so extraordinary a measure, and from the warmth with which it was taken up one day in the House of Commons. In the Lords there were but 12 to 106, and the former, the most inconsiderable men in that House. Lord Bath and Lord Grenville spoke vehemently for it: the former in as wild a speech, with much parts, as ever he made in his Patriot days; and with as little modesty he lamented the scrambles that he had seen for power! In our House, Mr. Pelham had four signal mortifications: the Speaker, in a most pathetic and fine speech, Sir John Barnard, and Lord Cobham, speaking against it, and Mr. Fox, though voting for it, tearing it to pieces. Almost all the late Prince's people spoke or voted for it; most, pretending

deference to the Princess, though her power is so much abridged by it[1]. However, the consolation that resides in great majorities balanced the disagreeableness of particular oppositions. We sit, and shall sit, till towards the end of June, though with little business of importance. If there happens any ministerial struggle, which seems a little asleep at present, it will scarce happen till after the prorogation.

Adieu! my dear child; I have nothing else worth telling you at present—at least, the same things don't strike me that used to do; or what perhaps is more true, when things of consequence take one up, one can't attend to more trifling. When I say this, you will ask me, where is my philosophy! Even where the best is: I think as coolly as I can, I don't exaggerate what is disagreeable, and I endeavour to lessen it, by undervaluing what I am inclined to think would be a happier state.

329. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

Mrs. Boscawen says I ought to write to you—I don't think so: you desired I would, if I had anything new to tell you; I have not. Lady Caroline and Miss Ashe had quarrelled about reputations before you went out of town. You knew the Pelhams were to be Kings by Act of Parliament, as they are already by majorities in Parliament, if the King dies before the boy is eighteen; and I suppose you would not give a straw to know all the circumstances of a Mr. Paul's

Letter 328.—[1] The Regency Bill provided that 'in the event of the royal decease before the Prince should attain the age of eighteen, the Princess Dowager should be both guardian of his person and Regent of the kingdom, but in the latter capacity acting only with the advice of a Council, composed of the Duke of Cumberland and the nine principal officers of state, as left by the King.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. iv. p. 12.)

killing a Mr. Dalton[1], though the town, who talks of anything, talks of nothing else.

Your friend Lord Sandwich, in the intervals of politics and cricket, has been concerting a subscription masquerade with Lord Coventry[2], which has miscarried; the *fausse couche* is to be another jubilee.

Mrs. French and her Jeffery[3] are parted again—Lady Orford and Shirley married: they say she was much frightened; it could not be for fear of what other brides dread happening, but for fear it should not happen.

My evening yesterday was employed—how wisely do you think? in what grave occupation! in bawding for the Duchess of Portland[4], to procure her a scarlet spider from Admiral Boscawen. I had just seen her collection, which is indeed magnificent, chiefly composed of the spoils of her father's and the Arundel collections. The gems of all sorts are glorious. I was diverted with two relics of St. Charles the Martyr; one, the pearl you see in his pictures, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other, the cup out of which he took his last sacrament. They should be given to that nursery of nonsense and bigotry, Oxford, where in the Bodleian Library they have stuck up two portraits to show the resemblance of Jesus Christ and Charles Christ.

I condole with you on your journey, am glad Miss Montagu is in better health, and am

Yours sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 329.—[1] See *Gent. Mag.* 1751, p. 234.

[2] George William Coventry (1722–1809), sixth Earl of Coventry.

[3] Her husband, Jeffery French; d. 1754.

[4] Margaret Cavendish Harley (d. 1785), only daughter and heiress of second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer; m. (1734) William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland.

330. To Rev. Joseph Spence.

Arlington Street, June 3, 1751.

Dear Sir,

I have translated the lines, and send them to you; but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original, and my disuse of turning verses, made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than that of showing you how readily I complied with your request.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

If she but moves or looks, her step, her face,
By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

There are twenty little literal variations that may be made, and are of no consequence, as *move* or *look*; *air* instead of *step*, and *adopts* instead of *adopt*: I don't know even whether I would not read *steal and adopt*, instead of *by stealth adopt*. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original. But what signifies that? I am not obliged to be a poet because Tibullus was one; nor is it just now that I have discovered I am not. Adieu.

331. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, June 13, 1751.

You have told me that it is charity to write you news into Kent; but what if my news should shock you! Won't it rather be an act of cruelty to tell you that your *relation*, Sandwich, is immediately to be removed[1], and that the Duke of Bedford and all the Gowers will resign to attend him—not quite all the Gowers, for the Earl himself has been informed that he ought to resent Lord Sandwich's giving away

Letter 331.—[1] He was First Lord of the Admiralty.

his daughter[2] to Colonel Waldegrave—he does resent it and keeps the Privy Seal and plays on at brag with Lady Catherine Pelham, to the great satisfaction of the Staffordshire Jacobites, who desire, at least expect, no better diversion than a division in that house; won't they be diverted? Lord Trentham does resign[3]. Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and called up to the Peers[4]. The Devonshire desired the Duke of Rutland's interest in Derbyshire for Lord Frederic[5]; this Duke replied, 'My Lord, I have always endeavoured to show my attachment to your Grace from regard and affinity; nor you nor yours have ever supported any request of mine; you will excuse me if I oppose you now tooth and nail.'—Pho! this will end in Lord Granby's having the Blues. Lord Granville is to be President; if he should resent any former resignations and insist on victims, will *Lord Harrington* assure the menaced that they shall not be sacrificed[6]?

I hear your friend Lord North is wedded[7]: somebody said, 'It is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride'; George Selwyn replied, 'Oh! she was kept in ice for three days before.'

The first volume of Spenser is published with prints designed by Kent; but the most execrable performance you ever beheld—the graving not worse than the drawing; awkward knights, scrambling Unas, hills tumbling down themselves, no variety of prospect, and three or four perpetual spruce firs. Our charming Mr. Bentley is doing Gray as much more honour as he deserves than Spenser.

[2] Lady Betty Leveson, who married, on May 7, Hon. John (afterwards third Earl) Waldegrave.

[3] He was a Junior Lord of the Admiralty.

[4] He was summoned to the House of Lords as Baron Cavendish of Hardwicke.

[5] Lord Frederick Cavendish, third son of third Duke of Devonshire; served in the army; Field-Marshal, 1796; M.P. for Derbyshire.

[6] Lord Harrington led off the resignations of 1746, thereby incurring the lasting resentment of George II.

[7] To Catherine Furnese, Dowager Countess of Rockingham.

He is drawing vignettes for his Odes; what a valuable MS. I shall have! Warburton publishes his edition of Pope next week, with the famous piece of prose on Lord Hervey [8], which he formerly suppressed at my uncle's desire, who had got an abbey from Cardinal Fleury for one Southcote, a friend of Pope's [9]. My Lord Hervey pretended not to thank him. I am told the edition has waited, because Warburton has cancelled above a hundred sheets (in which he had inserted notes) since the publication of the *Canons of Criticism* [10]. The new history of Christina [11] is a most wretched piece of trumpery, stuffed with foolish letters and confutations of Mademoiselle de Montpensier [12] and Madame de Motteville [13].

Adieu! my compliments to Miss Montagu! Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

332. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 18, 1751.

I send my letter as usual from the Secretary's office, but of what Secretary I don't know. Lord Sandwich last week received his dismission, on which the Duke of Bedford resigned the next day [1], and Lord Trentham with him, both breaking with old Gower, who is entirely in the hands of the Pelhams, and made to declare his quarrel with Lord Sandwich (who gave away his daughter to Colonel Waldegrave) the foundation of detaching himself from the Bedfords.

[8] *A Letter to a Noble Lord*, dated Nov. 30, 1733.

[9] The request was made to Sir Robert Walpole, and the negotiation carried through by Horatio Walpole in his capacity of minister at the French court.

[10] By Thomas Edwards (1699–1757), written as an attack upon Warburton.

[11] Christina, Queen of Sweden; d. 1689.

[12] Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, known as Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, second son of Henry IV. She died in 1693, leaving some *Mémoires*.

[13] Françoise Bertaut, Dame de Motteville (d. 1689), authoress of *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire d'Anne d'Autriche*.

Letter 332.—[1] He was Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

Your friend Lord Fane[2] comforts Lord Sandwich with an annuity of a thousand a year—scarcely for his handsome behaviour to his sister! Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and Lord Albemarle Groom of the Stole; Lord Granville is actually Lord President, and, by all outward and visible signs, something more—in short, if he don't overshoot himself, the Pelhams have; the King's favour to him is visible, and so much credited, that all the incense is offered to him. It is believed that Impresario Holderness will succeed the Bedford in the foreign seals, and Lord Halifax in those for the plantations. If the former does, you will have ample instructions to negotiate for singers and dancers! Here is an epigram made upon his directorship:

> That secrecy will now prevail
> In politics, is certain;
> Since Holderness, who gets the seals,
> Was bred behind the curtain.

The Admirals Rowley and Boscawen are brought into the Admiralty under Lord Anson, who is advanced to the head of the board. Seamen are tractable fishes! especially it will be Boscawen's case, whose name in Cornish signifies obstinacy, and who brings along with him a good quantity of resentment to Anson. In short, the whole present system is equally formed for duration!

Since I began my letter, Lord Holderness has kissed hands for the seals. It is said that Lord Halifax is to be made easy, by the plantations being put under the Board of Trade. Lord Granville comes into power as boisterously as ever, and dashes at everything. His lieutenants already beat up for volunteers; but he disclaims all connexions with Lord Bath, who, he says, forced him upon the famous ministry of twenty-four hours, and by which he says he

[2] Lord Sandwich married Dorothy, sister of Lord Viscount Fane. *Walpole.*

paid all his debts to him. This will soon grow a turbulent scene—it is not unpleasant to sit upon the beach and see it; but few people have the curiosity to step out to the sight. You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings[3], and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome and both such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print[4], and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear: the judge said to him, 'I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied St. Leger, 'my father was a judge[5].'

We have been overwhelmed with lamentable Cambridge

[3] Maria and Elizabeth, daughters of John Gunning, of Castle Coote, co. Roscommon. Maria Gunning m. (1752) George William Coventry, sixth Earl of Coventry. She died of consumption (accelerated by the excessive use of white paint) in 1760. Elizabeth Gunning m. (1752) 1. James Hamilton, sixth Duke of Hamilton (who d. 1758); 2. (1759) Colonel John Campbell (who succeeded in 1770 as fourth Duke of Argyll). She was created Baroness Hamilton in 1776, and died in 1791.

[4] See *Gent. Mag.* 1751, p. 280.

[5] Probably St. John St. Leger, Puisne Baron of the Irish Exchequer; d. 1741.

and Oxford dirges on the Prince's death: there is but one tolerable copy; it is by a young Lord Stormont[6], a nephew of Murray, who is much commended. You may imagine what incense is offered to Stone[7] by the people of Christ-church: they have hooked in, too, poor Lord Harcourt, and call him *Harcourt the Wise!* his wisdom has already disgusted the young Prince; 'Sir, pray hold up your head. Sir, for God's sake, turn out your toes!' Such are Mentor's precepts!

I am glad you receive my letters; as I knew I had been punctual, it mortified me that you should think me remiss. Thank you for the transcript from *Bubb de tristibus*[8]! I will keep your secret, though I am persuaded that a man who had composed such a funeral oration on his master and himself fully intended that its flowers should not bloom and wither in obscurity.

We have already begun to sell the pictures that had not found place at Houghton: the sale gives no great encouragement to proceed (though I fear it must come to that!); the large pictures were thrown away; the whole-length Vandykes went for a song! I am mortified now at having printed the catalogue. Gideon[9] the Jew, and Blakiston[10] the independent grocer, have been the chief purchasers of the pictures sold already—there, if you love moralizing!

Adieu! I have no more articles to-day for my literary gazette.

[6] David Murray (1727–1796), seventh Viscount Stormont; succeeded his uncle as second Earl of Mansfield, 1793. Envoy to Warsaw, 1756–61; Ambassador at Vienna, 1763–72; K.T., 1768; Ambassador at Paris, 1772–78; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1779–82; Lord President of the Council, 1783, 1794–96.

[7] As Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales.

[8] A letter to Mr. Mann from Mr. Dodington on the Prince's death. *Walpole.*

[9] Sampson Gideon (1699–1762), financier.

[10] Blakiston had been caught in smuggling, and pardoned by Sir R. W., but, continuing the practice, and again detected, was fined five thousand pounds, on which he grew a violent party man, and a ring-leader of the Westminster independent electors, and died an Alderman of London. *Walpole.*

333. To Miss Anne Pitt[1].

Arlington Street, June 19, 1751.

Before I even wish you joy, I must hurry to thank you for the very obliging question you put to my Lady Townshend. *Won't Mr. Walpole be glad of the honour the Princess has done me?* Indeed he is. He never was more agreeably surprised than with the news, and as far as the greatest esteem and good wishes can entitle him to it, does deserve the kind distinction you made of his friendship. I never had the honour of knowing the Princess, but if any more Regency Bills were to be passed, I would be the last man in England to vote for laying her under any restrictions. She has convinced *me* at least how wrong it is to lay any restraint upon her judgement. When I have told you, Madam, how happy your success makes me, I can't help telling you too that I fear it will affect the pleasure I proposed from your being at my Lady Cardigan's at Richmond this summer; but I am too much pleased to complain, and whenever I have the honour of seeing you, which I tried for again on Sunday evening, I will do nothing but tell you of my satisfaction.

334. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 16, 1751.

I shall do little more to-day than answer your last letter of the 2nd of this month; there is no kind of news. My

Letter 333.—Not in C.; now printed from Hist. MSS. Comm., 13th Report, App. Pt. II. pp. 135–6.

[1] Anne, daughter of Robert Pitt of Boconnoc, and sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and Privy-Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales (the appointment referred to in this letter). She was for some years on very friendly terms with Horace Walpole, whose letters to her are preserved at Dropmore Lodge. In character she greatly resembled her brother, William Pitt, with an added eccentricity which, in her old age, developed into madness. About 1778 it became necessary to place her under restraint, and she died in confinement in 1781.

chief reason for writing to you is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway[1], who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend; I need not recommend him to you; but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you new, once a year, like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England. He has distinguished himself in the greatest style both in the army and in Parliament. This is for you: for the Florentine ladies, there is still the finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw—no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Aylesbury.

It is impossible to answer you why my Lord Orford would not marry Miss Nicoll. I don't believe there was any particular reason or attachment anywhere else; but, unfortunately for himself and for us, he is totally insensible to his situation, and talks of selling Houghton with a coolness that wants nothing but being intended for philosophy to be the greatest that ever was. Mind, it is a virtue that I envy more than I honour.

I am going into Warwickshire[2] to Lord Hertford, and set out this evening, and have so many things to do that you must excuse me, for I neither know what I write, nor have time to write more. Adieu!

LETTER 334.—[1] Colonel Henry Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford, married Caroline, daughter of General John Campbell, and widow of Charles Bruce, the last Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin. *Walpole.*

[2] Ragley, near Alcester.

335. To George Montagu.

Daventry, July 22, 1751.

You will wonder in what part of the county of Twicks lies this Daventry—it happens to be in Northamptonshire. My letter will scarce set out till I get to London, but I choose to give it its present date lest you should admire, that Mr. Usher of the Exchequer, the Lord Treasurer of Pen, Ink, and Paper, should write with such coarse materials[1]. I am on my way from Ragley, and if ever the waters subside, and my ark rests upon dry land again, I think of stepping over to Tonghes: but your own journey has filled my post-chaise's head with such terrible ideas of your roads, that I think I shall let it have done raining for a month or six weeks, which it has not done for as much time past, before I begin to grease my wheels again, and lay in a provision of French books, and tea, and blunderbusses for my journey.

Before I tell you a word of Ragley, you must hear how busy I have been upon Grammont. You know I have long had a purpose of a new edition, with notes, and cuts of the principal beauties and heroes, if I could meet with their portraits. I have made out all the people at all remarkable, except *my Lord Janet*, whom I cannot divine unless he be *Thanet*[2]. Well, but what will entertain you is, that I have discovered the *philosophe Whitnell*[3]—and what do you think his real name was?—only *Whetenhall!* Pray do you call cousins[4]? Look in Collins's *Baronets*, and under the article *Bedingfield* you will find that he was an *ingenious gentleman*, and la Blanche Whitnell[5], *though one of the greatest beauties*

Letter 335.—[1] The original is written on very coarse common paper.

[2] Nicholas Tufton (1631 – 1679), third Earl of Thanet.

[3] Thomas Whetenhall, of East Peckham, in Kent.

[4] Montagu's sister married Nathaniel Whetenhall.

[5] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir

of the age, an excellent wife. I am persuaded the Bedingfields crowded in these characters to take off the ridicule in Grammont. They have succeeded to a miracle. Madame de Mirepoix told me t'other day, that she had known a daughter of the Countess de Grammont [6], an abbess in Lorrain [7], who, to the ambassadress's great scandal, was ten times more vain of the blood of Hamilton than of an equal quantity of that of Grammont. She had told her much of her sister my Lady Stafford [8], whom I remember to have seen when I was quite a child. She used to live at Twickenham when Mary Wortley and the Duke of Wharton [9] lived there too; she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago?—I think anything but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, 'Well, child, I have come without my wit to-day'; that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment to be in particular spirits. This rage of Grammont carried me a little while ago to old Marlbro's at Wimbledon [10], where I had heard there was a picture of Lady Denham [11]; it is a charming one. The house you know stands in a hole, or, as the whimsical old creature said, seems to be making a curtsey. She had directed my Lord Pembroke not to

Henry Bedingfield, first Baronet, of Oxborough, Norfolk.

[6] Elizabeth (d. 1708), eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, first Baronet; m. Philibert, Comte de Grammont, in whose *Mémoires* she figures as 'La belle Hamilton.'

[7] Marie Elisabeth de Grammont, Abbess of Ste. Marie de Poussey in Lorraine.

[8] Claude Charlotte de Grammont, daughter of Philibert, Comte de Grammont; m. (1694) Henry Stafford-Howard, first Earl of Stafford; d. 1739.

[9] Philip Wharton (1698–1731), first Duke of Wharton.

[10] Wimbledon Manor House, which passed to the Spencer family on the death of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The house in question was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1785.

[11] Margaret, third daughter of Sir William Brooke, K.B.; m. (1665), as his second wife, Sir John Denham, the poet. Her death (in 1667) was popularly attributed to poisoned chocolate, administered either by her husband or by the Duchess of York, both of whom were jealous of the Duke of York's attentions to her. The Duke's passion for her and her fate are mentioned by Grammont.

make her go up any steps; 'I won't go up steps,' and so he dug a saucer to put it in, and levelled the first floor with the ground. There is a bust of Admiral Vernon, erected I suppose by Jack Spencer, with as many lies upon it as if it was a tombstone; and a very curious old picture upstairs, that I take to be Louis Sforza the Moor[12], with his nephew Galeazzo. There are other good pictures in the house, but perhaps you have seen them. As I have formerly seen Oxford and Blenheim, I did not stop till I came to Stratford-upon-Avon, the wretchedest old town I ever saw, which I intended for Shakespeare's sake to find smug, and pretty, and *antique*, not *old*. His tomb, and his wife's, and John à Combe's[13], are in an agreeable church, with several other monuments; as one of the Earl of Totness[14], and another of Sir Edw. Walker[15], the memoirs writer, our Tigress's[16] ancestor. There are quantities of Cloptons, too; but the bountiful corporation have exceedingly bepainted Shakespeare and the principal personages. Lady Caroline Petersham is not more vermilion.

I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent; the house far beyond anything I have seen of that bad age: for it was begun, as I found by an old letter in the library from Lord Ranelagh[17] to Earl Conway[18], in the year 1680. By the way, I have had, and am to have, the rummaging of three chests of pedigrees and letters to that Secretary Conway, which I have interceded for and saved from the flames. The prospect is as fine as one destitute of

[12] Lodovico Sforza, called *il Moro*, Duke of Milan, 1494–1500; d. 1508. His nephew was Giovanni Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan; d. 1494.

[13] John Combe (d. 1614), a rich inhabitant of Stratford-on-Avon. He was in the habit of lending money, and the rate of interest required by him gave rise to some lines at one time attributed to Shakespeare.

[14] George Carew (1555–1629), first Earl of Totness.

[15] Sir Edward Walker, Knight (d. 1677), sometime Secretary at War, and author of *Historical Discourses*.

[16] Mrs. Henry Talbot, *née* Clopton.

[17] Richard Jones (circ. 1641–1712), Earl of Ranelagh.

[18] Edward Conway (circ. 1623–1683), Earl of Conway.

a navigated river can be, and totally hitherto unimproved. So is the house, which is but just covered in, after so many years. They have begun to inhabit the naked walls of the attic story; the great one is unfloored and unceiled. The hall is magnificent, sixty by forty, and thirty-eight high. I am going to pump Mr. Bentley for designs. The other apartments are very lofty, and in quantity, though I had suspected that this leviathan hall must have devoured half the other chambers. The Hertfords carried me to dine at Lord Archer's [19], an odious place—I pried after Cronk's false cabinet into the buttery. On my return, I saw Warwick, a pretty old town, small and thinly inhabited, in the form of a cross. The castle is enchanting; the view pleased me more than I can express; the river Avon tumbles down a cascade at the foot of it. It is well laid out by one Brown [20], who has set up on a few ideas of Kent and Mr. Southcote. One sees what the prevalence of taste does; little Brook, who would have chuckled to have been born in an age of clipt hedges and cockle-shell avenues, has submitted to let his garden and park be natural. Where he has attempted Gothic in the castle, he has failed wofully; and has indulged himself in a new apartment that is most paltry. The chapel is very pretty, and smugged up with tiny pews, that look like *étuis* for the dapper Earl and his diminutive Countess [21]. I shall tell you nothing of the glorious chapel of the Beauchamps in St. Mary's Church, for you know it is in Dugdale; nor how ill the fierce bears and ragged staves are succeeded by puppets and corals. As I came back another road, I saw Lord Pomfret's by Towcester, where there [are] a few good pictures, and many mashed statues; there is an excessive fine Cicero, which has

[19] Umberslade, in Warwickshire.

[20] Lancelot Brown (1715–1783), known as 'Capability' Brown from his frequent use of that word.

[21] See Letter to Mann, April 8, 1742.

no fault—but the head being modern. I saw a pretty lodge[22], just built by the Duke of Grafton, in Whittleberry Forest; the design is Kent's, but, as was his manner, too heavy. I ran through the gardens at Stowe, which I have seen before, and had only time to be charmed with the variety of scenes. I do like that Albano glut of buildings, let them be ever so much condemned. Adieu.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

336. To Horace Mann.

Mistley, Aug. 31, 1751.

I am going to answer two of your letters, without having the fear of Genoa[1] before my eyes. Your brother sent to me about this embassy the night before I came out of town, and I had not time nor opportunity to make any inquiry about it. Indeed, I am persuaded it is all a fable, some political nonsense of Richcourt. How should his brother know anything of it? or, to speak plainly, what can we bring about by a sudden negotiation with the Genoese? Do but put these two things together, that we can do nothing, and the Richcourts can know nothing, and you will laugh at this pretended communication of a secret that relates to yourself from one who is ignorant of what relates to you, and who would not tell you if he did know. I have had a note from your brother since I came hither, which confirms my opinion; and I find Mr. Chute is of the same. Be at peace, my dear child: I should not be so if I thought you in the least danger.

I imagined you would have seen Mr. Conway before this

[22] Wakefield Lodge, near Stony Stratford.

Letter 336.—[1] Count Richcourt pretended that he had received intelligence from his brother, then Minister in London, that Mr. Mann was to be sent on a secret commission to Genoa. *Walpole.*

time; I have already told you how different you will find him from the raw animals that you generally see. As you talk of our beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa.* They went the other day to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty-room[2], another company arrived; the housekeeper said, 'This way, ladies; here are the Beauties.' The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves.

I am charmed with your behaviour to the Count on the affair of the Leghorn allegiance[3]; I don't wonder he is willing to transport you to Genoa! Your priest's epigram[4] is strong; I suppose he had a dispensation for making a false quantity in *secunda.*

Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian, or the Bergamasco: that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees[5]: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her, as the Count lost my Lady Orford.

Lord Rockingham told me himself of his Guercino, and

[2] Containing Kneller's portraits of ladies of the court of William III.

[3] Richcourt wished to consider all English residents at Leghorn as subjects of the Emperor.

[4] *Lex prima ulcisci, secunda est vivere raptu,*
Tertia moechari, quarta negare Deum.

[5] This report, though exaggerated, seems to have been not entirely unfounded. Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu appears to have been detained for some time against her will at Brescia by a Count Palazzo and his mother. Lord Wharncliffe, who found amongst Lady Mary's papers a statement relative to this detention, suggests that it was probably for some pecuniary or interested object.

seemed obliged for the trouble you had given yourself in executing the commission. I can tell you nothing farther of the pictures at Houghton; Lord Orford has been ill and given over, and is gone to Cheltenham. The affair of Miss Nicoll is blown up by the treachery of my uncle Horace and some lawyers, that I had employed at his recommendation. I have been forced to write a narrative of the whole transaction, and was with difficulty kept from publishing it. You shall see it whenever I have an opportunity. Mr. Chute, who has been still worse used than I have been, is, however, in better spirits than he was, since he got rid of all this embroil. I have brought about a reconciliation with his brother, which makes me less regard the other disappointments.

I must bid you good night, for I am at too great a distance to know any news, even if there were any in season. I shall be in town next week, and will not fail you in inquiries, though I am persuaded you will before that have found that all this Genoese mystery was without foundation. Adieu!

337. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1751.

So you have totally forgot that I sent you the pedigree of the Crouches, as long ago as the middle of last August, and that you promised to come to Strawberry Hill in October! I shall be there some time in next week, but as my motions neither depend on resolutions nor almanacs, let me know beforehand when you intend me a visit; for though keeping an appointment is not just the thing you ever do, I suppose you know you dislike being disappointed yourself, as much as if you were the most punctual person in the world to engagements.

I came yesterday from Woburn, where I have been a

week. The house is in building, and three sides of the quadrangle finished, but as it is rather a patchwork, and upon the dimensions of the old abbey, it will be neither stately nor venerable. The park is very fine, the woods glorious, and the plantations of evergreens sumptuous—but upon the whole, it is what I rather admire than like—I fear that is what I am a little apt to do at the finest places in the world where there is not a navigable river. You would be charmed, as I was, with an old gallery, that is not yet destroyed—it is a bad room, powdered with little gold stars, and covered with millions of old portraits. There are all the successions of Earls and Countesses of Bedford, and all their progenies—one countess[1] is a whole-length, dancing in the drollest dress you ever saw; and another picture of the same woman leaning on her hand, I believe by Cornelius Johnson[2], is as fine a head as ever I saw. There are many of Queen Elizabeth's worthies, the Leicesters, Essex's, and Philip Sidneys, and a very curious portrait of the last Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, who died at Padua. Have not I read somewhere that he was in love with Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary with him? He is quite in the style of the former's lovers, red-bearded, and not comely. There is Essex's friend, the Earl of Southampton[3], his son the Lord Treasurer[4], and Madame l'Empoisonneuse[5], that married Carr, Earl of Somerset—she is pretty. Have not you seen a copy Vertue[6] has made of Philip and Mary? That is in

Letter 337.—[1] Hon. Lucy Harington (d. 1627), daughter of first Baron Harington of Exton; m. (1594) Edward Russell, third Earl of Bedford. She was the patroness of several of the poets of her day.

[2] Cornelius Janssens (1590–1665).

[3] Henry Wriothesley (circ. 1573–1624), third Earl of Southampton.

[4] Thomas Wriothesley (1607–1667), fourth Earl of Southampton; Lord Treasurer, 1660–67.

[5] Lady Frances Howard (d. 1632), daughter of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk; m. 1. (1606) Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, from whom she was divorced in 1613; 2. (1613) Robert Kerr, Earl of Somerset. In 1615 she was tried with her husband for the murder (by poison) of Sir Thomas Overbury, and found guilty, but was ultimately pardoned.

[6] George Vertue (1684–1756), engraver. His manuscripts were bought

this gallery too, but more curious than good. They showed me two heads, who, according to the tradition of the family, were the originals of Castalio and Polidore[7]—they were sons to the second Earl of Bedford, and the eldest, if not both, died before their father[8]. The eldest has vipers in his hand, and in the distant landscape appears a maze, with these words, *Fata viam invenient.* The other has a woman behind him, sitting near the sea, with strange monsters surrounding her. I don't pretend to decipher this, nor to describe half the entertaining morsels I found in this Purgatory of antiquities—but I can't omit, as you know I am Grammont-mad, that I found there *le vieux Roussel*[9], *qui étoit le plus fier danseur d'Angleterre.* The portrait is young, but has all the promise of his latter character. I am going to send them a head of a Countess of Cumberland[10], sister to Castalio and Polidore, and mother of a famous Countess of Dorset[11], who afterwards married the mad Earl of Pembroke of Charles the First's time. She was an authoress, and immensely rich. After the Restoration, Sir Joseph Williamson, the Secretary of State, wrote to her to choose a courtier at Appleby: she sent him this answer: 'I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man shall not stand. Anne Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery[12].'

Adieu! If you love news a hundred years old, I think you

after his death by Horace Walpole, who compiled his *Anecdotes of Painting* from them.

[7] The twin brothers in Otway's tragedy *The Orphan.*

[8] Edward Russell, Lord Russell (d. circ. 1572), and John Russell, Lord Russell (d. 1584), sons of Francis Russell (1527–1585), second Earl of Bedford.

[9] Hon. John Russell (d. 1681), third son of fourth Earl of Bedford.

[10] Lady Margaret Russell, third daughter of second Earl of Bedford; m. (1577) George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland; d. 1616.

[11] Lady Anne Clifford (d. 1676), *suo jure* Baroness Clifford, daughter of third Earl of Cumberland; m. 1. (1609) Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset; 2. (1630) Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

[12] The authenticity of this letter is doubtful; it was first printed in one of Horace Walpole's contributions to the *World* (on April 5, 1753).

can't have a better correspondent—for anything that passes now, I shall not think it worth knowing these fifty years.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

338. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1751.

It is about six weeks since I wrote to you, and was going on to be longer, as I stayed for something to tell you; but an express that arrived yesterday brought a great event, which, though you will hear long before my letter can arrive, serves for a topic to renew our correspondence. The Prince of Orange[1] is dead; killed by the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. This is all I yet know. I shall go to town to-morrow for a day or two, and if I pick up any particulars before the post goes away, you shall know them. The Princess Royal[2] was established Regent some time ago; but as her husband's authority seemed extremely tottering, it is not likely that she will be able to maintain hers. Her health is extremely bad, and her temper neither ingratiating nor bending. It is become the peculiarity of the House of Orange to have minorities.

Your last letter to me of Sept. 24th, and all I have seen since your first fright, make me easy about your Genoese journey. I take no honour from the completion of my prophecy; it was sufficient to know circumstances and the trifling falsehood of Richcourt, to confirm me in my belief that that embassy was never intended. We dispose of Corsica! Alas! I believe there is but one island that we shall ever have power to give away; and that is Great Britain—and I don't know but we may exert our power!

Letter 338.—[1] William IV, Prince of Orange and Stadtholder of the United Provinces.
[2] Anne, daughter of George II.

You are exceedingly kind about Mr. Conway—but when are not you so to me and my friends? I have just received a miserable letter from him on his disappointment: he had waited for a man-of-war to embark for Leghorn; it came in the night, left its name upon a card, and was gone before he was awake in the morning, and had any notice of it. He still talks of seeing you; as the Parliament is to meet so soon, I should think he will scarce have time, though I don't hear that he is sent for, or that they will have occasion to send for anybody, unless they want to make an opposition.

We were going to have festivals and masquerades for the birth of the Duke of Burgundy[3], but I suppose both they and the observance of the King's birthday will be laid aside or postponed, on the death of our son-in-law. Madame de Mirepoix would not stay to preside at her own banquets, but is slipped away to retake possession of the tabouret. When the King wished her husband joy, my Lady Pembroke[4] was standing near him; she was a favourite, but has disgraced herself by marrying a Captain Barnard. Mirepoix said, as he had no children he was indifferent to the honour of a duchy for himself, but was glad it would restore Madame to the honour she had lost by marrying him. 'Oh!' replied the King, 'you are of so great a family[5], the rank was nothing; but I can't bear when women of quality marry one don't know whom!'

Did you ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the

[3] Louis Joseph Xavier (d. 1761), Duc de Bourgogne, eldest son of the Dauphin (son of Louis XV) by his second wife, Maria Josepha of Saxony.

[4] Mary, daughter of the Viscount Fitzwilliam, formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen, and widow of Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. *Walpole.* —She married North Ludlow Barnard, a Captain of Dragoons.

[5] That of Lévis.

particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me from a niece of Lady Mary above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar[6], whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses, which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter, Lady Margaret Erskine[7]: they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford; the Duchess is Lady Mary's niece[8]. Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde[9], a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

> Who starves a sister or denies a debt.

In one of her letters she says, 'We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel.' And in another,

[6] Lady Frances Pierrepont (d. 1761), daughter of first Duke of Kingston; m. (1714), as his second wife, John Erskine, twenty-second Earl of Mar (who was attainted after the rebellion of 1715).

[7] Her name was Frances, not Margaret. She married (1740) her cousin, James Erskine, second son of Lord Grange, and Knight Marshal of Scotland. She died in 1776.

[8] Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Lady Mar, and the first wife of John, Lord Gower, were daughters of Evelyn Pierpont, Duke of Kingston. *Walpole.*

[9] This person was Toussaint Rémond de St. Mard (1682–1757), a wit and *littérateur*. Lady Mary's account of the transaction is given in letters written to Lady Mar in 1721.

that the girls of the age are very ugly, and yet the men follow them, 'but let them; my appetite is not so voracious as it was.' This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sévigné's. It is very remarkable, how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of letters written by the widow[10] of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence: I want to persuade the Duke of Bedford to let them be printed.

17th.—I have learned nothing but that the Prince of Orange died of an imposthume in his head. Lord Holdernesse is gone to Holland[11] to-day—I believe rather to learn than to teach. I have received yours of Oct. 8, and don't credit a word of Birtle's[12] information. Adieu!

339. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1751.

As the Parliament is met, you will, of course, expect to hear something of it: the only thing to be told of it is, what I believe was never yet to be told of an English Parliament, that it is so unanimous, that we are not likely to have one division this session—nay, I think not a debate. On the Address, Sir John Cotton alone said a few words against a few words of it. Yesterday, on a motion to resume the sentences[1] against Murray, who is fled to France, only two persons objected—in short, we shall not be more a French

[10] Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer. One of these letters to Dr. Tillotson, to persuade him to accept the Archbishopric, has since been printed, and a fragment of another of her letters, in Birch's Life of that Prelate. *Walpole.*

[11] As Minister at the Hague.

[12] Consul at Genoa: he had heard the report of Mr. Mann's being designed for an embassy to Genoa. *Walpole.*

Letter 339.—[1] On Nov. 25 a motion was carried for his recommittal to Newgate, and £500 was offered for his apprehension.

Parliament, when we are under French government. Indeed, the two nations seem to have crossed over and figured in; one hears of nothing from Paris but gunpowder plots in the Duke of Burgundy's cradle (whom the clergy, by a vice versâ, have converted into a Pretender), and menaces of assassinations[2]. Have you seen the following verses, that have been stuck up on the Louvre, the Pontneuf, and other places?

Deux Henris immolés par nos braves Ayeux,
L'un à la Liberté et l'autre à nos Dieux,
Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entreprises:
Ils revivent en Toi ces anciens Tyrans:
Crains notre désespoir: La Noblesse a des Guises,
Paris des Ravaillacs, le Clergé des Cléments.

Did you ever see more ecclesiastic fury? Don't you like their avowing the cause of Jacques Clément? and that Henry IV was sacrificed to a plurality of gods! a frank confession! though drawn from the author by the rhyme, as Cardinal Bembo, to write classic Latin, used to say, *Deos immortales!* But what most offends me is the threat of murder: it attaints the prerogative of chopping off the heads of kings in a legal way. We here have been still more interested about a private history that has lately happened at Paris. It seems uncertain by your accounts whether Lady Mary Wortley is in voluntary or constrained durance: it is not at all equivocal that her son and a Mr. Taaffe[3] have been in the latter at Fort l'Évesque and the Châtelet. All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two *gentlemen*, who were pharaoh-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where it

[2] 'La dame Sauvé, première femme de chambre du Duc de Bourgogne, vient d'être mise à la Bastille. Elle avoit averti Madame de Tallard qu'on venoit de jeter dans le berceau de M. le Duc de Bourgogne un gros paquet rempli de poudre, de charbon et de mèches, avec les vers les plus injurieux pour le Roi.' (D'Argenson, *Mémoires*, ed. 1858, vol. iv. p. 54.)

[3] Theobald Taaffe, M.P. for Arundel.

is supposed they cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of the money he owed, and that, to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects; that he accused them; that they were taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning, kept in different prisons, without fire or candle, for six-and-thirty hours; have since been released on excessive bail; are still to be tried, may be sent to the galleys, or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company; for I suppose nobody else will converse with them. Their separate anecdotes are curious: Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, and, for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives[4]. Taaffe is an Irishman, who changed his religion to fight a duel; as you know in Ireland a Catholic may not wear a sword. . . .[5] He is a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Madame Pompadour; travelling, with turtles and pine-apples, in post-chaises, to the latter,—flying back to the former for Lewes races—and smuggling burgundy at the same time. I shall finish their history with a *bon mot*. The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's apropos to these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, 'Sir, all I can say is, that they are both members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's.' Monsieur de Mirepoix sent a card lately to White's, to invite all the chess-players of both *clamps*. Do but think what a genius a man must have, or, my dear child, do you consider what information you would be capable of sending to your court, if, after passing two years in a country, you had learned but the two first letters of a word, that you heard twenty times every day!

[4] This marriage is recorded amongst those celebrated in this year at Keith's chapel, in Mayfair.

[5] Passage omitted.

I have a bit of paper left, so I will tell you another story. A certain King, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The Intriguing Chambermaid[6] in the farce says to the old gentleman, 'You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years.' The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, 'This is d—d stuff!'

Pray have you got Mr. Conway yet! Adieu!

340. To Horace Mann.

Dec. 12, 1751.

I have received yours and Mr. Conway's letters, and am transported that you have met at last, and that you answer so well to one another, as I intended. I expect that you tell me more and more all that you think of him. The enclosed is for him; as he has never received one of my letters since he left England, I have exhausted all my news upon him, and for this post you must only go halves with him, who I trust is still at Florence. In your last, you mentioned Lord Stormont and commend him; pray tell me more about him. He is cried up above all the young men of the time—in truth we want recruits! Lord Bolingbroke is dead, or dying[1], of a cancer, which was thought cured by a quack plaster; but it is not everybody can be cured at seventy-five, like my monstrous uncle!

What is an *uomo nero*[2]?—neither Mr. Chute nor I can recollect the term. Though you are in the season of the *villeggiatura*, believe me, Mr. Conway will not find Florence duller than he would London: our diversions, politics,

[6] A farce adapted from the French by Fielding, and first acted in 1734.

Letter 340.—[1] Lord Bolingbroke died on Dec. 15.

[2] '*Uomo nero* is a general term for all servants out of livery.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 331.)

quarrels, are buried all in our Alphonso's grave[3]! The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded that the most incredible discoveries will be made, and that, about the time, or a little after, I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician. Adieu!

P.S. I have tipped Mr. Conway's direction with French, in case it should be necessary to send it after him.

341. To George Montagu.

THE ST. JAMES'S EVENING POST.

Thursday, Jan. 9, 1752.

Monday being Twelfth-day, his Majesty according to annual custom offered myrrh, frankincense, and a small bit of gold; and at night, in commemoration of the three *Kings* or *Wise men*, the King and Royal Family played at hazard for the benefit of a prince of the blood. There were above eleven thousand pounds upon the table; his most sacred Majesty won three guineas, and his R.H. the Duke, three thousand four hundred pounds.

On Saturday was landed at the Custom House a large box of truffles, being a present to the Earl of Lincoln from Theobald Taaffe, Esq., who is shortly expected home from his travels in foreign parts.

To-morrow the new-born son[1] of the Earl of Egremont is to be baptized, when his Majesty, and the Earl of

[3] The late Prince of Wales: it alludes to a line in the *Mourning Bride*. *Walpole.*

Letter 341.—[1] George O'Brien Wyndham (1751–1837), Lord Cockermouth; succeeded his father as third Earl of Egremont, 1763.

Granville (if he is able to stand), and the Duchess of Somerset, are to be sponsors.

We are assured that on Tuesday last, the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the Countess of Holderness's, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality: and some time this week, the two dwarfs will play at brag at Madame Holman's. N.B. The strong man, who was to have performed at Mrs. Nugent's, is indisposed.

There is lately arrived at the Lord Carpenter's[2], a curious male chimpanzee, which has had the honour of being shown before the ugliest princes in Europe, who all expressed their approbation; and we hear that he intends to offer himself a candidate to represent the city of Westminster at the next general election. Note: he wears breeches, and there is a gentlewoman to attend the ladies.

Last night the Hon. and Rev. Mr. James Brudenel[3] was admitted a doctor of opium in the ancient university of White's, being received *ad eundem* by his Grace the Rev. father in chess the Duke of Devonshire, president, and the rest of the senior fellows. At the same time the Lord Rob. Bertie and Col. Barrington[4] were rejected, on account of some deficiency of formality in their testimonials.

Letters from Grosvenor Street mention a dreadful apparition, which has appeared for several nights at the house of the Countess Temple, which has occasioned several of her ladyship's domestics to leave her service, except the coachman, who has drove her sons and nephews for several

[2] George Carpenter (1723–1762), second Baron Carpenter; cr. Earl of Tyrconnel, 1761.

[3] Hon. James Brudenell (1725–1811), second son of third Earl of Cardigan; cr. (Oct. 17, 1780) Baron Brudenell of Deene, Northamptonshire; succeeded his brother as fifth Earl of Cardigan, 1790. Deputy Cofferer of the Household, 1755; Keeper of the Privy Purse and Master of the Robes to George III, 1760; Constable of Windsor Castle, 1791.

[4] Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Hon. John Barrington (d. 1764), third son of first Viscount Barrington.

years, and is not afraid of spectres. The coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict lunacy.

Last week the Lord Downe received at the Treasury the sum of an hundred kisses from the Auditor of the Exchequer, being the reward for shooting at a highwayman.

On Tuesday the operation of shaving was happily performed on the upper lip of her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, by a celebrated artist from Paris, sent over on purpose by the Earl of Albemarle. The performance lasted but one minute and three seconds, to the great joy of that noble family; and in consideration of his great care and expedition, his Grace has settled four hundred pounds a year upon him for life. We hear that he is to have the honour of shaving the heads of the Lady Catherine Pelham, the Duchess of Queensberry, and several other persons of quality.

By authority, on Sunday next will be opened the Romish chapel at Norfolk House; no persons will be admitted but such as are known well-wishers to the present happy establishment.

Mass will begin exactly when the English liturgy is finished.

At the theatre royal in the House of Lords, *The Royal Slave*, with *Lethe*.

At the theatre in St. Stephen's Chapel, *The Fool in Fashion*.

The Jews are desired to meet on the 20th inst. at the sign of Fort L'Évêque in Pharaoh Street, to commemorate the noble struggle made by one of their brethren [5] in support of his property.

Deserted—Miss Ashe.

[5] Abraham Payba, *alias* Roberts, who had been successful in an action against Wortley-Montagu the younger, and others, on a charge of cheating him at faro.

Lost, an opposition.

To be let, an ambassador's masquerade, the gentleman going abroad.

To be sold, the whole nation. . . .[6]

Lately published, The Analogy of Political and Private Quarrels, or the Art of healing family differences by widening them; on these words, Do evil that good may ensue. A sermon preached before the Rt. Honble. Henry Pelham, and the rest of the society for propagating Christian charity, by Wm. Leveson, chaplain to her R.H. the Princess Amelia; and now printed at the desire of several of the family.

For capital weaknesses, the Duke of Newcastle's true spirit of crocodiles.

Given gratis at the Turn-stile, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields[7], Anodyne Stars and Garters.

342. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1752.

We are much surprised by two letters which my Lady Aylesbury has received from Mr. Conway, to find that he had not yet heard of his new regiment[1]. She, who is extremely reasonable, seems content that he went to Rome before he got the news, as it would have been pity to have missed such an opportunity of seeing it, and she flatters herself that he would have set out immediately for England, if he had received the express at Florence. Now you know him, you will not wonder that she is impatient; you would wonder, if you knew her, if he were not so too.

After all I have lately told you of our dead tranquillity,

[6] Passage omitted.

[7] The Duke of Newcastle's town house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Letter 342.—[1] He had been appointed to command the Thirteenth Dragoons.

you will be surprised to hear of an episode of opposition: it is merely an interlude, for at least till next year we shall have no more: you will rather think it a farce, when I tell you, that that buffoon my old uncle acted a principal part in it. And what made it more ridiculous, the title of the drama was a subsidiary treaty with Saxony. In short, being impatient with the thought that he should die without having it written on his tomb, 'Here lies *Baron* Punch,' he spirited up—whom do you think?—only a Grenville! my Lord Cobham, to join with him in speaking against this treaty: both did: the latter retired after his speech; but my uncle concluded his (which was a direct answer to all he has been making all his life), with declaring, that he yet should vote *for* the treaty! You never heard such a shout and laughter as it caused. This debate was followed by as new a one in the House of Lords, where the Duke of Bedford took the treaty, and in the conclusion of his speech the ministry, to pieces. His friend Lord Sandwich, by a most inconceivable jumble of cunning, spoke for the treaty, against the ministry; it is supposed, lest the Duke should be thought to have countenanced the opposition: you never heard a more lamentable performance! there was no division. The next day the Tories in our House moved for a resolution against subsidiary treaties in time of peace: Mr. Pelham, with great agitation, replied to the philippics of the preceding day, and divided 180 to 52.

There has been an odd sort of codicil to these debates: Vernon [2], a very inoffensive, good-humoured young fellow, who lives in the strongest intimacy with all the fashionable young men, was proposed for the Old Club at White's,

[2] Richard Vernon (1726–1800), fourth son of Henry Vernon, of Hilton, Staffordshire, and well known on the turf. He was afterwards married to the widow of the Earl of Upper Ossory, a sister of the Duchess of Bedford. His three daughters were the 'three Vernons' of Horace Walpole's letters to Lady Ossory.

into the mysteries of which, before a person is initiated, it is necessary that he should be well with the ruling powers: unluckily, Vernon has lately been at Woburn with the Duke of Bedford. The night of the ballot, of twelve persons present eight had promised him white balls, being his particular friends—however, there were six black balls!--this made great noise—his friends found it necessary to clear up their faith to him—*ten* of the twelve assured him upon their honour that they had given him white balls. I fear this will not give you too favourable an idea of the honour of the young men of the age!

Your father, who has been dying, and had tasted nothing but water for ten days, the other day called for roast beef, and is well; cured, I suppose, by this abstinence, which convinces me that intemperance had been his illness. Fasting and mortification will restore a good constitution, but not correct a bad one.

Adieu! I write you but short letters, and those, I fear, seldom; but they tell you all that is material: this is not an age to furnish volumes!

343. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1752.

Gal tells me that your eldest brother has written you an account of your affairs, the particulars of which I was most solicitous to learn, and am now most unhappy to find no better[1]. Indeed, Gal would have most reason to complain, if his strong friendship for you did not prevent him from thinking that nothing is hard that is in your favour: he told me himself that the conditions imposed upon him were inferior to what he always proposed to do, if the misfortune should arrive of your recall. He certainly

Letter 343.—[1] Mr. Mann's father was just dead. *Walpole.*

loves you earnestly; if I were not convinced of it, I should be far from loving him so well as I do.

I write this as a sort of a letter of form on the occasion, for there is nothing worth telling you. The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the Patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house[2], which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its

[2] Chesterfield House, then just completed.

effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

Poor Lord Lempster has just killed an officer[3] in a duel, about a play-debt, and I fear was in the wrong. There is no end of his misfortunes and wrong-headedness!—Where is Mr. Conway?—Adieu!

344. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1752.

Mr. Conway has been arrived this fortnight, a week sooner than we expected him; but my Lady Aylesbury forgives it! He is full of your praises, so you have not sowed your goodness in unthankful ground. By a letter I have just received from you, he finds you have missed some from him with commissions; but he will tell you about them himself. I find him much leaner, and great cracks in his beauty. Your picture is arrived, which he says is extremely like you. Mr. Chute cannot bear it; says it wants your countenance and goodness; that it looks bonny and Irish. I am between both, and should know it: to be sure, there is none of your *wet-brown-paperness* in it; but it has a look with which I have known you come out from your little room, when Richcourt has raised your ministerial French, and you have writ to England about it till you were half fuddled. *Au reste*, it is gloriously coloured—will Astley[1] promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?

[3] Captain Henry Grey of the Guards, third son of Sir Henry Grey, first Baronet, of Howick, Northumberland. Lord Lempster was tried at the Old Bailey in the following April, and found guilty of manslaughter.

Letter 344.—[1] John Astley, d. 1787.

The year has not kept the promise of tranquillity that it made you at Christmas; there has been another parliamentary bustle. The Duke of Argyll[2] has drawn the ministry into accommodating him with a notable job, under the notion of buying for the King from the mortgagees the forfeited estates in Scotland, which are to be colonized and civilized. It passed with some inconsiderable hitches through the Commons; but in the Lords last week the Duke of Bedford took it up warmly, and spoke like another Pitt. He attacked the Duke of Argyll on favouring Jacobites, and produced some flagrant instances, which the Scotch Duke neither answered nor endeavoured to excuse, but made a strange, hurt, mysterious, contemptuous, incoherent speech, neither in defence of the bill nor in reply to the Duke of Bedford, but to my Lord Bath, who had fallen upon the ministry for assuming a dispensing power, in suffering Scotland to pay no taxes for the five last years. This speech, which formerly would have made the House of Commons take up arms, was strangely flat and unanimated, for want of his old chorus. Twelve lords divided against eighty that were for the bill. The Duke, who was present, would not vote; none of his people had attended the bill in the other House, and General Mordaunt (by his orders, as it is imagined) spoke against it. This concludes the session: the King goes to Hanover on Tuesday: he has been scattering ribands of all colours; blue ones on Prince Edward, the young Stadtholder, and the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan; a green one on Lord Dumfries[3]; a red on Lord Onslow[4].

The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess

[2] Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyle, formerly Earl of Isla. *Walpole.*

[3] William Dalrymple-Crichton (d. 1762), fifth Earl of Dumfries succeeded his brother as fourth Earl of Stair, 1760.

[4] Richard Onslow (1715 – 1776), third Baron Onslow.

of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the Drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties.

There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of, a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.

Mr. Chute is as much yours as ever, except in the article of pen and ink. Your brother transacts all he can for the Lucchi, as he has much more weight there[5] than Mr. Chute. Adieu!

345. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1752.

I now entirely credit all that my Lord Leicester and his family have said against Lady Mary Coke and her family; and am convinced that it is impossible to marry anything of the blood of Campbell, without having all her relations

[5] With the late Mr. Whithed's brothers, who scrupled paying a small legacy and annuity to his mistress and child. *Walpole.*

Letter 345.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

in arms to procure a separation immediately. Pray, what have I done? have I come home drunk to my wife within these four first days? or have I sat up gaming all night, and not come home at all to her, after her lady-mother had been persuaded that I was the soberest young nobleman in England, and had the greatest aversion to play? Have I kept my bride awake all night with railing at her father[1], when all the world had allowed him to be one of the bravest officers in Europe? In short, in short, I have a mind to take counsel, even of the wisest lawyer now living in matrimonial cases, my Lord Coke . . .[2] other Norfolk husbands, and . . .[2] must entertain the town with a formal parting, at least it shall be in my own way: my wife shall neither run to Italy after lovers and books[3], nor keep a dormitory in her dressing-room at Whitehall for Westminster schoolboys, your Frederick Campbells[4], and such like; nor yet shall she reside at her mother's house[5], but shall absolutely set out for Strawberry Hill in two or three days, as soon as her room can be well aired; for, to give her her due, I don't think her to blame, but flatter myself she is quite contented with the easy footing we live upon; separate beds, dining in her dressing-room when she is out of humour, and a little toad-eater that I had got for her, and whose pockets and bosom I have never examined, to see if she brought any *billets-doux* from Tommy Lyttel-

[1] John, Duke of Argyll, the father of Lady Mary Coke.

[2] Piece cut out of the original letter.

[3] Referring to his sister-in-law, the Countess of Orford.

[4] Fourth son of General John Campbell (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll). He was born in 1729. Keeper of the Privy Seal in Scotland, 1765; Lord Clerk Register for Scotland, 1768, until his death in 1816. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Frederick Campbell was exceedingly handsome, which was probably the reason of Lady Townshend's partiality for him. His father, General Campbell, writes to her under date of Sept. 30, 1746: 'You have spoil'd my son Frederick, he gives himself airs and won't write to me; I have some thoughts of forbidding him White-Hall as a punishment.' (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, App. Pt. IV. p. 362.)

[5] After her separation from Lord Coke, Lady Mary Coke lived with her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Argyll, at Sudbrooke.

ton[6] or any of her fellows. I shall follow her myself in less than a fortnight; and if her family don't give me any more trouble,—why, who knows but at your return you may find your daughter with qualms, and in a sack? If you should happen to want to know any more particulars, she is quite well, has walked in the Park every morning, or has the chariot, as she chooses; and, in short, one would think that I or she were much older than we really are, for I grow excessively fond of her[7]. . . .[8]

Yours sincerely,
H. W.

346. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1752.

You deserve no charity, for you never write but to ask it. When you are tired of yourself and the country, you think over all London, and consider who will be proper to send you an account of it. Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer;

[6] Thomas Lyttelton (1744–1779), only son of Sir George Lyttelton, fifth Baronet (created Baron Lyttelton in 1756); succeeded his father as second Baron Lyttelton, 1773; Chief Justice in Eyre, north of Trent, 1775. He is known as the 'wicked Lord Lyttelton.' The curious circumstances of his death, which followed upon a warning received by him in a vision, are well known.

[7] All this letter refers to Ann Seymour Conway, then three years old, who had been left with her nurse at Mr. Walpole's during an absence of her father and mother in Ireland. *Walpole.*—Miss Conway was the only child of Horace Walpole's first cousin and intimate friend, Henry Seymour Conway, by his wife, Caroline Campbell, Dowager Countess of Ailesbury. Her marriage, in 1767, to the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of the wealthy Lord Milton, was regarded as a great match. For some years Mrs. Damer was well known in London as a leader of fashion. Her husband, however, was a spendthrift, and was addicted to low company. After contracting enormous debts, which Lord Milton refused to pay, he shot himself in a London tavern in 1776. Mrs. Damer thenceforward devoted herself principally to sculpture (which she had practised from her childhood), travel, and study. Several of her sculptures were in possession of Horace Walpole, who was an enthusiastic admirer of her character, talents, and intellectual acquirements. He wrote a number of letters to her, all of which were destroyed at her death in 1828. Mrs. Damer inherited Strawberry Hill on Horace Walpole's death, but resigned it in 1811, in accordance with a provision of his will, to the then Lord Waldegrave.

[8] Piece cut out.

nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day-labourer in scandal. If you care for nobody but for what they can tell you, look you, you must provide yourself elsewhere.—The town is empty, nothing in it but flabby mackerel, and wooden gooseberry tarts, and a hazy east wind.—My sister is gone to Paris, I go to Strawberry Hill in three days for the summer, if summer there will ever be any. If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war[1], between the Lord Lieutenant and Primate on one side (observe, I don't tell you what *side* that is), and the Speaker[2] on the other, who carries questions by wholesale in the House of Commons against the Castle—and the *teterrima belli causa* is not the common one.

Reams of scandalous verses and ballads are come over, too bad to send you, if I had them, but I really have not—what is more provoking for the Duke of Dorset, an address is come over directly to the King (not as usual, through the channel of the Lord Lieutenant), to assure him of their great loyalty, and apprehensions of being misrepresented. This is all I know, and you see, most imperfectly.

I was t'other night to see what is now grown the fashion, Mother Midnight's Oratory—it appeared the lowest buffoonery in the world even to me, who am used to my uncle Horace. There is a bad oration to ridicule, what it is too like, Orator Henley; all the rest is perverted music. There is a man who plays so nimbly on the kettledrum, that he has reduced that noisy instrument to an object of sight; for, if you don't see the tricks with his hands, it is

LETTER 346.—[1] An inquiry into certain abuses, recommended by the Duke of Dorset, as Lord Lieutenant, gave rise to tumults in the Irish House of Commons. They were fostered by the members, who resented the influence exercised over the Viceroy by the Primate (George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh), and by the Duke's son and Chief Secretary, Lord George Sackville.

[2] Henry Boyle (circ. 1686–1764), created Earl of Shannon, 1756. Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 1733–56; Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, 1733–35, 1739–55.

no better than ordinary. Another plays on a violin and trumpet together. Another mimics a bagpipe with a German flute, and makes it full as disagreeable. There is an admired dulcimer, a favourite salt-box, and a really curious jew's-harp. Two or three men intend to persuade you that they play on a broomstick, which is drolly brought in, carefully shrouded in a case, so as to be mistaken for a bassoon or bass-viol; but they succeed in nothing but the action. The last fellow imitates curtseying to a French horn. There are twenty medley overtures, and a man who speaks a prologue and epilogue, in which he counterfeits all the actors and singers upon earth: in short, I have long been convinced, that what I used to imagine the most difficult thing in the world, mimicry, is the easiest; for one has seen for these two or three years, at Foote's and the other theatres, that when they lost one mimic, they called odd man, and another came and succeeded just as well.

Adieu! I have told you much more than I intended, and much more than I could conceive I had to say, except how does Miss Montagu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Did you hear Capt. Hotham's *bon mot* on Sir Th. Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom? He said, he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas!*

347. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1752.

By this time you know *my way*, how much my letters grow out of season, as it grows summer. I believe it is six weeks since I wrote to you last; but there is not only

the usual deadness of summer to account for my silence; England itself is no longer England. News, madness, parties, whims, and twenty other causes, that used to produce perpetual events, are at an end; Florence itself is not more inactive. Politics,

Like arts and sciences, are travelled west.

They are got into Ireland, where there is as much bustle to carry a question in the House of Commons, as ever it was here in any year *forty-one*[1]. Not that there is any opposition to the King's measures; out of three hundred members, there has never yet been a division of above twenty-eight against the government: they are much the most zealous subjects the King has. The Duke of Dorset has had the art to make them distinguish between loyalty and aversion to the Lord Lieutenant. The chronicle is rather scandalous. In short, Lord George, the Duke's third son and governor, a very brave man and a very good speaker, but haughty, obstinate, and overbearing, is supposed to have a seraglio, which is not at all in the style of a country that is famous for furnishing rich widows with second husbands. His friend the Primate, who is Stone's brother, was not only hoisted to that eminence at a very unprotestant age, but is accused of other cardinalesque dispositions too. Lord George carried over a Scotch lad, one Cunningham, who was made aide-de-camp to the Primate (you will think Dr. Stone has more of the general than the cardinal, but he has aide-de-camp as one of the Regency) and by him brought into Parliament. It raised outrageous clamour: Boyle the Speaker, the most popular man in that country, has headed the faction against the Castle, and beat them on several questions. He has affronted Lord George, and in a manner

LETTER 347.—[1] A reference to the strong parliamentary opposition to Charles I in 1641, and to Sir Robert Walpole in 1741. A similar reference is made in the verses by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, quoted in Horace Walpole's letter to Mann of Feb. 25, 1742.

challenged Cunningham. The Dorsets want to make the Primate sole Regent, and to turn out the Speaker. Their interest is vast here: yet nobody thinks it will be possible to send him Lord Lieutenant again. Epigrams, ballads, pasquinades swarm. . . .[2]

I last night received yours of May 5th; but I cannot deliver your expressions to Mr. Conway, for he and Lady Aylesbury are gone to his regiment in Ireland for four months, which is a little rigorous, not only after an exile in Minorca, but more especially unpleasant now, as they have just bought one of the most charming places in England, Park Place[3], which belonged to Lady Archibald Hamilton, and then to the Prince. You have seen enough of Mr. Conway to judge how patiently he submits to his duty. Their little girl is left with me.

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flock to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning.

I saw lately at Mr. Barret's a print of Vallombrosa, which I should be glad to have, if you please; though I don't think it gives much idea of the beauty of the place: but you know what a passion there is for it in England, as Milton has mentioned it[4].

Miss Blandy died[5] with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact, which has made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect; for I can't help

[2] Passage omitted.
[3] Near Henley-on-Thames.
[4] See *Paradise Lost*, Book I. l. 302.
[5] She was executed at Oxford on April 6, 1752.

believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it. . . .[6]

348. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1752.

I have just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, 'Stop thief!' and run downstairs—I ran after him—don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze; nor have not been shot through the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at Govr. Pitt's[1], next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N.B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out, 'Watch'; two men, who were sentinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, 'Give me the blunderbuss,

[6] Passage omitted.

Letter 348. — [1] George Morton Pitt, formerly Governor of Fort St. George; M.P. for Pontefract, 1741-54.

I'll shoot him!' But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise.—I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I dispatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, 'Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!' A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carabine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished, and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges[2].

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing—of

[2] Second Baronet, d. 1759.

three gold-fish out of Poyang[3], for a present to Madam Clive. They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests would let it; but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's *Odes*; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold-fish, which will delight you; *au reste*, he is just where he was; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton[4] to the great Cu of Haticuleo, but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther. Did he tell you the Rices and your aunt Cosby[5] had dined here from Hampton Court? The minionette beauty[6] looks mighty well in his grandmother's jointure.

The *Memoires*[7] of last year are quite finished, but I shall add some pages of notes, that will not want anecdotes. Discontents, of the nature of those about Windsor Park, are spreading about Richmond. Lord Brook, who has taken the late Duchess of Rutland's at Petersham, asked for a key; the answer was (mind it, for it was tolerably mortifying to an Earl), *that the Princess*[8] *had already refused one to my*

[3] The Chinese name given by Horace Walpole to his gold-fish pond. See letter to Bentley of Dec. 19, 1753.

[4] Horton or Haughton, six miles and a half from Northampton, the seat of the Earl of Halifax, here referred to as the 'great Cu of Haticuleo.'

[5] Grace, daughter of Edward Montagu, of Horton, Northamptonshire, and widow of Brigadier-General William Cosby, sometime Governor of New York and the Jerseys. She died in 1767.

[6] George Rice, cousin of George Montagu. His 'minionette face' is mentioned in a letter to Montagu of May 18, 1749. See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1899.

[7] *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.* In his *Short Notes*, under date 1751, Horace Walpole writes: 'About this time I began to write my *Memoirs*. At first I only intended to write the history of one year.'

[8] Princess Amelia, who became Ranger of Richmond Park in 1751, on the death of Horace Walpole's brother, the second Earl of Orford. Her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, as Ranger of Windsor Park, had 'incredibly disgusted the neighbourhood of Windsor by excluding them from most of the benefits of

Lord Chancellor[9]. By the way, you know that reverend head of the law is frequently shut up here with my Lady Montrath[10], who is as rich and as tipsy as Cacofogo in the comedy[11]. What a jumble of avarice and lewdness, dignity and claret!

You will be pleased with a story of Lord Bury, that is come from Scotland. He is quartered at Inverness: the magistrates invited him to an entertainment with fire-works, which they intended to give on the morrow for the Duke's birth-day[12]. He thanked them, assured them he would represent their zeal to his R. Highness; but did not doubt but it would be more agreeable to him, if they postponed it to the day following, the anniversary of the battle of Culloden. They stared, said they could not promise on their own authority, but would go and consult their body. They returned, told him it was unprecedented, and could not be complied with. Lord Bury replied, he was sorry they had not given a negative at once, for he had mentioned it to his soldiers, who would not bear a disappointment, and was afraid it would provoke them to some outrage upon the town. This did: they celebrated Culloden. Adieu! My compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,

H. W.

349. To George Montagu.

Dear George, Twickenham, Thursday.

Since you give me leave to speak the truth, I must own it is not quite agreeable to me to undertake the commission

the park there.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 349.)

[9] Lord Hardwicke, at this time only a Baron.

[10] Lady Diana Newport, youngest daughter of second Earl of Bradford; m. (1721) Algernon Coote, sixth Earl of Mountrath. She lived at Twickenham Park, and died in 1766.

[11] *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[12] April 15.

you give me, nor do I say this to assume any merit in having obeyed you, but to prepare you against my solicitation miscarrying, for I cannot flatter myself with having so much interest with Mr. Fox as you think. However, I have wrote to him as pressingly as I could, and wish most heartily it may have any effect. Your brother I imagine will call upon him again; and Mr. Fox will naturally tell him whether he can do it or not at my request.

I should have been very glad of your company if it had been convenient. You would have found me a most absolute country gentleman: I am in the garden, planting as long as it is light, and shall not have finished to be in London before the middle of next week.

My compliments to your sisters and to the Colonel[1], and what so poor a man as Hamlet is, may do to express his love and friending to him, God willing, shall not lack. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

350. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1752.

By a letter that I received from my Lady Aylesbury two days ago, I flatter myself I shall not have occasion to write to you any more; yet I shall certainly see you with less pleasure than ever, as our meeting is to be attended with a resignation of my little charge[1]. She is vastly well, and I think you will find her grown fat. I am husband enough to mind her beauty no longer, and perhaps you will say husband enough too, in pretending that my love is con-

Letter 349. — [1] Colonel Charles Montagu, on whose behalf Horace Walpole's interest with Henry Fox (then Secretary at War) had doubtless been invoked.

Letter 350.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Miss Anne Conway.

verted into friendship; but I shall tell you some stories at Park Place of her understanding that will please you, I trust, as much as they have done me.

My Lady Aylesbury says I must send her news, and the whole history of Mr. Seymour and Lady Di Egerton[2], and their quarrel, and all that is said on both sides. I can easily tell her all that is said on one side, Mr. Seymour's, who says, the only answer he has ever been able to get from the Duchess[3] or Mr. Lyttelton[4] was, *that Di has her caprices.* The reasons she gives, and gave him, were, the badness of his temper and imperiousness of his letters, that he scolded her for the overfondness of her epistles, and was even so unsentimental as to talk *of desiring to make her happy, instead of being made so by her.* He is gone abroad, in despair, and with an additional circumstance, which would be very uncomfortable to anything but a true lover; his father refuses to resettle the estate on him, the entail of which was cut off by mutual consent, to make way for the settlements on the marriage.

The Speaker told me t'other day, that he had received a letter from Lord Hyde, which confirms what Mr. Churchill writes me, the distress and poverty of France and the greatness of their divisions. Yet the King's expenses are incredible; Madame de Pompadour is continually busied in finding out new journeys and diversions, to keep him from falling into the hands of the clergy. The last party of pleasure she made for him, was a stag-hunting; the stag was a man in a skin and horns, worried by twelve men dressed like bloodhounds! I have read of Basilowitz[5], a Czar of Muscovy, who improved on such a hunt, and had

[2] Afterwards Lady Baltimore.

[3] The Duchess of Bridgewater, mother of Lady Diana Egerton.

[4] Richard (afterwards Sir Richard) Lyttelton, second husband of the Duchess of Bridgwater.

[5] Ivan the Terrible (1533–1584), son of Basil. In 1543 he caused a member of the Skiuski family to be torn to pieces by dogs.

a man in a bearskin worried by real dogs; a more kingly entertainment!

I shall make out a sad journal of other news; yet I will be like any gazette, and scrape together all the births, deaths, and marriages in the parish. Lady Hartington and Lady Rachel Walpole are brought to bed of sons; Lord Burlington and Lord Gower have had new attacks of palsies: Lord Falkland[6] is to marry the Southwark Lady Suffolk[7]; and Mr. Watson[8], Miss Grace Pelham. Lady Coventry has miscarried of one or two children, and is going on with one or two more, and is gone to France to-day. Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Petersham have had their anniversary quarrel, and the Duchess of Devonshire has had her secular assembly, which she keeps once in fifty years: she was more delightfully vulgar at it than you can imagine; complained of the wet night, and how the men would dirty the rooms with their shoes; called out at supper to the Duke, 'Good God! my Lord, don't cut the ham, nobody will eat any!' and relating her private *ménage* to Mr. Obrien, she said, 'When there's only my Lord and I, besides a pudding, we have always a dish of roast!' I am ashamed to send you such nonsense, or to tell you how the good women at Hampton Court are scandalized at Princess Emily's coming to chapel last Sunday in riding-clothes, with a dog under her arm; but I am bid to send news: what can one do at such a dead time of year? I must conclude, as my Lady Gower did very well t'other day in a letter into the

[6] Lucius Charles Cary (circ. 1707–1785), seventh Viscount Falkland.

[7] Sarah Inwen (d. 1776), daughter of Thomas Inwen, of Southwark; m. 1. (1735) Henry Howard, tenth Earl of Suffolk; 2. (1752) Viscount Falkland, as above.

[8] Hon. Lewis Watson (1728–1794), second son of first Baron Monson; took the name of Watson on succeeding to the Northamptonshire estates of his cousin, the third Earl of Rockingham; cr. Baron Sondes, 1760. He married (Oct. 12, 1752) Grace (d. 1777), second daughter of Hon. Henry Pelham.

country, *Since the two Misses*[9] *were hanged, and the two Misses*[10] *were married, there is nothing at all talked of.* Adieu! My best compliments and my wife's to your two ladies.

Yours ever,

H. W.

351. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 27, 1752.

What will you say to me after a silence of two months? I should be ashamed, if I were answerable for the whole world, who will do nothing worth repeating. Newspapers have horse-races, and can invent casualties, but I can't have the confidence to stuff a letter with either. The only casualty that is of dignity enough to send you, is a great fire at Lincoln's Inn, which is likely to afford new work for the lawyers, in consequence of the number of deeds and writings it has consumed. The Duke of Kingston has lost many of his: he is unlucky with fires: Thoresby[1], his seat, was burnt a few years ago, and in it a whole room of valuable letters and manuscripts. There has been a very considerable loss of that kind at this fire: Mr. Yorke[2], the Chancellor's son, had a great collection of Lord Somers's papers, many relating to the Assassination Plot[3], and by which, I am told, it appeared that the Duke of Marlborough was deep in the schemes of St. Germain's.

There are great civil wars in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill: Princess Emily, who succeeded my brother in the rangership of Richmond Park, has imitated her brother William's unpopularity, and disobliged the whole country, by refusal of tickets and liberties, that had always been

[9] Blandy and Jefferies. *Walpole.*

[10] The Gunnings. *Walpole.*

Letter 351.—[1] Near Ollerton, in Nottinghamshire.

[2] Hon. Charles Yorke. A few of the papers were saved, and were published in 1778.

[3] The plot of 1696 for the assassination of William III.

allowed. They are at law with her, and have printed in the *Evening Post* a strong Memorial, which she had refused to receive. The High Sheriff of Surrey, to whom she had denied a ticket, but on better thought had sent one, refused it, and said he had taken his part. Lord Brook[4], who had applied for one, was told he could not have one—and to add to the affront, it was signified, that the Princess had refused one to my Lord Chancellor—your old nobility don't understand such comparisons! But the most remarkable event happened to her about three weeks ago. One Mr. Bird, a rich gentleman near the Park, was applied to by the late Queen for a piece of ground that lay convenient for a walk she was making: he replied, it was not proper for him to pretend to make a Queen a present; but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he should be content with the acknowledgement of a key and two bucks a year. This was religiously observed till the era of her Royal Highness's reign; the bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence-month (the breeding time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never). The Princess soon after was going through his grounds to town; she found a padlock on his gate: she ordered it to be broke open: Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite, till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home—'Lord, Sir! here is a strange mistake; the Princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked!' 'Mistake! no mistake at all: I made the road; the ground is my own property: her Royal Highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her Royal mother made with me: nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should.' Translate this to your Florentines; try if you can make them conceive how pleasant it is to treat blood royal thus!

There are dissensions of more consequence in the same

[4] Francis Greville, Earl Brook. *Walpole.*

neighbourhood. The tutorhood at Kew is split into factions; the Bishop of Norwich[5] and Lord Harcourt openly at war with Stone and Scott, who are supported by Cresset, and countenanced by the Princess and Murray—so my Lord Bolingbroke dead, will govern, which he never could living! It is believed that the Bishop will be banished into the rich bishopric of Durham, which is just vacant[6]—how pleasant to be punished, after teaching the boys a year, with as much as he could have got if he had taught them twenty! Will they ever expect a peaceable prelate, if untractableness is thus punished?

Your painter Astley is arrived; I have missed seeing him by being constantly at Strawberry Hill, but I intend to serve him to the utmost of my power, as you will easily believe, since he has your recommendation.

Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester[7] got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny apiece. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *sproposito*. She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. 'Oh!' said she, 'I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov.!' . . .[8] I can conceive my Lady Caroline making a good deal of noise even at Paris; her beauty is set off by a genius for the extraordinary, and for strokes that will make a figure in any country. Mr. Churchill and my sister are just arrived from

[5] Thomas Hayter.

[6] By the death of Joseph Butler. He was succeeded by Trevor, Bishop of St. David's.

[7] Croome Court, the seat of the Earls of Coventry, is near Worcester.

[8] Passage omitted.

France; you know my passion for the writings of the younger Crébillon: you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how much one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard [9], and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crébillon and Marivaux [10] for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him, and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crébillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife, was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crébillon was humble, 'unworthy,' obliged; and sat: the picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word, that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and receive an answer. Crébillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it was excessively like. I am *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.

I am going to trouble you with a commission, my dear Sir, that will not subject me to any such humiliations.

[9] Jean Étienne Liotard (1702–1776).

[10] Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux (1688–1763), novelist and dramatist. The word *marivaudage* was invented during his lifetime to express the affectation peculiar to his writings.

You may have heard that I am always piddling about ornaments and improvements for Strawberry Hill—I am now doing a great deal to the house—stay, I don't want *Genoa damask*[11]! What I shall trouble you to buy is for the garden: there is a small recess, for which I should be glad to have an antique Roman sepulchral altar, of the kind of the pedestal to my eagle; but as it will stand out of doors, I should not desire to have it a fine one: a moderate one, I imagine, might be picked up easily at Rome at a moderate price: if you could order anybody to buy such an one, I should be much obliged to you.

We have had an article in our papers that the Empress-Queen has desired the King of France to let her have Mesdames de *Craon* and de la Calmette, ladies of great *piety* and birth, to form an academy for the young Archduchesses —is there any truth in this? is the Princess to triumph thus at last over Richcourt? I should be glad. What a comical genealogy in education! the mistress and mother of twenty children to Duke Leopold being the pious tutoress to his grand-daughters! How the old Duchess of Lorrain will shiver in her coffin at the thoughts of it? Who is La Calmette?

Adieu! my dear child! You see my spirit of justice: when I have not writ to you for two months, I punish you with a reparation of six pages!—Had not I better write one line every fortnight?

[11] Lord Cholmondeley borrowed great sums of money of various people, under the pretence of a quantity of Genoa damask being arrived for him, and that his banker was out of town, and that he must pay for it immediately. Four persons comparing notes, produced four letters from him in a coffee-house, in the very same words. *Walpole.*

352. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 30, 1752.

You have often threatened me with a messenger from the Secretary's office to seize my papers; who would ever have taken you for a prophet? If Goody Compton [1], your colleague, had taken upon her to foretell, there was enough of the witch and prophetess in her person and mysteriousness to have made a superstitious person believe she might be a cousin of Nostradamus, and heiress of some of her visions; but how came you by second sight? Which of the Cues matched in the Highlands? In short, not to keep you in suspense, for I believe you are so far inspired as to be ignorant how your prophecy was to be accomplished, as we were sitting at dinner t'other day, word was brought that one of the King's messengers was at the door—every drop of ink in my pen ran cold—Algernon Sydney danced before my eyes, and methought I heard my Lord Chief Justice Lee [2], in a voice as dreadful as Jefferies', mumble out, *Scribere est agere.*—How comfortable it was to find that Mr. Amyand [3], who was at table, had ordered this appanage of his dignity to attend him here for his orders! However, I have buried the *Memoires* under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken perhaps for a Runic history in rhyme. I have part of another valuable MS. to dispose, which I shall beg leave to commit to your care, and desire it may be concealed behind the wainscot in Mr. Bentley's Gothic

Letter 352.—Wrongly dated by C. July 20.

[1] Hon. George Compton, afterwards sixth Earl of Northampton. He was Montagu's colleague in the representation of Northampton.

[2] Sir William Lee, Kt. (1688–1754), second son of Sir Thomas Lee, second Baronet, of Hartwell; Lord Chief Justice, 1737–54.

[3] Claudius Amyand (d. 1774), Under-Secretary of State and M.P. for Tregony. He has been conjectured to be the author of the *Letters of Junius.*

house, whenever you build it. As the great person is living to whom it belonged, it would be highly dangerous to make it public; as soon as she is in disgrace. I don't know whether it will not be a good way of making court to her successor, to communicate it to the world, as I propose doing, under the following title,

The Treasury of Art and Nature,
Or a Collection of inestimable Receipts,
Stolen out of the Cabinet of Madame de Pompadour,
And now first published for the use
Of his fair Countrywomen,
By a true born Englishman
And philomystic. . . .[4]

Apropos to one of the persons I mentioned, Miss Howe was going under Mr. Coventry's window t'other day reading a note; George Selwyn called out, *yours till death, Gregory Fettiplace*[5]!

So the pretty Miss Bishop, instead of being my niece, is to be Mrs. Bob Brudenel[6]! What foolish birds are turtles, when they have scarce a hole to roost in! Adieu!

Yours till death,
Gregory Whitewash.

353. To Richard Bentley[1].

Battel, Wednesday, August 5, 1752.

Here we are, my dear Sir, in the middle of our pilgrimage; and lest we should never return from this holy land of abbeys and Gothic castles, I begin a letter to you, that

[4] Passage omitted.

[5] Miss Charlotte Howe (daughter of second Viscount Howe) married a Mr. Fettiplace.

[6] Anne, daughter of Sir Cecil Bisshop, Baronet, of Parham, Sussex; m. (1759) Hon. Robert Brudenell (d. 1768), third son of third Earl of Cardigan.

Letter 353.—[1] Only son of Dr. Bentley, the celebrated commentator. *Walpole.*—Walpole's letters to Bentley (of which the above is the first) were returned to the former during Bentley's lifetime at Walpole's request. They were first published in the 4to edition of Walpole's *Works* (1798).

I hope some charitable monk, when he has buried our bones, will deliver to you. We have had piteous distresses, but then we have seen glorious sights! You shall hear of each in their order.

Monday, Wind SE.—at least that was our direction.—While they were changing our horses at Bromley[2], we went to see the Bishop of Rochester's palace; not for the sake of anything there was to be seen, but because there was a chimney, in which had stood a flower-pot, in which was put the counterfeit plot against Bishop Sprat[3]. 'Tis a paltry parsonage, with nothing of antiquity but two panes of glass, purloined from Islip's chapel in Westminster Abbey, with that abbot's rebus, an eye and a slip of a tree. In the garden there is a clear little pond, teeming with gold-fish. The Bishop is more prolific than I am.

From Sevenoaks we went to Knowle[4]. The park is sweet, with much old beech, and an immense sycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with sycamores. The house is not near so extensive as I expected: the outward court has a beautiful decent simplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good nor curious; ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases, dishes, &c., embroidered beds, stiff chairs, and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silk and gold. There are two galleries, one very small; an old hall, and a spacious great drawing-room.

[2] On the high-road to Sevenoaks.

[3] In 1692 Bishop Sprat was arrested on false information given by one Young. The latter caused a paper, purporting to be an address from an association desiring the restoration of James II, to be deposited in the Bishop's palace at Bromley. The paper was discovered to be a forgery and Sprat was set at liberty. The 'properties' of the plot—the forged address and the flower-pot in which it was deposited—were preserved at Matson, in Gloucestershire, where Horace Walpole sent them in 1753. (See letter to Bentley of Sept. 1753.)

[4] Knowle Park, near Sevenoaks, the seat of the Duke of Dorset.

There is never a good staircase. The first little room you enter has sundry portraits of the times; but they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and drawn all by the same painter: one should be happy if they were authentic; for among them there is Dudley, Duke of Northumberland[5], Gardiner of Winchester, the Earl of Surrey the poet[6], when a boy, and a Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; but I don't know which. The only fine picture is of Lord Goring[7] and Endymion Porter[8] by Vandyke. There is a good head of the Queen of Bohemia[9], a whole-length of Duc d'Espernon[10], and another good head of the Clifford Countess of Dorset, who wrote that admirable haughty letter to Secretary Williamson, when he recommended a person to her for member for Appleby: 'I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery.' In the chapel is a piece of ancient tapestry; Saint Luke in his first profession is holding an urinal. Below stairs is a chamber of poets and players, which is proper enough in that house; for the first Earl[11] wrote a play, and the last Earl[12] was a poet, and I think married a player. Major Mohun[13] and Betterton[14] are

[5] John Dudley (1502–1553), Duke of Northumberland, the father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey.

[6] Henry Howard (circ. 1517–1547), eldest son of second Duke of Norfolk. He was executed for high treason.

[7] George Goring (1608–1657), Lord Goring, son of the Earl of Norwich, whom he predeceased.

[8] Endymion Porter (1587–1649), Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I.

[9] Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I, and wife of Frederick, Elector Palatine, and afterwards King of Bohemia.

[10] Jean Louis de Nogaret de la Vallette (1554–1642), Duc d'Epernon, favourite of Henry III of France.

[11] Thomas Sackville (d. 1608), first Earl of Dorset (n.c.). He was joint author, with Thomas Norton, of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*.

[12] Charles Sackville (1638–1706), sixth Earl of Dorset. He wrote the verses 'To all you ladies now at land.' It does not appear that he married a player, but his third wife, a Mrs. Roche, who was of obscure birth, may be the person referred to by Walpole.

[13] Major Michael Mohun (d. 1684). He fought on the King's side during the Civil War, and returned to the stage at the Restoration.

[14] Thomas Betterton, d. 1710.

curious among the latter, Cartwright[15] and Flatman[16] among the former. The arcade is newly enclosed, painted in fresco, and with modern glass of all the family matches. In the gallery is a whole-length of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, with his device, a broken column, and the motto *Sat superest.* My father had one of them, but larger, and with more emblems, which the Duke of Norfolk bought at my brother's sale. There is one good head of Henry VIII, and divers of Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, the citizen who came to be Lord Treasurer, and was very near coming to be hanged[17]. His countess, a bouncing kind of lady-mayoress, looks pure awkward amongst so much good company. A visto cut through the wood has a delightful effect from the front; but there are some trumpery fragments of gardens that spoil the view from the state apartments.

We lay that night at Tunbridge town, and were surprised with the ruins of the old castle. The gateway is perfect, and the enclosure formed into a vineyard by a Mr. Hooker, to whom it belongs, and the walls spread with fruit, and the mount on which the keep stood, planted in the same way. The prospect is charming, and a breach in the wall opens below to a pretty Gothic bridge of three arches over the Medway. We honoured the man for his taste—not but that we wished the committee at Strawberry Hill were to sit upon it, and stick cypresses among the hollows—But, alas! he sometimes makes eighteen sour hogsheads, and

[15] Rev. William Cartwright (1611–1643).

[16] Thomas Flatman (1637–1688), poet and miniature-painter.

[17] Lionel Cranfield (1575–1645), cr. Earl of Middlesex, 1622; Lord High Treasurer, 1622–24. In 1624 he was found guilty of mismanagement of various offices. He was dismissed from all his employments, heavily fined, and for a short time imprisoned in the Tower. He was twice married; first to Elizabeth Shephard, daughter of the merchant adventurer to whom he was apprenticed; second, to Anne Brett, cousin of the Countess of Buckingham. His first wife died before he became a peer.

is going to disrobe 'the ivy-mantled tower[18],' because it harbours birds!

Now begins our chapter of woes. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penshurst, the only man in the town who had two horses would not let us have them, because the roads, as he said, were so bad. We were forced to send to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was spent—we all the while up to the head and ears in a market of sheep and oxen. A mile from the town we climbed up a hill to see Summer Hill, the residence of Grammont's Princess of Babylon[19]. There is now scarce a road to it: the Paladins of those times were too valorous to fear breaking their necks; and I much apprehend that *la Muskerry*[20] and the fair Mademoiselle Hamilton[21] must have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-ushers upon pillions to the Wells. The house is little better than a farm, but has been an excellent one, and is entire, though out of repair. I have drawn the front[22] of it to show you, which you are to draw over again to show me. It stands high, commands a vast landscape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to shelter itself, some of which might be well spared to open views.

From Summer Hill we went to Lamberhurst[23] to dine; near which, that is, at the distance of three miles, up and down

[18] This is one of the earliest instances of a quotation from Gray's *Elegy*, which was communicated to Horace Walpole by the poet in 1750; it was first printed in 1751.

[19] Margaret de Burgh, Viscountess Muskerry.

[20] Printed *Monsery* in the 4to ed. of 1798, and by subsequent editors. (See *Mémoires de Grammont* (ed. 1851, Paris), ch. xii. p. 266, and *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1899.)

[21] Elizabeth Hamilton, afterwards Comtesse de Grammont.

[22] Cunningham states that Horace Walpole inserted a rough drawing of Summer Hill in his own copy of Grammont's *Mémoires*, which was at one time in Cunningham's possession.

[23] Near Goudhurst, in Kent.

impracticable hills, in a most retired vale, such as Pope describes in the last *Dunciad*,

Where slumber abbots, purple as their vines,

we found the ruins of Bayham Abbey, which the Barrets and Hardings [24] bid us visit. There are small but pretty remains, and a neat little Gothic house built near them by their nephew Pratt [25]. They have found a tomb of an abbot, with a crosier, at length on the stone.

Here our woes increase. The roads grew bad beyond all badness, the night dark beyond all darkness, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down,—I forget which, it was so dark,—a famous precipice called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge [26]. We had still six miles hither, but determined to stop, as it would be a pity to break our necks before we had seen all we intended. But, alas! there was only one bed to be had: all the rest were inhabited by smugglers, whom the people of the house called mountebanks; and with one of whom the lady of the den told Mr. Chute he might lie. We did not at all take to this society, but, armed with links and lanthorns, set out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a still worse inn, and that crammed with excise officers, one of whom had just shot a smuggler. However, as we were neutral powers, we have passed safely through both armies hitherto, and can give you a little farther history of our wandering through these mountains,

[24] Thomas Barrett-Lennard (afterwards seventeenth Lord Dacre) and Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House of Commons, married respectively Anna Maria and Jane, daughters of Chief-Justice Pratt by his second wife. (See Table III.)

[25] John (d. 1797), son of John Pratt, of Wilderness, Kent, by his first wife. (See Table III.)

[26] Also known as Robertsbridge, close to where the road crosses the river Rother.

where the young gentlemen are forced to drive their curricles with a pair of oxen. The only morsel of good road we have found, was what even the natives had assured us was totally impracticable; these were eight miles to Hurst Monceaux. It is seated at the end of a large vale, five miles in a direct line to the sea, with wings of blue hills covered with wood, one of which falls down to the house in a sweep of a hundred acres. The building, for the convenience of water to the moat, sees nothing at all; indeed it is entirely imagined on a plan of defence, with drawbridges actually in being, round towers, watch-towers mounted on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows. It was built in the time of Henry VI, and is as perfect as the first day. It does not seem to have been ever quite finished, or at least that age was not arrived at the luxury of whitewash; for almost all the walls, except in the principal chambers, are in their native *brickhood*. It is a square building, each side about two hundred feet in length; a porch and cloister, very like Eton College; and the whole is much in the same taste, the kitchen extremely so, with three vast funnels to the chimneys going up on the inside. There are two or three little courts for offices, but no magnificence of apartments. It is scarcely furnished with a few necessary beds and chairs: one side has been sashed, and a drawing-room and dining-room and two or three rooms wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex [27], who married a natural daughter of Charles II. Their arms with delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheasants, hang over the chimneys. Over the great drawing-room chimney is the

[27] Thomas Lennard (circ. 1653–1715), fifteenth Baron Dacre of the South; cr. Earl of Sussex, 1674; m. (1674) Lady Anne Fitzroy, natural daughter of Charles II by the Duchess of Cleveland. Lord Sussex's extravagance obliged him to sell Hurstmonceaux, the ancient seat of the Lords Dacre of the South. At the time of Horace Walpole's visit Hurstmonceaux was in the possession of the Hare-Naylor family.

coat-armour of the first Leonard, Lord Dacre[28], with all his alliances. Mr. Chute was transported, and called cousin with ten thousand quarterings[29]. The chapel is small, and mean: the Virgin and seven long lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows. There have been four more, but seem to have been removed for light; and we actually found St. Catherine, and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand, exiled into the buttery. There remain two odd cavities, with very small wooden screens on each side the altar, which seem to have been confessionals. The outside is a mixture of grey brick and stone, that has a very venerable appearance. The drawbridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon, that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage and under such goodly tenures. They showed us a dismal chamber which they called *Drummer's Hall*, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it. In the windows of the gallery over the cloisters, which leads all round to the apartments, is the device of the Fienneses, a wolf holding a baton with a scroll, *Le roy le veut*—an unlucky motto, as I shall tell you presently, to the last peer of that line. The estate is two thousand a year, and so compact as to have but seventeen houses upon it. We walked up a brave old avenue to the church, with ships sailing on our left hand the whole way. Before the altar lies a lank brass knight, hight William Fienis, chevalier, who obiit c.c.c.c.v. that is in 1405. By the altar is a beautiful tomb, all in our trefoil taste, varied into a thousand little canopies and patterns, and two knights reposing on their backs. These were Thomas, Lord Dacre,

[28] Henry Lennard (1570–1616), twelfth Baron Dacre of the South.

[29] Chaloner Chute, Speaker of the House of Commons, and great-grandfather of John Chute, married (as his second wife) Dorothy North, widow of Richard Lennard, thirteenth Lord Dacre. Catherine, her daughter by her first husband, married Chaloner Chute, son of the Speaker by his first wife.

and his only son Gregory who died sans issue [30]. An old grey-headed beadsman of the family talked to us of a blot in the scutcheon; and we had observed that the field of the arms was green instead of blue, and the lions ramping to the right, contrary to order. This and the man's imperfect narrative let us into the circumstances of the personage before us; for there is no inscription. He went in a Chevy-Chase style to hunt *a Mr. Pelham's* park at Lawton [31]: the keepers opposed, a fray ensued, a man was killed. The haughty baron took the death upon himself, as most secure of pardon; but, however, though there was no Chancellor of the Exchequer [32] in the question, he was condemned to be hanged: *Le roy le vouloist.*

Now you are fully master of Hurst Monceaux, I shall carry you on to Battel.—By the way, we bring you a thousand sketches, that you may show us what we have seen. Battel Abbey stands at the end of the town, exactly as Warwick Castle does of Warwick; but the house of Webster [33] have taken due care that it should not resemble it in anything else. A vast building, which they call the old refectory, but which I believe was the original church, is now barn, coach-house, &c. The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys: what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion-house. A Miss of the family has clothed a fragment of a portico with cockle-shells! The grounds, and what has been a park, lie in a vile condition. In the

[30] Horace Walpole was mistaken as to the identity of these effigies. Thomas Fiennes, ninth Lord Dacre, who was hung at Tyburn in 1541 in consequence of the affray in Laughton Park, was buried at St. Sepulchre's Church, Newgate; his son, Gregory Fiennes, tenth Lord Dacre, was buried at Chelsea. The Lords Dacre buried at Hurstmonceaux were the seventh and eighth Barons, Richard and Thomas Fiennes, who died in 1484 and 1534 respectively.

[31] Laughton Place, the seat of the Pelhams, six miles from Uckfield, in Sussex.

[32] Henry Pelham was at this date Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury.

[33] Battle Abbey was purchased by the Websters in 1719.

church is the tomb of Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse for life to Harry VIII; from whose descendants the estate was purchased [34]. The head of John Hammond, the last abbot, is still perfect in one of the windows. Mr. Chute says, 'What charming things we should have done if Battel Abbey had been to be sold at Mrs. Chevenix's, as Strawberry was!' Good night!

Tunbridge, Friday.

We are returned hither, where we have established our head quarters. On our way, we had an opportunity of surveying that formidable mountain, Silver Hill, which we had floundered down in the dark: it commands a whole horizon of the richest blue prospect you ever saw. I take it to be the individual spot to which the Duke of Newcastle carries the smugglers, and, showing them Sussex and Kent, says, 'All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me.' Indeed one of them, who exceeded the tempter's warrant, hangs in chains on the very spot where they finished the life of that wretched custom-house officer whom they were two days in murdering.

This morning we have been to Penshurst—but, oh! how fallen! The park seems to have never answered its character: at present it is forlorn: and instead of Sacharissa's [35] cypher carved on the beeches, I should sooner have expected to have found the milk-woman's score. Over the gate is an inscription, purporting the manor to have been a boon from Edward VI to Sir William Sydney [36]. The apartments are

[34] It is said on the tomb of the first Lord Montacute, at Coudray, in Sussex, that he built the magnificent house at Battel, of which I suppose the ruinous apartment still remaining was part. *Walpole.*

[35] Waller's 'Sacharissa,' Lady Dorothy Sidney (d. 1684), daughter of second Earl of Leicester; m. 1. (1639) Henry Spencer, third Baron Spencer, cr. Earl of Sunderland; 2. (1652) Robert Smythe, of Bidborough, Kent.

[36] Sir William Sidney, Knight (d. 1553). He was one of the commanders at Flodden Field, and Chamberlain to Henry VIII.

the grandest I have seen in any of these old palaces, but furnished in a tawdry modern taste. There are loads of portraits; but most of them seem christened by chance, like children at a foundling hospital. There is a portrait of Languet[37], the friend of Sir Philip Sydney; and divers of himself and all his great kindred; particularly his sister-in-law[38], with a vast lute, and Sacharissa, charmingly handsome. But there are really four very great curiosities, I believe as old portraits as any extant in England: they are, Fitzallen[39], Archbishop of Canterbury; Humphry Stafford, the first Duke of Buckingham[40]; T. Wentworth, and John Foxle; all four with the dates of their commissions as constables of Queenborough Castle, from whence I suppose they were brought. The last is actually receiving his investiture from Edward III and Wentworth is in the dress of Richard III's time. They are really not very ill done[41]. There are six more, only heads; and we have found since we came home that Penshurst belonged for a time to that Duke of Buckingham. There are some good tombs in the church, and a very Vandal one, called *Sir Stephen of Penchester*[42]. When we had seen Penshurst, we borrowed saddles, and, bestriding the horses of our post-chaise, set out for Hever, to visit a tomb of Sir Thomas Bullen[43], Earl of Wiltshire, partly with a view to talk of it in Anna Bullen's walk at Strawberry Hill. But the measure of our woes was not full,

[37] Hubert Languet (1518–1581), Huguenot and Republican. His letters to Sir Philip Sidney were published in 1646.

[38] Barbara, daughter and heiress of Sir John Gamage, of Coity, Glamorganshire; m. (1584) Sir Robert Sidney, of Penshurst, cr. Earl of Leicester, 1618; d. 1621.

[39] Thomas Fitzalan, known as Arundel; d. 1414.

[40] Humphrey Stafford (1402–1460), cr. Duke of Buckingham, 1444.

[41] In Harris's *History of Kent* he gives from Philpot a list of the constables of Queenborough Castle, p. 376; the last but one of whom, Sir Edward Hobby, is said to have collected all their portraits, of which number most probably were these ten. *Walpole.*

[42] Penshurst was formerly in the possession of the Penchesters.

[43] Sir Thomas Bullen (or Boleyn), K.B. (1477–1539), cr. Earl of Wiltshire, 1529; father of Queen Anne Boleyn.

we could not find our way, and were forced to return; and again lost ourselves in coming from Penshurst, having been directed to what they call a better road than the execrable one we had gone.

Since dinner, we have been to Lord Westmorland's[44] at Mereworth[45], which is so perfect in a Palladian taste, that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. It is better situated than I had expected from the bad reputation it bears, and has some prospect, though it is in a moat, and mightily besprinkled with small ponds. The design, you know, is taken from the Villa del Capra[46] by Vicenza, but on a larger scale; yet, though it has cost an hundred thousand pounds, it is still only a fine villa: the finishing of in and outside has been exceedingly expensive. A wood that runs up a hill behind the house is broke like an Albano landscape, with an octagon temple and a triumphal arch; but then there are some dismal clipt hedges, and a pyramid, which by a most unnatural copulation is at once a grotto and a greenhouse. Does it not put you in mind of the proposal for your drawing a garden-seat, Chinese on one side and Gothic on the other? The chimneys, which are collected to a centre, spoil the dome of the house, and the hall is a dark well. The gallery is eighty-two feet long, hung with green velvet and pictures, among which is a fine Rembrandt and a pretty La Hire[47]. The ceilings are painted, and there is a fine bed of silk and gold tapestry. The attic is good, and the wings extremely pretty, with porticos formed on the style of the house. The Earl has built a new church, with a steeple which seems designed for the latitude of Cheapside, and is so tall that the poor church curtseys under it, like

[44] John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmoreland. On his death the Mereworth estate passed to the descendants of his sisters.

[45] Near Hadlow, in Kent. The architect was Colin Campbell (d. 1734).

[46] A country-house designed by Palladio.

[47] Laurent de la Hire (1606–1656), painter in ordinary to Louis XIV

Mary Rich [48] in a vast high-crown hat; it has a round portico, like St. Clement's, with vast Doric pillars supporting a thin shelf. The inside is the most abominable piece of tawdriness that ever was seen, stuffed with pillars painted in imitation of verd antique, as all the sides are like Sienna marble; but the greatest absurdity is a Doric frieze, between the triglyphs of which is the Jehovah, the I. H. S. and the Dove. There is a little chapel with Nevil tombs, particularly of the first Fane [49], Earl of Westmorland, and of the founder of the old church, and the heart of a knight who was killed *in the wars*. On the Fane tomb is a pedigree of brass in relief, and a genealogy of virtues to answer it. There is an entire window of painted-glass arms, chiefly modern, in the chapel, and another over the high altar. The hospitality of the house was truly Gothic; for they made our postilion drunk, and he overturned us close to a water, and the bank did but just save us from being in the middle of it. Pray, whenever you travel in Kentish roads, take care of keeping your driver sober.

Rochester, Sunday.

We have finished our progress sadly! Yesterday, after twenty mishaps, we got to Sissinghurst to dinner. There is a park in ruins, and a house in ten times greater ruins, built by Sir John Baker, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Mary. You go through an arch of the stables to the house, the court of which is perfect and very beautiful. The Duke of Bedford has a house at Cheneys, in Buckinghamshire, which seems to have been very like it, but is more ruined. This has a good apartment, and a fine gallery, a hundred and twenty feet by eighteen, which takes up one side: the

[48] Mary, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, fourth Baronet; d. unmarried.

[49] Sir Francis Fane, K.B. (d. 1629), son of Sir Thomas Fane and of Mary Nevill, Baroness Le Despenser; cr. Earl of Westmoreland, 1624.

wainscot is pretty and entire ; the ceiling vaulted, and painted in a light genteel grotesque. The whole is built for show ; for the back of the house is nothing but lath and plaster. From thence we went to Bocton-Malherbe, where are remains of a house of the Wottons, and their tombs in the church ; but the roads were so exceedingly bad that it was dark before we got thither, and still darker before we got to Maidstone : from thence we passed this morning to Leeds Castle. Never was such disappointment ! There are small remains : the moat is the only handsome object, and is quite a lake, supplied by a cascade which tumbles through a bit of a romantic grove. The Fairfaxes[50] have fitted up a pert, bad apartment in the fore-part of the castle, and have left the only tolerable rooms for offices. They had a gleam of Gothic in their eyes, but it soon passed off into some modern windows, and some that never were ancient. The only thing that at all recompensed the fatigues we have undergone was the picture of the Duchess of Buckingham, *la Ragotte*[51], who is mentioned in Grammont—I say us, for I trust that Mr. Chute is as true a bigot to Grammont as I am. Adieu ! I hope you will be as weary with reading our history as we have been in travelling it. Yours ever,

HORACE WALPOLE.

354. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 28, 1752.

WILL you never have done jigging at Northampton with that old harlotry Major Compton ? Peggy Trevor[1] told me,

[50] Leeds Castle was brought into the Fairfax family by Catherine Colepeper, wife of the fifth Lord Fairfax. She also possessed large estates in Virginia, where her eldest son, Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, settled in 1747. He resigned Leeds Castle to his brother, Hon. Robert Fairfax, who succeeded him in 1782 as seventh Lord Fairfax.

[51] Hon. Mary Fairfax (d. 1704), daughter of third Baron Fairfax (the Parliamentary general); m. (1657) George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

LETTER 354.—[1] Margaret, daughter

she had sent you a mandate to go thither. Shall I tell you how I found Peggy, that is, not Peggy, but her sister Muscovy[2]? I went, found a bandage upon the knocker, an odd woman and child in the hall, and a black boy at the door—Lord! thinks I, this can't be Mrs. Boscawen's—however, Pompey let me up; above were fires blazing, and a good old gentlewoman, whose occupation easily spoke itself to be midwifery. 'Dear Madam, I fancy I should not have come up!' 'Lass-a-day! Sir, no, I believe not; but I'll step and ask.' Immediately out came old Falmouth[3], looking like an ancient fairy who had just been muttering a malediction over a new-born prince, and told me, forsooth, that Madam Muscovy was but just brought to bed, which Peggy Trevor soon came and confirmed—I told them I would write you my adventure. I have not thanked you for your travels, and the violent curiosity you have given me to see Welbeck. Mr. Chute and I have been a progress too, but it was in a land you know full well, the county of Kent. I will only tell you that we broke our necks twenty times to your health, and had a distant glimpse of Hawkhurst from that Sierra Morena, Silver Hill. I have since been with Mr. Conway at Park Place, where I saw the individual Mr. Cooper, a banker, and lord of the manor of Henley, who had those two extraordinary forfeitures from the executions of the Misses Blandy and Jefferies, two fields from the former, and a malthouse from the latter[4]. I had scarce credited the story, and was pleased to hear it confirmed by the very person; though it was not quite so remarkable

of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex, by his marriage with Lucy, sister of Brigadier Montagu. She was first cousin to George Montagu. (See Table II.)

[2] Hon. Mrs. George Boscawen; her second son, William, was born on August 17, 1752.

[3] Charlotte (d. 1754), daughter of Colonel Charles Godfrey by Arabella Churchill, the former mistress of James II; m. (1700) Hugh Boscawen (afterwards Viscount Falmouth).

[4] According to the law which required the forfeiture of the lands or goods of felons.

as it was reported, for both forfeitures were in the same manor.

Mr. Conway has brought Lady Ailesbury from Minorca, but originally from Africa, a *Jeribo*[5]. To be sure you know what that is; if you don't, I will tell you, and then I believe you will scarce know any better. It is a composition of a squirrel, a hare, a rat, and a monkey, which altogether looks very like a bird. In short, it is about the size of the first, with much such a head, except that the tip of the nose seems shaved off, and the remains are like a human hare-lip; the ears and its timidity are like a real hare. It has two short little feet before like a rat, but which it never uses for walking, I believe never but to hold its food. The tail is naked like a monkey's, with a tuft of hair at the end, striped black and white in rings. The two hind-legs are as long as a Grenville's, with feet more like a bird than any other animal, and upon these it hops so immensely fast and upright that at a distance you would take it for a large thrush. It lies in cotton, is brisk at night, eats wheat, and never drinks; it would, but drinking is fatal to them. Such is a Jeribo!

Have you heard the particulars of the Speaker's quarrel with a young officer, who went to him, on his landlord refusing to give his servant the second best bed in the inn? He is a young man of eighteen hundred a year, and passionately fond of the army. The Speaker produced the Mutiny Bill to him. 'Oh Sir,' said the lad, 'but there is another Act of Parliament which perhaps you don't know of!' The *person of dignity*, as the newspapers call him, then was so ingenious as to harangue on the dangers of a standing army.—The boy broke out, 'Don't tell me of your privileges, what would have become of you and your privileges in the year forty-five, if it had not been for the army? and pray, why do you fancy

[5] The jerboa, or jumping mouse.

I would betray my country? I have as much to lose as you have!'—In short, this abominable young Hector treated the Speaker's *oracular decisions* with a familiarity that quite shocks *me* to think of!

The Poemata-Grayo-Bentleiana, or Gray's *Odes*, better illustrated than ever odes were by a Bentley, are in great forwardness, and I trust will appear this winter[6].—I shall tell you one little anecdote about the authors, and conclude. Gray is in love to distraction with a figure of Melancholy, which Mr. Bentley has drawn for one of the *Odes*, and told him he must have something of his pencil: Mr. Bentley desired him to choose a subject.—He chose *Theodore and Honoria*[7]*!*—don't mention this, for we are shocked.—It is loving *melancholy* till it is not strong enough, and he grows to dram with *Horror!* Good night! my compliments to Miss Montagu; did you receive my recipes?

Yours ever,

H. W.

355. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, 1752. N.S.

I must certainly make you a visit, for I have nothing to say to you. Perhaps you will think this an odd reason; but as I cannot let our intimacy drop, and no event happens here for fuel to the correspondence, if we must be silent, it shall be like a matrimonial silence, *tête-à-tête.* Don't look upon this paragraph as a thing in the air, though I dare to say you will, upon my repeating that I have any thoughts of a trip to Florence: indeed I have never quite given up that intention; and if I can possibly settle my affairs at all to my mind, I shall certainly execute my scheme towards

[6] The Odes appeared in February, 1753, as *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six poems of Mr. T. Gray.*

[7] A fable by Dryden, imitated from Boccaccio.

the conclusion of this Parliament, that is, about next spring twelvemonth: I cannot bear elections; and still less, the hash of them over again in a first session. What vivacity such a reverberation may give to the blood of England, I don't know; at present it all stagnates. I am sometimes almost tempted to go and amuse myself at Paris with the bull *Unigenitus*[1]. Our Beauties are returned, and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne[2] handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty, her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg[3] told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my Lord replied, 'Vous avez fort bien fait.' He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England.

LETTER 355.—[1] A reference to the persecution of the Jansenists lately undertaken by the Archbishop of Paris, at the instigation of the Jesuits. In April, 1752, the bull *Unigenitus* (directed against the Jansenists in 1709) was pronounced by the Parliament of Paris not to be an article of faith. The disputes of the clerical and parliamentary parties kept Paris in a ferment, and pamphlets, songs, and caricatures were freely circulated.

[2] Louise Julie Constance de Rohan, daughter of the Prince de Montauban; m. (1748), as his third wife, Charles Louis de Lorraine, Comte de Brionne.

[3] Charles François Frédéric de Montmorenci (1702–1764), Duc, afterwards Maréchal, de Luxembourg.

They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, 'because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester'; and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, 'because it was her dancing-master's hour.' I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my Lord made her write for it again next morning, 'because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach,' and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, 'How odd it is that my Lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!' Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of Earl—would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly.

I told you how the younger Crébillon had served me, and how angry I am; yet I must tell you a very good reply of his. His father[4] one day in a passion with him, said, 'Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n'avoir jamais fait, mon *Catilina* et vous!' He answered, 'Consolez-vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!' Don't think me infected with France, if I tell you more French stories;

[4] Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1674–1762). His tragedy of *Catilina* was first represented in 1749.

but I know no English ones, and we every day grow nearer to the state of a French province, and talk from the capital. The old Crébillon, who admires us as much as we do them, has long had by him a tragedy called *Oliver Cromwell*, and had thoughts of dedicating it to the Parliament of England: he little thinks how distant a cousin the present Parliament is to the Parliaments he wots of. The Duke of Richelieu's son[5], who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crébillon's (he is a boy of ten years old), was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, 'Eh! mon père n'a jamais su le latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France!' My sister was exceedingly shocked with their indecorums: the night she arrived at Paris, asking for the Lord knows what utensil, the footman of the house came and showed it her himself, and everything that is related to it. Then, the footmen who brought messages to her, came into her bedchamber in person; for they don't deliver them to your servants, in the English way. She amused me with twenty other new fashions, which I should be ashamed to set down, if a letter was at all upon a higher or wiser foot than a newspaper. Such is their having a knotting-bag made of the same stuff with every gown; their footmen carrying their lady's own goblet wherever they dine; the King carrying his own bread in his pocket to dinner; the etiquette of the Queen and the Mesdames not speaking to one another cross him at table, and twenty other such nothings; but I find myself gossiping and will have done, with only two little anecdotes that pleased me. Madame Pompadour's husband[6] has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection of his not having his wife—is not that delightful decorum? and in that country! The other was a most sensible trait of the King. The

[5] The Duc de Fronsac.

[6] M. Le Normant d'Étioles.

Count Charolois[7] shot a President's dogs, who lives near him: the President immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the King promised him justice; and then sent to the Count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The Prince picked out his two best: the King sent them to the President, with this motto on their collars, *J'appartiens au Roi!* 'There,' said the King, 'I believe he won't shoot them now!'

Since I began my letter, I looked over my dates, and was hurt to find that *three months are gone and over* since I wrote last. I was going to begin a new apology, when your letter of Oct. 20th came in, curtseying and making apologies itself. I was charmed to find you to blame, and had a mind to grow haughty and scold you—but I won't. My dear child, we will not drop one another at last; for though we are English, we are not both in England, and need not quarrel we don't know why. We will write whenever we have anything to say; and when we have not,—why, we will be going to write. I had heard nothing of the Riccardi deaths: I still like to hear news of any of my old friends. Your brother tells me that you defend my Lord Northumberland's idea for his gallery, so I will not abuse it so much as I intended, though I must say that I am so tired with copies of the pictures he has chosen, that I would scarce hang up the originals—and then, copies by anything now living!—and at that price!—indeed *price* is no article, or rather *is* a reason for my Lord Northumberland's liking anything. They are building at Northumberland House, at Sion, at Stansted, at Alnwick, and Warkworth Castles! they live by the etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, the Countess has her pipers—in short, they will very soon have no estate.

One hears here of writings that have appeared in print on

[7] Charles de Bourbon (1700–1760), Comte de Charolais.

the quarrel of the Pretender and his second son; I could like to see any such thing. Here is a bold epigram, which the Jacobites give about:—

> In royal veins how blood resembling runs!
> Like any George, James quarrels with his sons.
> Faith! I believe, could he his crown resume,
> He'd hanker for his Herenhausen, Rome.

The second is a good line; but the thought in the last is too obscurely expressed; and yet I don't believe that it was designed for precaution.

I went yesterday with your brother to see Astley's pictures: mind, I confess myself a little prejudiced, for he has drawn the whole Pigwigginhood: but he has got too much into the style of the four thousand English painters about town, and is so intolerable as to work for money, not for fame: in short, he is not such a Rubens as in your head—but I fear, as I said, that I am prejudiced. Did I ever tell you of a picture at Woolterton of the whole family, which I call the progress of riches? there is Pigwiggin in a laced coat and waistcoat; the second son has only the waistcoat trimmed; the third is in a plain suit, and the little boy is naked[8]. I saw a much more like picture of my uncle last night at Drury Lane in the farce; there is a tailor who is exactly my uncle in person, and my aunt in family[9]. Good night! I wish you joy of being dis-Richcourted: you need be in no apprehensions of his Countess; she returns to England in the spring. Adieu!

P.S. You shall see that I am honest, for though the

[8] The four sons of Horatio Walpole (afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton) were Horatio, who succeeded his father, and was in 1806 created Earl of Orford; Thomas (d. 1803), a merchant and banker; Richard (d. 1798), a banker in London; and Robert (d. 1810), Clerk to the Privy Council and Envoy to Lisbon.

[9] Mrs. Horatio Walpole was a tailor's daughter.

beginning of my letter is dated Oct. 28th, the conclusion ought to be from Nov. 11th.

356. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1752.

After divers mistakes and neglects of my own servants and Mr. Fox's, the Chinese pair have at last set sail for Park Place: I don't call them boar and sow, because instead of their being fit for his altar, I believe, when you see them, you will think it is Ticchi Micchi himself, the Chinese god of good eating and drinking, and his wife. They were to have been with you last week, but the chairmen who were to drive them to the water-side, got drunk, and said, that the creatures were so wild and unruly, that they ran away and would not be managed. Do but think of their running! It puts one in mind of Mrs. Nugent's talking of just *jumping* out of a coach! I might with as much propriety talk of having all my clothes let out. My coachman is vastly struck with the goodly paunch of the boar, and says, it would fetch three pounds in his country; but he does not consider, that he is a boar with the true brown edge[1], and has been fed with the old original wheatsheaf: I hope you will value him more highly: I dare say Mr. Cutler or Margas[2] would at least ask twenty guineas for him, and swear that Mrs. Dunch gave thirty for the fellow.

As you must of course write me a letter of thanks for my brawn, I beg you will take that opportunity of telling me very particularly how my Lady Aylesbury does, and if she is quite recovered, as I much hope. How does my sweet

Letter 356.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] China with the 'brown edge' (a reddish-brown border enclosing floral decorations) was of Japanese manufacture. It was much in fashion in the middle of the eighteenth century.

[2] Fashionable china-shops.

little wife do? Are your dragons all finished? Have the Coopers seen Miss Blandy's ghost, or have they made Mr. Cranston[3] poison a dozen or two more private gentlewomen? Do you plant without rain as I do, in order to have your trees die, that you may have the pleasure of planting them over again with rain? Have you any Mrs. Clive that pulls down barns that intercept your prospect; or have you any Lord Radnor[4] that plants trees to intercept his own prospect, that he may cut them down again to make an alteration? There! there are as many questions as if I were your schoolmaster or your godmother! Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

356*. To the Earl of Cardigan[1].

My Lord, Arlington Street, Nov. 20.

Is not it very ungrateful to take advantage from your goodness to give you new trouble? or may I plead that I could receive no advantage from that kindness *but* by giving you new trouble? I will tell your Lordship the case and then you shall try whether you think I am pardonable or not.

Mr. Boyce, who kept Colonel Brown's courts[2], died last Thursday. Your Lordship flattered me, that if Colonel Brown, upon inquiry, found himself disengaged, he would employ Mr. Bevan. I dare say no more, nor shall I venture

[3] Hon. William Henry Cranstoun, son of fifth Baron Cranstoun. He was an officer of Marines, and the suitor and accomplice of Miss Blandy. He escaped arrest, but died in Dec. 1752.

[4] John Robartes (d. 1757), fourth Earl of Radnor. He lived at Twickenham.

Letter 356*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy of original in possession of the Earl of Home.

[1] Afterwards Duke of Montagu.

[2] Lord Cardigan was at this time Constable of Windsor Castle. Horace Walpole's mention of 'courts' perhaps refers to some office held under him in that capacity.

to wait upon you again, till you have forgot how impertinent I am, and shall only remember that

I am
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

357. To the Hon. Henry Pelham.

SIR. Strawberry Hill, Nov. 25, 1752.

When I did myself the honour to apply to you last, to beg your interest with the King, that I might obtain the enjoyment of the patent[1] for my own life, which now depends upon that of my brother[2], you told me, that if I could prevail upon my brother to consent that his life might be changed for mine, you would willingly undertake to serve me: and you added very kindly (for which, Sir, whatever success I may have, I must always thank you) that no interest of your own should interfere with my suit. Indeed, Sir, the consideration of that would have prevented me, who am neither apt to ask, nor disposed to think that I have much title to, favours, from troubling you at first, if I had not reflected that what I begged was not so unreasonable, either from my brother's life being as good as my own, or at least if the event should happen of his death before mine, that the other large reversions attending it would make the emolument which I must be obliged to hope to receive from it, appear of the less value to you. I do not mean, Sir, to detract from the very handsome manner in which you treated it, though I am desirous of not being thought to prefer an extravagant suit.

My reason for troubling you again, Sir, is to represent to you, how impossible it will be for me to make any

LETTER 357.—[1] As Collector of the Customs.
[2] Edward Walpole.

Hon.ble Sir Edward Walpole K.B.

from a painting at Chewton Priory.

advantage of the method you proposed, as I cannot undertake the necessary steps. As the patent now stands, it is for my brother's life, but far the greater profits are given to me. If he dies, the whole drops: if I die first, the whole falls to him. What, therefore, I must have asked of him would be, not only to risk upon my life what he now enjoys for his own, but to resign his chance of the great benefit which he would reap from my death: in short, I must ask him to run all the risk instead of me. This, Sir, would be difficult to ask of any brother or any friend; unreasonable, I am afraid, to ask of one who has a large family; and impracticable, I am very sure, to obtain from one who, though I believe he loves me very well, I have no reason to think prefers me to himself.

You will excuse my stating the case thus plainly, Sir, which, after long consideration, I think myself obliged to do, lest you should suppose that I have neglected to make advantage of your kindness to me. I hope you see that it is out of my power to obtain the previous conditions. If without them, you will be so good as to serve me by adding my life, a request which I again make to you, there is nobody will be more pleased to be,

Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE[3].

[3] This letter, previous to its dispatch, was submitted to Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. Fox's letter (endorsed by Horace Walpole 'Mr. Fox's note to me, Nov. 23, 1752, returning the letter I intended, and did send, to Mr. Pelham') is as follows:—

Nov. 23, 1752.

'DEAR HORI,

'I return you your very proper and genteel application to Mr. Pelham, which appears to me such, that I really think it will succeed so far at least, as that he will try it with the King. I have been in doubt whether mentioning the very little self-denial that his getting this for you would be, was right. But you do it very civilly, and I am not sure that, without considering the matter, he may not think it a great one. Adieu! I heartily wish you success.

'H. FOX.'

This letter was first printed (from the manuscript in Mr. Bentley's pos-

358. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 11, 1752. N.S.

I don't know whether I may not begin a new chapter of revolutions: if one may trust prognosticators, the foundations of a revolution in earnest are laying. However, as I am only a simple correspondent, and no almanack-maker, I shall be content with telling you facts, and not conjectures —at least, if I do tell you conjectures, they shall not be my own. Did not I give you a hint in the summer of some storms gathering in the tutorhood? They have broke out; indeed there wanted nothing to the explosion but the King's arrival[1], for the instant he came, it was pretty plain that he was prepared for the grievances he was to hear—not very impartially it seems, for he would not speak to Lord Harcourt. In about three days he did, and saw him afterwards alone in his closet. What the conversation was, I can't tell you: one should think not very explicit, for in a day or two afterwards it was thought proper to send the Archbishop[2] and Chancellor[3] to hear his Lordship's complaints; but on receiving a message that they would wait on him by the King's orders, he prevented the visit by going directly to the Chancellor; and on hearing their

session) in Cunningham's edition of the *Letters*, together with the following account by Horace Walpole of his interview with Mr. Pelham:—'Dec. 3, 1752. I went to Mr. Pelham. He told me he had read my letter, and should have been very glad if I could have prevailed upon my brother to have consented to the alteration of the patent; as it would have been only changing a life, not adding a new one. I said I believed he knew enough of my brother to know that was impossible. He said he had understood that was over. That as to asking a reversion, that was what he had never done, and what the King did not love to grant. That if he did ask it, the King would probably mention what I have already for my life: however, if I desired it, he would mention it to the King, though he did not believe it would succeed. I replied, he knew best, and took my leave.'

Letter 358.—[1] From Hanover, on Nov. 18.

[2] Thomas Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury.

[3] Lord Hardwicke.

commission, Lord Harcourt, after very civil speeches of regard to their persons, said, he must desire to be excused, for what he had to say was of a nature that made it improper to be said to anybody but the King. You may easily imagine that this is interpreted to allude to a higher person than the mean people who have offended Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich. Great pains were taken to detach the former from the latter; 'My dear Harcourt, we love you, we wish to make you easy; but the Bishop must go.' I don't tell you these were the Duke of Newcastle's words; but if I did, would they be unlike him? Lord Harcourt fired, and replied with spirit, 'What! do you think to do me a favour by offering me to stay? know, it is I that will not act with such fellows as Stone, and Cresset, and Scott: if they are kept, I will quit; and if the Bishop is dismissed, I will quit too.' After a few days, he had his audience and resigned. It is said, that he frequently repeated, 'Stone is a Jacobite,' and that the other person[4] who made up the *tête-à-tête* cried, 'Pray, my Lord! pray, my Lord!'—and would not hear upon that subject. The next day the Archbishop went to the King, and begged to know whether the Bishop of Norwich might have leave to bring his own resignation, or whether his Majesty would receive it from him, the Archbishop. The latter was chosen, and the Bishop was refused an audience.

You will now naturally ask me what the quarrel was: and that is the most difficult point to tell you; for though the world expects to see some narrative, nothing has yet appeared, nor I believe will, though both sides have threatened. The Princess says, the Bishop taught the boys nothing; he says, he never was suffered to teach them anything. The first occasion of uneasiness was the Bishop's finding the Prince of Wales reading the *Revolutions of*

[4] The King.

England, written by Père d'Orléans[5] to vindicate James II and approved by that Prince. Stone at first peremptorily denied having seen that book these thirty years, and offered to rest his whole justification upon the truth or falsehood of this story. However, it is now confessed that the Prince was reading that book, but it is qualified with Prince Edward's borrowing it of Lady Augusta. Scott, the under preceptor, put in by Lord Bolingbroke, and of no very orthodox odour, was another complaint. Cresset, the link of the connection, has dealt in no very civil epithets, for besides calling Lord Harcourt a groom, he qualified the Bishop with bastard and atheist particularly to one of the Princess's chaplains, who, begging to be excused from hearing such language against a prelate of the Church, and not prevailing, has drawn up a narrative, sent it to the Bishop, and offered to swear to it. For Lord Harcourt, besides being treated with considerable contempt by the Princess, he is not uninformed of the light in which he was intended to stand, by an amazing piece of imprudence of the last, but not the most inconsiderable performer in this drama, the Solicitor-General, Murray — pray, what part has his brother, Lord Dunbar, acted in the late squabbles in the Pretender's family[6]? Murray, early in the quarrel, went officiously to the Bishop, and told him Mr. Stone ought to have more consideration in the family: the Bishop was surprised, and got rid of the topic as well as he could. The visit and opinion were repeated: the Bishop said, he believed Mr. Stone had all the regard shown to him that was due; that Lord Harcourt, who was the chief person, was generally present. Murray interrupted him, 'Pho! Lord Harcourt! he is a cipher, and must be a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher.' Do you think after this declara-

[5] Pierre Joseph Dorléans, Jesuit historian (1644–1698).

[6] The Pretender was at variance with Cardinal York.

tion, that the employment will be very agreeable? Everybody but Lord Harcourt understood it before; but at least the cipherism was not notified in form. Lord Lincoln, the intimate friend of that lord, was so friendly as to turn his back upon him as he came out of the closet—and yet Lord Harcourt and the Bishop have not at all lessened their characters by any part of their behaviour in this transaction. What will astonish you is the universal aversion that has broke out against Stone: and what heightens the disgusts is the intention there has been of making Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, preceptor. He was Master of Westminster School, of Stone's and Murray's year, and is certainly of their principles—to be sure, that is Whig—but the Whigs don't seem to think so. As yet no successors are named; the Duke of Leeds, Lord Cardigan, Lord Waldegrave, Lord Hertford, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Ashburnham are talked of for governor. The two first are said to have refused; the third dreads it; the next I hope will not have it; the Princess is inclined to the fifth; and the last I believe eagerly wishes for it. Within this day or two another is named, which leads me to tell you another interlude in our politics. This is poor Lord Holderness—to make room in the Secretary's office for Lord Halifax. Holderness has been in disgrace from the first minute of the King's return: besides not being spoken to, he is made to wait at the closet-door with the bag in his hand, while the Duke of Newcastle is within; though the constant etiquette has been for both Secretaries of State to go in together, or to go in immediately, if one came after the other. I knew of this disgrace; but not being quite so able a politician as Lord Lincoln, at least having an inclination to *great* men in misfortune, I went the other morning to visit the afflicted. I found him alone: he said, 'You are very good to visit anybody in my situation.' This

lamentable tone had like to have made me laugh; however, I kept my countenance, and asked what he meant? he said, 'Have not you heard how the world abuses me only for playing at blindman's-buff in a private room at Tunbridge?' Oh! this was too much! I laughed out. I do assure you, this account of his misfortunes was not given particularly to me: nay, to some he goes so far as to say, 'Let them go to the office, and look over my letters, and see if I am behindhand!' To be sure, when he has done his book, it is very hard he may not play!—My dear Sir, I don't know what apologies a Père d'Orléans must make for our present history! it is too ridiculous!

The preceptor is as much in suspense as the governor. The Whigs clamour so much against Johnson, that they are regarded,—at least for a time. Keene[7], Bishop of Chester, and brother of your brother minister[8], has been talked of. He is a man that will not prejudice his fortune by any ill-placed scruples. My father gave him a living of seven hundred pounds a year to marry one of his natural daughters: he took the living; and my father dying soon after, he dispensed with himself from taking the wife, but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living[9]. He then was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge, which university he has half turned Jacobite, by cramming down new ordinances to carry measures of that Duke; and being rewarded with the bishopric, he was at dinner at the Bishop of Lincoln's when he received the nomination. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose

[7] Edmund Keene (1714–1781), Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, 1748–54; Bishop of Chester, 1752–71; Bishop of Ely, 1771–81.

[8] Sir Benjamin Keene, Ambassador at Madrid. *Walpole.*

[9] The living of Stanhope in Durham, held by Keene until 1770. The daughter in question was known as Mrs. Day. According to a MS. note of Cole the antiquary, she lived in great poverty until chance made Horace Walpole aware of her existence; he then supported her until her death in 1775.

him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never spoke, but for whom he now thought himself a proper match[10]. Don't you think he would make a very proper preceptor? Among other candidates, they talk of Dr. Hales[11], the old philosopher, a poor good primitive creature, whom I call the Santon Barsisa; do you remember the hermit in the Persian tales, who after living in the odour of sanctity for above ninety years, was tempted to be naught with the King's daughter, who had been sent to his cell for a cure? Santon Hales but two years ago accepted the post of Clerk of the Closet to the Princess, after literally leading the life of a studious anchoret till past seventy. If he does accept the preceptorship, I don't doubt but by the time the present clamours are appeased, the wick of his old life will be snuffed out, and they will put Johnson in his socket. Good night! I shall carry this letter to town to-morrow, and perhaps keep it back a few days, till I am able to send you this history complete.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17.

Well! at last we shall have a governor: after meeting with divers refusals, they have forced Lord Waldegrave to take it; and he kisses hands to-morrow. He has all the time declared that nothing but the King's earnest desire should make him accept it—and so they made the King earnestly desire it! Dr. Thomas, the Bishop of Peterborough, I believe, is to be the tutor—I know nothing of him: he had lain by for many years, after having read prayers to the present King when he lived at Leicester House, which his Majesty remembered, and two years ago popped him into a bishopric.

[10] Keene married, in May 1753, Mary, daughter and heiress of Lancelot Andrews, of Edmonton, formerly a linendraper in Cheapside.

[11] Author of the *Vegetable Staticks*, &c. *Walpole.*—Stephen Hales (1677–1761), scientific writer and perpetual curate of Teddington.

There is an odd sort of manifesto arrived from Prussia, which does not make us in better humour at St. James's. It stops the payment of the interest on the Silesian loan, till satisfaction is made for some Prussian captures [12] during the war. The omnipotence of the present ministry does not reach to Berlin! Adieu! All the world are gone to their several Christmases, as I should do, if I could have got my workmen out of Strawberry Hill; but they don't work at all by the scale of my impatience.

359. To George Montagu.

White's, Dec. 14, 1752. N.S.

I shall be much obliged to you for the passion-flower, notwithstanding it comes out of a garden of Eden, from which Eve, my sister-in-law, long ago gathered passion-fruit. I thank you too for the offer of your Roman correspondences, but you know I have done with virtù, and deal only with the Goths and Vandals.

You ask a very improper person, why my Lord Harcourt resigned [1].—My Lord Coventry says it is the present great arcanum of government, and you know I am quite out of the circle of secrets. The town says, that it was finding Stone is a Jacobite; and it says, too, that the Whigs are very uneasy. My Lord Egremont says the Whigs can't be in danger, for then my Lord Hartington would not be gone a-hunting! Everybody is as impatient as you can be, to know the real cause, but I don't find that either Lord or Bishop [2] are disposed to let the world into the

[12] The capture (by the English) of Frederick's ships (belonging to the free port of Embden), in which he had supplied warlike stores to the French.

Letter 359.—Wrongly dated by C. Dec. 3, 1752.

[1] He was Governor to the Prince of Wales.

[2] Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, tutor to the Prince.

true secret. It is pretty certain that one Mr. Cresset has abused both of them without ceremony, and that the Solicitor-General [3] told the Bishop in plain terms, that my Lord Harcourt was a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher: an employment that, considering it is a sinecure, seems to hang unusually long upon their hands. They have so lately quarrelled with poor Lord Holderness for playing at blindman's-buff at Tunbridge, that it will be difficult to give him another place only because he is fit to play at blindman's-buff; and yet it is much believed that he will be the governor, and your cousin [4] his successor.

I am as improper to tell you why the Governor of Nova Scotia [5] is to be at the head of the Independents. I have long thought him one of the greatest dependents, and I assure you I have seen nothing since his return, to make me change my opinion—but he is too busy in the Bedchamber [6] to remember me!

Mr. F.[7] said nothing about your brother; if the offer was ill-designed from one quarter, I think you may make the refusal of it have its weight in another.

It would be odd to conclude a letter from White's without a *bon mot* of George Selwyn's. He came in here t'other night, and saw James Jeffries playing at piquet with Sir Everard Falkener—'Oh!' says he, 'now he is robbing the mail[8]!' Good night! when do you come back?

Yours ever,

H. W.

[3] William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield.

[4] Lord Halifax.

[5] Lieutenant-General Hon. Edward Cornwallis.

[6] He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

[7] Mr. Fox. See Letter 349.

[8] Sir Everard Fawkener was Joint Postmaster-General.

360. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1753.

I have been going to write to you every post for these three weeks, and could not bring myself to begin a letter with, 'I have nothing to tell you.' But it grows past a joke; we will not drop our correspondence because there is no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the æra of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have laid in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, 'The luck of the Gunnings attend you!'

You will scarce guess how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees to his museum [1], which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. He valued it at fourscore thousand; and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent-charge, to keep the fœtuses in spirits! You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities, will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there are twenty thousand pounds in the Treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and adjourned our first meeting, because Lord Macclesfield [2], our chairman, was engaged to

Letter 360.—[1] Sloane's collection was acquired by the nation, and, with the Harleian MSS. and the Cottonian collection, formed the nucleus of the British Museum.

[2] George Parker (circ. 1697–1764),

a party for finding out the longitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry XXVIII, Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans's neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry XXVIIIth's skeleton for his museum.

I am almost ashamed to be thanking you but now for a most entertaining letter of two sheets, dated December 22, but I seriously had nothing to form an answer. It is but three mornings ago that your brother was at breakfast with me, and scolded me, 'Why, you tell me nothing!'—'No,' says I; 'if I had anything to say, I should write to your brother.' I give you my word, the first new book that takes, the first murder, the first revolution, you shall have, with all the circumstances. In the mean time, do be assured that there never was so dull a place as London, or so insipid an inhabitant of it as

Yours, &c.

361. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1753.

I am very sorry that the haste I made to deliver you from your uneasiness the first moment after I received your letter, should have made me express myself in a manner to have the quite contrary effect from what I intended. You well know how rapidly and carelessly I always write my letters: the note you mention was written in a still greater hurry than ordinary, and merely to put you out of pain. I had not seen Dodsley, consequently could only tell you that I did not doubt but he would have no objection to satisfy you, as you was willing to prevent his being a loser by the plate[1]. Now, from this declaration, how is it possible

second Earl of Macclesfield; President of the Royal Society, 1752-64.

Letter 361.—[1] Dodsley proposed to prefix a print of Gray (after Eckardt's portrait) to the *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by*

for you to have for one moment put such a construction upon my words, as would have been a downright stupid brutality, unprovoked? It is impossible for me to recollect my very expression, but I am confident that I have repeated the whole substance.

How the bookseller would be less a loser by being at more expense, I can easily explain to you. He feared the price of half a guinea would seem too high to most purchasers. If by the expense of ten guineas more he could make the book appear so much more rich and showy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from selling many more copies would amply recompense him for his additional disbursement.

The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodsley's own, and against my opinion, as I concluded it would be against yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance.

When you reflect on what I have said now, you will see very clearly, that I had and could have no other possible meaning in what I wrote last. You might justly have accused me of neglect, if I had deferred giving you all the satisfaction in my power, as soon as ever I knew your uneasiness.

The head I give up. The title I think will be wrong, and not answer your purpose; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper disposition of the word *designs* before *poems* make the edition less yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names: it is a barbarous addition: the other is simple and classic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without

Mr. T. Gray, which he was about to publish. Gray's strong objection to the insertion of his own portrait may be seen from his letter to Walpole of Jan. 1753, and from that to Dodsley of Feb. 12, 1753.

ranging myself among classics, I assure you, were I to print anything with my name, it should be plain Horace Walpole; *Mr.* is one of the Gothicisms I abominate. The 'explanation'[2] was certainly added for people who have not eyes:—such are almost all who have seen Mr. Bentley's drawings, and think to compliment him by mistaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words 'a man,' 'a cock,' written under his drawings, as under the most execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of sign-post painters.

I will say no more now, but that you must not wonder if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel so little vanity. I have used freedoms enough with your writings to convince you I speak truth: I praise and scold Mr. Bentley immoderately, as I think he draws well or ill: I never think it worth my while to do either, especially to blame, where there are not generally vast excellencies. Good night! Don't suspect me when I have no fault but impatience to make you easy.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

362. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1753.

HAVE you got any wind of our new histories? Is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Solicitor-General are still thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover? For above this fortnight there have been strange mysteries and reports! the Cabinet Council sat night after night till two o'clock in the morning: we began to think that they were empanelled to sit upon a new rebellion, or invasion at least; or that the King of Prussia had sent his

[2] Of Mr. Bentley's designs. *Walpole.*—The explanations were written by Walpole. *Cunningham.*

mandate, that we must receive the young Pretender in part of payment of the Silesian loan. At last it is come out that Lord Ravensworth[1], on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accused Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, of having had an odd custom of toasting the Chevalier[2] and my Lord Dunbar at one Vernon's[3], a merchant, about twenty years ago. The *Pretender's counterpart*[4] ordered the Council to examine into it: Lord Ravensworth stuck to his story; Fawcett was terrified with the solemnity of the divan, and told his very different ways, and at last would not sign his deposition. On the other hand, Stone and Murray took their Bible on their innocence, and the latter made a fine speech into the bargain. Bishop Johnson scrambled out of the scrape at the very beginning; and the Council have reported to the King, that the accusation was false and malicious. This is an exact abridgement of the story; the commentary would be too voluminous. The heats upon it are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggism of the culprits, by the defect of evidence: the opposite clan affect as much conviction as if they wished them Whigs.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small, that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick[5] is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic. I went the other morning with Mr. Conway to buy

LETTER 362.—[1] Sir Henry Liddel, Baron of Ravensworth. *Walpole.*

[2] Murray's denial of this charge was accepted by the Cabinet. Horace Walpole's hatred of Murray and Stone led him to exaggerate the importance of the incident.

[3] According to G. E. C.'s *Complete Peerage*, Mr. Vernon's only son (who predeceased him) had been a friend of Murray at Westminster School.

[4] The King.

[5] Chiswick House was rebuilt by Lord Burlington between 1730 and 1736. Lord Hervey declared that 'it was too small to live in and too large to hang to a watch.'

some of the new furniture-paper for you: if there was any money at Florence, I should expect this manufacture would make its fortune there.

Liotard, the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux's picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of *Marianne*, though it is reckoned extremely like: the countenance is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what mishap I had with Crébillon's portrait: he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it. Liotard is a Genévois; but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit, and a beard down to his girdle: this, and his extravagant prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond imagination. His crayons and his water-colours are very fine; his enamel, hard: in general, he is too Dutch, and admires nothing but excess of finishing.

We have nothing new but two or three new plays, and those not worth sending to you. The answer to the Prussian memorial, drawn chiefly by Murray, is short, full, very fine, and has more spirit than I thought we had by us. The whole is rather too good, as I believe our best policy would have been, to be in the wrong, and make satisfaction for having been ill-used: the *Author*[6] with whom we have to deal is not a sort of man to stop at being confuted. Adieu!

363. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1753.

Such an event as I mentioned to you in my last has, you may well believe, had some consequences; but only enough to show what it would have had in less quiet times. Last week the Duke of Bedford moved in the House of Lords

[6] The King of Prussia.

to have all the papers relating to Lord Ravensworth and Fawcett laid before them. As he had given notice of his intention, the ministry, in a great fright, had taken all kind of precautions to defeat the motion; and succeeded—if it can be called success to have quashed the demand, and thereby confirmed the suspicions. After several councils, it was determined, that all the cabinet-councillors should severally declare the insufficience and prevarication of Fawcett's evidence: they did, and the motion was rejected by 122 to 5. If one was prejudiced by classic notions of the wisdom and integrity of a senate, that debate would have cured them. The flattery to Stone was beyond belief: I will give you but one instance. The Duke of Argyll said, 'He had happened to be at the Secretary's office during the Rebellion, when two *Scotchmen* came to ask for a place, which one obtained, the other lost, but went away best pleased, from Mr. Stone's gracious manner of refusal!' It appeared in the most glaring manner, that the Bishop of Gloucester had dictated to Fawcett a letter of acquittal to himself; and not content with that, had endeavoured to persuade him to make additions to it some days after. It was as plain, that Fawcett had never prevaricated till these private interviews with the prelate—yet there were 122 to 5!

I take for granted our politics adjourn here till next winter, unless there should be any Prussian episode. It is difficult to believe that that King has gone so far, without intending to go farther: if he is satisfied with the answer to his memorial, though it is the fullest that ever was made, yet it will be the first time that ever a monarch was convinced! For a King of the Romans[1], it seems as likely that we should see a King of the Jews.

LETTER 363.—[1] The court of Vienna was anxious to procure the election of the Archduke Joseph (afterwards the Emperor Joseph II) as King of the Romans.

To fill up my small sheet, I shall tell you an historiette of our beauty, my Lady Coventry. I was lately at a private ball with her at George Pitt's. We supped in the library, and sitting near the books, Mr. Churchill took down a Bible, and said, 'Who can tell me which is first, Solomon's *Song* or his *Wisdom*?' You will not think that there was much brimstone in this speech: however, the fair Countess put herself (I say, *put herself*, for you never saw anything more done on purpose) into an outrageous passion, said it was blasphemous and impious, and she wished the house would fall upon his head. This set us all into violent laughing: she called out, 'My Lord Coventry, if you laugh any more, I *will* cry.' She then would have risen from table; nobody would stir. At last we went into the ball-room: my Lord stood with his back to the chimney glass: she stood before him, scolding immoderately, and at the same time setting herself in the glass over his shoulder. Lord Holderness came up to her, and said, 'Well, Madam, as you have quarrelled with my Lord, I hope you will let me be your paramour to-night!' 'Yes,' said she, 'with all my heart, and I will be your *Thisbis*.' I was so entertained with all this folly, to call it nothing else, that I was determined it should not end so, but begged all the women to take my Lord out and make him dance so continually that the quarrel might not be made up when they went home. The idea took like wildfire: the women were so delighted with the thought of depriving the Countess of that night's perquisites of her beauty, that they made the Earl dance, till he and themselves were ready to faint, and till I believe my Lady wished that she had interested herself a little less about Solomon's understanding, which was not the point in which she really wished her wise Lord should resemble him.

Your brother has got the paper for your room. He shall send you with it a fine book which I have had printed of

Gray's poems, with drawings by another friend[2] of mine, which I am sure will charm you, though none of them are quite well engraved, and some sadly. Adieu! I am all brick and mortar: the castle at Strawberry Hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry, if I wish to have you see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall at least have some idea of that sweet little spot—little enough, but very sweet!

364. To Horace Mann.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, April 16, 1753.

I know I never give you more pleasure than in recommending such an acquaintance as Mr. Stephens, a young gentleman now in Italy, of whom I have heard from the best hands the greatest and most amiable character. He is brother-in-law of Mr. West[1], Mr. Pelham's secretary, and (to you I may add, as I know it will be an additional motive to increase your attentions to his relation) a particular friend of mine. I beg you will do for my sake, what you always do from your own goodness of heart, make Florence as agreeable to him as possible: I have the strongest reasons to believe that you will want no incitement the moment you begin to know Mr. Stephens.

I am, &c.

[2] Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The edition here mentioned was of six poems of Mr. Gray, printed in folio by Dodsley, the plates engraved by Grignion and Müller. *Walpole.*

Letter 364.—[1] James West, Member for St. Albans, Secretary to Mr. Pelham as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary to the Treasury, and Treasurer to the Royal Society, and member of the Antiquarian Society, married the sister of this Mr. Stephens. *Walpole.*

365. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 27, 1753.

I have brought two of your letters hither to answer: in town there are so many idle people besides oneself, that one has not a minute's time: here I have whole evenings, after the labours of the day are ceased. Labours they are, I assure you; I have carpenters to direct, plasterers to hurry, papermen to scold, and glaziers to help: this last is my greatest pleasure: I have amassed such quantities of painted glass, that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it: the adjusting and disposing it is vast amusement. I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome; but I believe there is no such thing there; I scarce remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear Sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have no idea what Gothic is; you have lived too long amidst true taste, to understand venerable barbarism. You say, 'You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too.' That can't be; Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloomth of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. I am greatly impatient for my altar, and so far from mistrusting its goodness, I only fear it will be too good to expose to the weather, as I intend it must be, in a recess in the garden. I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the Paraclete[1], in memory of Eloisa's cloister.

I am glad you have got rid of your duel, blood-guiltless:

Letter 365.—[1] The oratory of the Paraclete, founded by Abélard near Nogent-sur-Seine, where Héloïse lived, and where the lovers were buried.

Captain Lee had ill luck in lighting upon a Lorrain officer; he might have boxed the ears of the whole Florentine nobility (*con rispetto si dice*), and not have occasioned you half the trouble you have had in accommodating this quarrel.

You need not distrust Mr. Conway and me for showing any attentions to Prince San Severino[2], that may convince him of our regard for you; I only hope he will not arrive till towards winter, for Mr. Conway is gone to his regiment in Ireland, and my château is so far from finished, that I am by no means in a condition to harbour a princely ambassador. By next spring I hope to have rusty armour, and arms with quarterings enough to persuade him that I am qualified to be Grand Master of Malta. If you could send me Viviani[3] with his invisible architects out of the Arabian tales, I might get my house ready at a day's warning; especially as it will not be quite so lofty as the triumphal arch at Florence.

What you say you have heard of strange conspiracies, fomented by *our nephew*[4], is not entirely groundless. A Dr. Cameron[5] has been seized in Scotland, who certainly came over with commission to feel the ground. He is just brought to London; but nobody troubles their head about him, or anything else, but Newmarket, where the Duke is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England attending him: they really say, that not less than a hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the Great Wardrobe,

[2] Ambassador from the King of Naples. *Walpole.*

[3] Viviani, a Florentine nobleman, showing the triumphal arch there to Prince San Severino, assured him, and insisted upon it, that it was begun and finished in twenty-four hours! *Walpole.*

[4] The King of Prussia.

[5] Archibald Cameron (1707–1753), younger brother of Donald Cameron of Lochiel. He was tried, and condemned to be hanged and quartered. The sentence was carried out on June 7, 1753. Its severity was due to a general belief that he had been sent by the King of Prussia to arrange for a new Jacobite rising.

though the *chief person concerned*[6] flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there!

I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of yours—don't be frightened, and conclude that this will make against your friend San Severino: he is only a private prince; the rogue in question is a monarch. Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called the *World*; three or four of them are by a friend of yours; one particularly[7] I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit! a printer prosecuted suppose for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country!—but I have done with countenancing kings!

Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the *World*, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius: it is a plain heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour. I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of the *Spectator*; but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the *Craftsman* (who, by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham), that Lord Bath never wrote a *Craftsman* himself, only gave hints for them —yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers.

[6] The King. *Walpole.*

[7] No. 8.

Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the *World*[8]—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded. Adieu!

P.S. Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier[9], a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore; there are not above two or three-and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match! She will not make so good a queen as our friend Sophia, but will like better, I suppose, to make a widow. If this should not turn out true[10], I can't help it.

366. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 5, 1753.

Though my letter bears a country date, I am only a passenger here, just come to overlook my workmen, and repose myself upon some shavings, after the fatigues of the season. You know balls and masquerades always abound as the weather begins to be too hot for them, and this has been quite a springtide of diversion. Not that I am so abandoned as to have partaken of all; I neither made the Newmarket campaign under the Duke, nor danced at any ball, nor *looked well* at any masquerade: I begin to submit to my years, and amuse myself—only just as much as I like. Indeed, when parties and politics are at an end, an English-

[8] Lord Chesterfield's paper (No. 8) was entitled *A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family.*

[9] Lady Juliana Colyear, second daughter of second Earl of Portmore; m. (1759) Henry Dawkins, of Standlinch, Wiltshire, and Over Norton, Oxfordshire.

[10] It did not happen. *Walpole.*

man may be allowed not to be always grave and out of humour. His Royal Highness has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he lost in Scotland; he played deep and handsomely, received everybody at his table with the greatest good humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with ease and sense.

There have been balls at the Duchess of Norfolk's, at Holland House, and Lord Granville's, and a subscription masquerade: the dresses were not very fine, not much invention, nor any very absurd. I find I am telling you extreme trifles; but you desired me to write, and there literally happens nothing of greater moment. If I can fill out a sheet even in this way, I will; for at Sligo[1] perhaps I may appear a journalist of consequence.

There is a Madame de Mezières[2] arrived from Paris, who has said a thousand impertinent things to my Lady Albemarle, on my Lord's not letting her come to Paris[3]. I should not repeat this to you, only to introduce George Selwyn's account of this woman, who, he says, is mother to the Princess of Montauban, grandmother to Madame de Brionne, sister to General Oglethorpe, and was laundress to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Sir Charles Williams, never very happy at panegyric, has made a distich on the Queen of Hungary; which I send you for the curiosity, not the merit of it:—

O regina orbis prima et pulcherrima, ridens
Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens[4].

It is infinitely admired at Vienna, but Baron Munchausen

LETTER 366.—[1] Mr. Conway was then with his regiment, quartered at Sligo in Ireland. *Walpole.*

[2] Eleonora Oglethorpe (d. 1775); m. Eugène Marie de Béthisy, Marquis de Mezières.

[3] Lord Albemarle was then Ambassador at Paris. *Walpole.*

[4] I am indebted to Professor Littledale for the information that the best part of this epigram is 'conveyed' from one written in cent. xvi by Hieronymus Angerianus, who said of a certain lady:—

Caelia ridens
Est Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.

has received a translation of it into German in six verses, which are still more applauded.

There is another volume published of Lord Bolingbroke's: it contains his famous *Letter to Sir William Windham*, with an admirable description of the Pretender and his court, and a very poor justification of his own treachery to that party; a flimsy unfinished *State of the Nation*, written at the end of his life, and the commonplace tautology of an old politician, who lives out of the world and writes from newspapers; and a superficial letter to Mr. Pope, as an introduction to his *Essays*, which are printed, but not yet published.

What shall I say to you more? You see how I am forced to tack paragraphs together, without any connection or consequence! Shall I tell you one more idle story, and will you just recollect that you once concerned yourself enough about the heroine of it, to excuse my repeating such a piece of tittle-tattle? This heroine is Lady Caroline Petersham [5], the hero is—not entirely of royal blood; at least I have never heard that Lodomie, the tooth-drawer, was in any manner descended from the House of Bourbon. Don't be alarmed: this plebeian operator is not in the catalogue of your successors. How the lady was the aggressor is not known; 'tis only conjectured that French politeness and French interestedness could never have gone such lengths without mighty provocation. The first instance of the tooth-drawer's ungentle behaviour was on hearing it said that Lady Caroline Petersham was to have her four girls [6] drawn by Liotard; which was wondered at,

[5] Printed in Wright's edition of 1840 as Lady Harrington. See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1899.

[6] Hon. Caroline Stanhope (d. 1767), m. (1765) Kenneth Mackenzie, Viscount Fortrose (cr. Earl of Seaforth, 1771); Hon. Isabella Stanhope (d. 1819), m. (1768) Charles William Molyneux, sixth Viscount Molyneux (cr. Earl of Sefton, 1771); Hon. Amelia Stanhope (d. 1780), m. (1767) Richard Barry, sixth Earl of Barrymore; Hon. Henrietta Stanhope (d. 1781), m. (1776) Hon. Thomas (afterwards second Baron) Foley.

as his price is so great—'Oh!' said Lodomie, '*chacun paie pour la sienne.*' Soon after this insult, there was some dispute about payments and tooth-powder, and divers messages passed. At last the lady wrote a card, to say she did not understand such impertinent answers being given to her chairman by an *arracheur de dents.* The angry little gentleman, with as much intrepidity as if he had drawn out all her teeth, tore the card in five slits, and returned it with this astonishing sentence, 'I return you your impertinent card, and desire you will pay me what you owe me.' All I know more is, that the tooth-drawer still lives; and so do many lords and gentlemen, formerly thought the slaves of the offended fair one's will and passions, and among others, to his great shame,

Your sincere friend,

Hor. Walpole.

367. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 22, 1753.

You may very possibly be set out for Greatworth[1], but what house Greatworth is, or whose, or how you came to have it, is all a profound secret to us: your transitions are so Pindaric, that, without notes, we do not understand them, especially as neither Mr. Bentley nor I have seen any of the letters, which I suppose you have written to your family in the intervals of your journeyings from Sir Jonathan Cope's[2] to Roel, and from Roel to Greatworth. Mr. Bentley was just ready to send you down a packet of Gothic, and brick and mortar and arched windows, and taper columns to be erected at Roel—no such matter, you have met with some brave chambers belonging to Sir Jonathan Somebody in

Letter 367.—[1] Near Brackley, in Northamptonshire.

[2] Sir Jonathan Cope, first Baronet, of Brewerne, in Oxfordshire; d. 1765.

Northamptonshire, and are unloading your camels and caravans, and pitching your tents among your own tribe. I can't be quite sorry, for I shall certainly visit you at Great-worth, and it might have been some years before the curtain had drawn up at Roel. We emerge very fast out of shavings, and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full-blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints, that were brought out for one day on the festival of Saint George Montagu, are fixed for ever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit. The castle is not the only beauty: the garden is at the height of all its sweets, and to-day we had a glimpse of the sun as he passed by, though I am convinced the summer is over; for these two last years we have been forced to compound for five hot days in the pound.

News there is none to tell you; we have had two days in the House of Commons, that had something of the air of Parliament; there has been a Marriage Bill[3], invented by my Lord Bath[4], and cooked up by the Chancellor[5], which was warmly opposed by the Duke of Bedford in the Lords, and with us by Fox and Nugent: the latter made an admirable speech last week against it, and Charles Townshend another very good one yesterday, when we sat till near ten o'clock, but were beat, we minority, by 165 to 84.

[3] This Act provided that 'with the exception of Jewish and Quaker marriages, no marriage should be valid in England which was not celebrated by a priest in orders, and according to the Anglican liturgy, that the ceremony could not be performed unless the banns had been published for three successive Sundays in the parish church, or unless a license had been procured, and that these licenses in the cases of minors should be conditional upon the consent of the parents or guardians. The special license by which alone the marriage could be celebrated in any other place than the parish church, could only be issued by the Archbishop, and cost a considerable sum. All marriages which did not conform to these provisions were null, and all who celebrated them were liable to transportation.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent.* xviii, ed. 1892, vol. ii. p. 118.) The Bill passed both Houses in June, 1753.

[4] 'Lord Bath ... attending a Scotch cause, was struck with the hardship of a matrimonial case, in which a man, after a marriage of thirty years, was claimed by another woman on a pre-contract.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 293.)

[5] Lord Hardwicke.

I know nothing else but elopements: I have lost my man Henry, who is run away for debt; and my Lord Bath his only son[6], who is run away from thirty thousand pounds a year, which in all probability would have come to him in six months. There had been some great fracas about his marriage; the stories are various on the Why; some say his father told Miss Nichols that his son was a very worthless young man; others, that the Earl could not bring himself to make tolerable settlements; and a third party say, that the Countess has blown up a quarrel in order to have her son left in her power, and at her mercy. Whatever the cause was, this ingenious young man, who you know has made my Lady Townshend his everlasting enemy, by repeating her histories of Miss Chudleigh to that *Miss*, of all counsellors in the world, picked out my Lady Townshend to consult on his domestic grievances. She, with all the good-nature and charity imaginable, immediately advised him to be disinherited. He took her advice, left two dutiful letters for his parents, to notify his disobedience, and went off last Friday night to France. The Earl is so angry, that he could almost bring himself to give Mr. Newport[7], and twenty other people, their estates again. Good night—here's the Goth, Mr. Bentley, wants to say a word to you.—

Yours ever,

H. W.

[6] Lord Pulteney.

[7] John, natural son of Thomas Newport, fourth Earl of Bradford of the first creation, by Mrs. Anne Smith or Smythe. Lord Bradford left a large fortune to Mrs. Smith, the greater part of which she bequeathed on her death (in 1742) to her son (the above John), with reversion to the Earl of Bath, one of the trustees of her will. Mr. Newport inherited insanity from his father's family, and died a lunatic in 1783. One of Lord Bath's first acts, after the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, was to procure the passing of an Act to prevent lunatics from marrying. Lord Bath's known parsimony gave colour to the current supposition that his motive on this occasion was to secure Mr. Newport's fortune. (See Horace Walpole's note in *Works* of Sir C. Hanbury-Williams, ed. 1822, vol. i. pp. 55–7, and *Gent. Mag.* 1752, pp. 602–3.)

DEAR SIR[8],

I wrote you a supernumerary letter on Saturday, but as I find you have shifted your quarters since I heard from you, imagine it may not have reached you yet. If you want to know what made me so assiduous, it was to tell you Sir Danvers Osborn[9] has kissed hands for New York. that's all. I am sincerely yours,

R. BENTLEY.

P.S. I wish you would write a line to him mentioning me, that's more.

368. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753.

IT is well you are married! How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think?—But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her Hussey[1], will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it so ill, that the Chancellor[2] was forced to draw a new one,

[8] Written at the foot of Horace Walpole's letter.

[9] Sir Danvers Osborn, third Baronet, of Chicksands, Bedfordshire. He had just been appointed Governor of New York, but died in this year (1753). From Bentley's tone here and in a subsequent letter, it appears that he had hopes of some favour from Sir Danvers, who was a brother-in-law of George Montagu's cousin, Lord Halifax.

LETTER 368.—[1] Edward Hussey (afterwards Earl of Beaulieu), who in 1743 married the Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

[2] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses—though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote. The lawyers were all ordered to nurse it through our House; but, except the poor Attorney-General[3], who is nurse indeed to all intents and purposes, and did amply gossip over it, not one of them said a word. Nugent[4] shone extremely in opposition to the bill, and, though every now and then on the precipice of absurdity, kept clear of it, with great humour and wit and argument, and was unanswered—yet we were beat. Last Monday it came into the committee: Charles Townshend acted a very good speech with great cleverness, and drew a picture of his own story and his father's tyranny, with at least as much parts as modesty. Mr. Fox[5] mumbled the Chancellor and his lawyers, and pinned the plan of the bill upon a pamphlet he had found of Dr. Gally's[6], where the Doctor, recommending the French scheme of matrimony, says, 'It was found that fathers were too apt to forgive.' 'The Gospel, I thought,' said Mr. Fox, 'enjoined forgiveness; but pious Dr. Gally thinks fathers are too apt to forgive.' Mr. Pelham, extremely in his opinion against the bill, and in his inclination too, was forced to rivet it, and, without speaking one word for it, taught the House how to vote for it; and it was carried against the Chairman's leaving the chair by 165 to 84.

This is all the news I know, or at least was all when I came out of town; for I left the tinkering of the bill, and

[3] Sir Dudley Ryder. *Walpole.*

[4] Robert Nugent, afterwards created Lord Clare and Earl Nugent. *Walpole.*

[5] Henry Fox, afterwards created Lord Holland. *Walpole.*

[6] Dr. Henry Gally (1696–1769), Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. The pamphlet in question was entitled *Some Considerations upon Clandestine Marriages.*

came hither last Tuesday to my workmen. I flatter myself I shall get into tolerable order to receive ~~my~~ Lady Ailesbury and you at your return from Sligo, from whence I have received your letter, and where I hope you have had my first. I say nothing of the exile of the Parliament of Paris[7], for I know no more than you will see in the public papers: only, as we are going to choose a new Parliament, we could not do better than choose the exiles: we could scarce choose braver or honester men. I say as little of Mademoiselle Murphy[8], for I conclude you hear nothing but her health drank in whisky. Don't all the naked Irish flatter themselves with preferment, and claim relation with her? Miss Chudleigh says, there is some sense in belonging to a king who turns off an old mistress when he has got a new one.

Arlington Street, May 29.

I am come to town for a day or two, and find that the Marriage Bill has not only lasted till now in the committee, but has produced, or at least disclosed, extreme heats. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pelham have had very high words on every clause, and the former has renewed his attacks on the Chancellor under the name of Dr. Gally. Yesterday on the nullity clause[9] they sat till half an hour after three in the morning, having just then had a division on adjournment, which was rejected by the Ministry by above 80 to 70. The Speaker[10], who had spoken well against the clause, was so misrepresented by the Attorney-General, that there was danger of a skimmington[11] between the great wig and the

[7] Certain members of the Parliament of Paris, who refused to obey the arbitrary orders of Louis XV, had been exiled.

[8] An Irishwoman who was, for a short time, mistress of Louis XV. *Walpole.* — Marie Louise Murphy (1737–1814), daughter of a shoemaker. She left the court in disgrace, and subsequently married three times. The name of her last husband was Dumont.

[9] See note 3 on letter to Montagu of May 22, 1753.

[10] Arthur Onslow. *Walpole.*

[11] This use of 'skimmington' in the sense of 'skirmish' seems to be peculiar to Horace Walpole.

coif, the former having given a flat lie to the latter. Mr. Fox, I am told, outdid himself for spirit, and severity on the Chancellor and the lawyers. I say I am told; for I was content with having been beat twice, and did not attend. The heats between the two ministers were far from cooling by the length of the debate. Adieu! You did little expect in these times, and at this season, to have heard such a parliamentary history! The bill is not near finished; Mr. Fox has declared he will dispute every inch of ground. I hope he won't be banished to Pontoise[12]. I shall write to you no more; so pray return. I hear most favourable accounts of my Lady Ailesbury.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

369. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1753.

You will think me very fickle, and that I have but slight regard to the castle (I am building) of my ancestors, when you hear that I have been these last eight days in London amid dust and stinks, instead of seringa, roses, battlements, and niches; but you perhaps recollect that I have another Gothic passion, which is for squabbles in the Witenagemot. I can't say that the contests have run so high in either House as they have sometimes done in former days, but this age has found out a new method of parliamentary altercations. The Commons abuse the Barons, and the Barons return it; in short, Mr. Fox attacked the Chancellor violently on the Marriage Bill; and when it was sent back to the Lords, the Chancellor made the most outrageous invective on Fox that ever was heard. But what offends still more (I don't mean offends Fox more), was the Chancellor describing the chief persons who had opposed his bill

[12] With the members of the Parliament of Paris.

in the Commons, and giving reason why he *excused* them. As the Speaker was in the number of the *excused*, the two maces are ready to come to blows. The town says Mr. Fox is to be dismissed[1], but I can scarce think it will go so far.

My Lord Cornwallis is made an earl; Lord Bristol's sisters[2] have the rank of earl's daughters; Damer[3] is Lord Milton in Ireland, and the new Lord Barnard[4] is, I hear, to be Earl of Darlington.

Poor Lady Caroline Brand[5] is dead of a rheumatic fever, and her husband as miserable a man as ever he was a cheerful one: I grieve much for her, and pity him; they were infinitely happy, and lived in the most perfect friendship I ever saw.

You may be assured that I will pay you a visit some time this summer, though not yet, as I cannot leave my workmen, especially as we have a painter who paints the paper on the staircase under Mr. Bentley's direction. The armoury bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle; and I have filled Mr. Bentley's Gothic lanthorn with painted glass, which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abélard. The lanthorn itself, in which I have stuck a coat of the Veres, is supposed to have come from Castle Henningham. Lord and Lady Vere were here t'other day, and called cousins with it, and would very readily have invited it to Hanworth; but her *Portuguese* blood[6] has so *blackened* the true stream that I could not bring myself to offer so fair a gift to their chapel.

LETTER 369.—[1] He was Secretary at War.

[2] Lady Mary Fitzgerald, and the Ladies Emily and Caroline Hervey.

[3] Joseph Damer, subsequently Earl of Dorchester.

[4] Hon. Henry Vane, who had recently succeeded his father as third Baron Barnard. He was created Earl of Darlington in 1754.

[5] Eldest daughter of first Duke of Kingston by his second wife. Her husband was Thomas Brand, of The Hoo, Hertfordshire.

[6] See letter to Montagu, July 14, 1748.

I shall only tell you a *bon mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. 'G—d damn the bishops!' said he (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon), 'so they will hinder my marrying! Well, let 'em; but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, by God! I'll under-bury 'em all.' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

Dear Sir[7],

It is about ten days since I sent you a design for mantelpiece, which if you approved of, you were desired to return forthwith in order to its being put in execution. I want to know whether you don't like it or have not got it.

For God's sake if it is possible to come at some answer from Sir Danvers do, for it is terrible to float upon suspense; my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
R. Bentley.

370. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1753.

I could not rest any longer with the thought of your having no idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill; and I will try to explain so much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you; for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly

[7] Attached to the preceding letter.

master of every spot where one another is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle[1] is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs, and flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top of a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the Park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left: and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's[2] Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very æra. From hence, under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and stair-

LETTER 370.—[1] It was a view of the south side towards the north-east. *Walpole.*

[2] John Baptist Jackson (d. circ. 1780). He revived the art of printing in chiaroscuro, and the prints mentioned by Horace Walpole were executed in that manner.

case, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears—all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart[3] in the holy wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground-floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan; that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows; the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's College of Arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sévigné's *Letters*, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons,

[3] An ancestor of Sir R. W., who was Knight of the Garter. *Walpole.*

and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built: they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor[4]. We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry Hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreaming session has been extremely enlivened by an accidental bill which has opened great quarrels, and those not unlikely to be attended with interesting circumstances. A bill to prevent clandestine marriages, so drawn by the judges as to clog all matrimony in general, was inadvertently espoused by the Chancellor; and having been strongly attacked in the House of Commons by Nugent, the Speaker, Mr. Fox, and others, the last went very great lengths of severity on the whole body of the law, and on its chieftain in particular, which, however, at the last reading,

[4] John Robartes, the last Earl of Radnor of that house. *Walpole.*

he softened and explained off extremely. This did not appease: but on the return of the bill to the House of Lords, where our amendments were to be read, the Chancellor in the most personal terms harangued against Fox, and concluded with saying that 'he despised his scurrility as much as his adulation and recantation.' As Christian charity is not one of the oaths taken by privy-councillors, and as it is not the most eminent virtue in either of the champions, this quarrel is not likely to be soon reconciled. There are natures[5] whose disposition it is to patch up political breaches, but whether they will succeed, or try to succeed in healing this, can I tell you?

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his rampant flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others.

I begin a new sheet to you, which does not match with the other, for I have no more of the same paper here. Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, 'Madam, this was not what you promised me,' and embracing her, forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not

[5] Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled! I cannot tell you positively that what I hinted of this Cameron being commissioned from Prussia was true, but so it is believed. Adieu! my dear child; I think this is a very tolerable letter for summer!

371. To George Montagu.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1753.

You are so kind, that I am peevish with myself for not being able to fix a positive day for being with you; as near as I can guess, it will be some of the very first days of the next month: I am engaged to go with Lady Ailesbury and Mr. Conway to Stowe, the 28th of this month, if some little business which I have here does not prevent me; and from thence I propose to meet Mr. Chute at Greatworth. If this should at all interfere with your schemes, tell me so; especially, I must beg that you will not so far depend on me, as to stay one minute from doing anything else you like, because it is quite impossible for me to be sure that I can execute just at the time I propose such agreeable projects. Meeting Mrs. Trevor[1] will be a principal part of my pleasure; but the summer shall certainly not pass without my seeing you.

You will, I am sure, be concerned to hear that your favourite, Miss Brown[2], the pretty Catholic, who lived with Madame d'Acunha[3], is dead at Paris, by the ignorance of the physician.

Letter 371.—[1] Lucy, daughter of Edward Montagu, of Horton, Northamptonshire, widow of John Morley Trevor, of Glynde, Sussex, and aunt of George Montagu. (See Table II.)

[2] Hon. Catherine Browne, second daughter of the so-called third Viscount Kenmare (a title conferred by James II after his abdication). (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 21, 1899.)

[3] Probably the wife of Don Louis d'Acunha, the Portuguese Ambassador in Paris, mentioned by d'Argenson. (See *Mémoires*, ed. 1857, vol. iii. p. 133.)

If one could make you laugh immoderately, it would be by a charming mob-story of the two eldest Mesdames of France being with child by their royal father—what Unigenitus's the offspring would be!

Tom Hervey, who always obliges the town with a quarrel in a dead season, has published a delightful letter to Sir William Bunbury[4], full of madness and wit. He had given the Doctor a precedent for a clergyman's fighting a duel, and I furnished him with another story of the same kind, that diverted him extremely. A Dr. Suckling[5], who married a niece of my father, quarrelled with a country squire, who said, 'Doctor, your gown is your protection.' 'Is it so?' replied the parson: 'but, by God! it shall not be yours;' pulled it off, and thrashed him—I was going to say *damnably*, but at least, *divinely*. Do but think, my Lord Coke and Tom Hervey are both bound to the peace, and are always going to fight together: how comfortable for their sureties!

My Lord Pomfret is dead; George Selwyn says, that my Lord Ashburnham[6] is not more glad to get into the parks than Lord Lempster[7] is to get out of them.—You know he was forced to live in a privileged place.

Jack Hill[8] is dead too, and has dropped about a hundred legacies; a thousand pound to the Dowager of Rockingham; as much, with all his plate and china, to her sister Bel[9]. I don't find that my uncle has got so much as a case of knives and forks: he always paid great court, but Mary

[4] Fifth Baronet, of Barton, Suffolk; d. 1764. He was in orders.

[5] Dr. Maurice Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of Barsham, Suffolk. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole's sister Mary, by her marriage with Sir Charles Turner, Baronet, of Wareham, in Norfolk. Dr. Suckling's daughter Mary married the Rev. Edmund Nelson, and was the mother of Lord Nelson.

[6] Lord Ashburnham succeeded Lord Pomfret as Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.

[7] Lord Lempster was eldest son of Lord Pomfret, whom he now succeeded as second Earl of Pomfret.

[8] John Hill, M.P. for Higham Ferrers.

[9] Lady Isabella Finch, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia.

Magdalen, my aunt, undid all by scolding the man, and her spouse durst not take his part.

Lady Anne Poulett's[10] daughter is eloped with a country clergyman. The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill's not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady-day.

Before I finish, I must describe to you the manner in which I overtook Monsieur le Duc de Mirepoix t'other day, who lives at Lord Dunkeron's[11] house at Turnham Green. It was seven o'clock in the evening of one of the hottest and most dusty days of this summer. He was walking slowly in the *beau milieu* of Brentford town, without any company, but with a brown lap-dog with long ears, two pointers, two pages, three footmen, and a *vis-à-vis* following him. By the best accounts I can get, he must have been to survey the ground of the battle of Brentford, which I hear he has much studied, and harangues upon.

Adieu! I enclose a *World*[12] to you, which, by a story I shall tell you, I find is called mine. I met Mrs. Clive two nights ago, and told her I had been in the meadows, but would walk no more there, for there was all the world. 'Well,' says she, 'and don't you like the *World*; I hear it was very clever last Thursday.'—All I know is, that you will meet some of your acquaintance there. Good night, with my compliments to Miss Montagu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[10] Lady Annabella Bennet (d. 1769), second daughter of first Earl of Tankerville; m. William Paulet or Poulett, son of Lord William Paulet (younger son of first Duke of Bolton). Her daughter Annabella married the Rev. Mr. Smythe.

[11] John Petty (1706–1761), first Baron Dunkerron; cr. Earl of Shelburne, 1753.

[12] No. 28. See *Collected Works* of Lord Orford, vol. i. p. 169.

372. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1753.

Though I have long had a letter of yours unanswered, yet I verily think it would have remained so a little longer, if the pretty altar-tomb which you have sent me had not roused my gratitude. It arrived here—I mean the tomb, not my gratitude—yesterday, and this morning churchyarded itself in the corner of my wood, where I hope it will remain till some future virtuoso shall dig it up, and publish it in a Collection of Roman Antiquities in Britain. It is the very thing I wanted; how could you, my dear Sir, take such exact measure of my idea? By the way, you have never told me the price; don't neglect it, that I may pay your brother.

I told you how ill-disposed I was to write to you, and you must know without my telling you that the only reason of that could be my not knowing a tittle worth mentioning; nay, not a tittle, worth or not. All England is gone over all England electioneering: I think the spirit is as great now they are all on one side, as when parties ran the highest. You judge how little I trouble myself about all this; especially when the question is not who shall be in the ministry, only who shall be in the House.

I am almost inclined not to say a word to your last letter, because if I begin to answer it, it must be by scolding you for making so serious an affair of leaving off snuff; one would think you was to quit a vice, not a trick. Consider, child, you are in Italy, not in England: here you would be very fashionable by having so many nerves, and you might have doctors and waters for every one of them, from Dr. Mead to Dr. Thomson, and from Bath to the iron pear-tree water. I should sooner have expected to hear that good

Dr. Cocchi[1] was in the Inquisition than in prescribing to a *snuff-twitter-nerve-fever!* You say people tell you that leaving off snuff all at once may be attended with bad consequences.—I can't conceive what bad consequences, but to the snuff-shop, who, I conclude by your lamentations, must have sold you tolerable quantities; and I know what effects any diversion of money has upon the tobacco-trade in Tuscany. I forget how much it was that the duty sank at Florence in a fortnight after the erection of the first lottery, by the poor people abridging themselves of snuff to buy tickets: but I think I have said enough, considering I don't intend to scold!

Thank you much for your civilities to Mr. Stephens; not at all for those to Mr. Perry[2], who has availed himself of the partiality which he found you had for me, and passed upon you for my friend. I never spoke one word to him in my life, but when he went out of his own dressing-room at Penshurst that Mr. Chute and I might see it, and then I said, 'Sir, I hope we don't disturb you'; he grunted something, and walked away—*la belle amitié!*—yet, my dear child, I thank you, who receive bad money when it is called my coin. I wish you had liked my Lady Rochford's beauty more: I intended it should return well preserved: I grow old enough to be piqued for the charms of my contemporaries.

Lord Pomfret is dead, not a thousand pound in debt. The Countess has two thousand a year rent-charge for jointure, five hundred as Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen, and fourteen thousand pounds in money, in her own power, just recovered by a lawsuit—what a fund for follies! The new Earl has about two thousand four

Letter 372.—[1] He was a very free thinker, and suspected by the Inquisition. *Walpole.*

[2] He married one of the co-heiresses of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester. *Walpole.*

hundred pounds a year in present, but deep debts and post-obits. He has not put on mourning, but robes; that is, in the middle of this very hot summer, he has produced himself in a suit of crimson velvet, that he may be sure of not being mistaken for being in weepers. There are rents worth ten thousand pounds left to little Lady Sophia Carteret[3], and the whole personal estate between the two unmarried daughters[4]; so the seat[5] must be stripped. There are a few fine small pictures, and one very curious of Henry VII and his Queen, with Cardinal Morton, and, I think, the Abbot of Westminster[6]. Strawberry casts a Gothic eye upon this, but I fear it will pass our revenues. The statues[7], which were part of the Arundel collection, are famous, but few good. The Cicero is fine and celebrated; the Marius I think still finer. The rest are Scipios, Cincinnatuses, and the Lord knows who, which have lost more of their little value than of their false pretensions by living out of doors; and there is a greenhouse full of colossal fragments. Adieu! Have you received the description and portrait of my castle?

[3] Daughter of John, Earl Granville, by his second wife, eldest daughter of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Louisa and Lady Anne; the latter was afterwards married to Mr. Dawson. *Walpole.*—Lady Louisa Fermor (d. 1809) married (1757), as his third wife, William, fourth surviving son of Sir William Clayton, first Baronet, of Morden, Surrey. The husband of Lady Anne Dawson (d. 1769) was afterwards created Viscount Cremorne.

[5] Easton Neston, in Northamptonshire. *Walpole.*

[6] It is the marriage of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. The two other figures are probably St. Thomas and the Bishop of Imola, the Pope's nuncio, who pronounced the nuptial benediction. This curious picture was purchased by Lady Pomfret for two hundred pounds. The Earl of Oxford offered her five hundred pounds for it: Mr. Walpole bought it at Lord Pomfret's sale for eighty-four guineas, and it is now at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

[7] Lady Pomfret bought the statues, after her Lord's death, and presented them to the University of Oxford. *Walpole.*

373. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

You would deserve to be scolded, if you had not lost almost as much pleasure as you have disappointed me of[1]. Whether George Montagu will be so content with your commuting punishments, I don't know: I should think not: he *cried and roared all night*[2] when I delivered your excuse. He is extremely well housed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country with his whole personal estate at his heels. There is an extensive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonshire is no county to please me. What entertained me was, that he who in London was grown an absolute recluse, is over head and ears in neighbours, and as popular as if he intended to stand for the county, instead of having given up the town. The very first morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaise to go to Wroxton[3], they notified a Sir Harry Danvers[4], a young squire, booted and spurred, and buckskin-breeched. 'Will you drink any chocolate?'—'No; a little wine and water, if you please.'—I suspected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. 'Nicolò, get some wine and water.' He desired the water might be warm—I began to stare; Montagu understood the dialect, and ordered a negus. I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and still more when I saw the baronet finish a very large jug indeed. To be sure, he wondered as much at me who did not finish a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living

Letter 373.—[1] In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a visit to Mr. George Montagu at Greatworth. *Walpole.*

[2] A phrase of Mr. Montagu's. *Walpole.*

[3] Wroxton Abbey, near Banbury, the seat of the Earl of Guildford.

[4] Fourth Baronet, of Culworth, Oxfordshire; d. Aug. 10, 1753.

in it. Knightley[5], the knight of the shire, has been entertaining all the parishes round with a turtle-feast, which, so far from succeeding, has almost made him suspected for a *Jew*, as the country parsons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth; and such numbers of gates, that if one loved punning one should call it the *Gate House*. The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimneys, which are of stone, have niches and benches in them, where the man used to sit and smoke. I had twenty disasters, according to custom; lost my way, and had my French boy almost killed by a fall with his horse: but I have been much pleased. When I was at Park Place I went to see Sir H. Englefield's[6], which Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary prefer, but I think very undeservedly, to Mr. Southcote's[7]. It is not above a quarter as extensive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading seen under a rude arch, and the water is well disposed. The buildings are very insignificant, and the house far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely disturbed with an engagement between the ghosts of Miss Blandy and her father, which continued so violent, that some bold persons, to prevent farther bloodshed, broke in, and found it was two jackasses which had got into the kitchen.

I felt strangely tempted to stay at Oxford and survey it at my leisure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I passed by Sir James Dashwood's[8], a vast new house,

[5] Valentine Knightley, of Fawsley Park, near Daventry; d. 1754.

[6] Whiteknights. *Walpole.*

[7] Woburn Farm.

[8] At High Wycombe. *Walpole.*—The seat of Sir James Dashwood, second Baronet and Member for Oxfordshire, was not at High Wycombe, but at Kirtlington Park, near Woodstock. Horace Walpole probably annotated his letters to Chute when they were given back to him on the latter's death more than twenty years later, and has confused Kirtlington, the seat of Sir James Dashwood (which he naturally passed on the way from Oxford to Greatworth by Middleton Stony), with West Wycombe Park, the seat of Sir Francis Dashwood (afterwards

situated so high that it seems to stand for the county as well as himself. I did look over Lord Jersey's [9], which was built for a hunting-box, and is still little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I passed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu so absolutely viceroy [10] over it, that we saw it more agreeably than you can conceive; roamed over the whole house, found every door open, saw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea in the library, were served by fairies, tumbled over the books, said one or two talismanic words, and the cascade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers.—You will take me for Monsieur de Coulanges [11], I describe eatables so feelingly; but the manner in which we were served made the whole delicious. The house was built by a Lord Downe [12] in the reign of James the First; and though there is a fine hall and a vast dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable; one end of the front was never finished, and might have a good apartment. The library is added by this Lord, and is a pleasant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole-length of the first Earl of Downe is in the Bath robes, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of Prince Henry about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag, with a Lord Harrington [13]; a good portrait of Sir Owen Hopton [14], 1590; your *pious* grandmother, my Lady Dacre, which I think like you;

Lord Le Despencer). (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 21, 1899.)

[9] Middleton. *Walpole.*—Near Middleton Stony.

[10] Montagu was related to Lord Guildford through the latter's first wife, Lady Lucy Montagu, daughter of George Montagu's uncle, the first Earl of Halifax.

[11] Philippe Emmanuel, Marquis de Coulanges (circ. 1631–1716), the cousin and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné.

[12] William Pope, first Earl of Downe.

[13] John Harington or Harrington (1592–1614), second Baron Harington of Exton. He was a favourite of Henry, Prince of Wales.

[14] Lieutenant of the Tower. His daughter married the first Earl of Downe.

some good Cornelius Johnsons[15]; a Lord North, by Riley[16], good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the Lord Keeper[17]: I have never seen but few of the hand, but most of them have been equal to Lely and the best of Sir Godfrey. There is too a curious portrait of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, said to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taste, with a very long window of painted glass, very tolerable. The frieze is pendent, just in the manner I propose for the eating-room at Strawberry Hill. Except one scene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without-doors. This scene consists of a beautiful lake entirely shut in with wood: the head falls into a fine cascade, and that into a serpentine river, over which is a little Gothic seat like a round temple, lifted up by a shaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obelisk erected to the honour and at the expense of 'optimus' and 'munificentissimus' the late Prince of Wales, 'in loci amoenitatem et memoriam adventûs ejus.' There are several paltry Chinese buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom: at least they were of the very first. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an Earl and Countess of Downe, and the tower is in a good plain Gothic style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller[18], who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water-tables, and so it fell down the first winter.

On Wednesday morning we went to see a sweet little chapel at Steane, built in 1620 by Sir Thomas Crewe, Speaker in the time of the first James and Charles. Here

[15] Cornelius Janssen (1590–1665).
[16] John Riley (1646–1691).
[17] Francis North (1637–1685), first Baron Guildford; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1682–5.
[18] Saunderson Miller, an amateur architect, of Radway, Warwickshire.

are remains of the mansion-house, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my Lady Arran [19], the last of the race. There are seven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:

Conjux casta, parens felix, matrona pudica;
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

On another is the most affected inscription I ever saw, written by two brothers on their sister: they say, 'This agreeable mortal translated her into immortality such a day': but I could not help laughing at one quaint expression, to which time has given a droll sense: 'She was a constant lover of the best.'

I have been here these two days, extremely amused and charmed indeed. Wherever you stand you see an Albano landscape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness. You may imagine I have some private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: the Temple of Friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville is now in the house, whom his uncle disinherited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian fields, before the inscription for his head was finished. That of Sir John Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my Lord Mayor, was by a mistake of the sculptor done for Alderman Perry [20]. The statue of the King, and that 'honori, laudi, virtuti divae Carolinae,' make one smile, when one sees the ceiling where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of King ——. But I have no patience at building

[19] Hon. Elizabeth Crewe (d. 1756), fourth daughter of second Baron Crewe of Stene; m. (1721) Charles Butler, Earl of Arran. Steane or Stene is near Brackley, in Northamptonshire.

[20] Micajah Perry, Lord Mayor in 1739.

and planting a satire! Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple is glorious: this I openly worship: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs[21] has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or mosque Gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark. The windows are throughout consecrated with painted glass; most of it from the priory at Warwick, a present from that foolish Greathead[22], who quarrelled with me (because his father was a gardener) for asking him if Lord Brook had planted much.—Apropos to painted glass. I forgot to tell you of a sweet house which Mr. Montagu carried me to see, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a Catholic, and called Warkworth[23]. The situation is pretty, the front charming, composed of two round and two square towers. The court within is incomplete on one side; but above-stairs is a vast gallery with four bow-windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England, with all their quarterings entire. You don't deserve, after deserting me, that I should tempt you to such a sight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear Sir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myself of the satisfaction of seeing you there whenever you have nothing else to do.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[21] James Gibbs, architect (1682–1754).

[22] Samuel Greathed (d. 1765), of Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick.

[23] Near Banbury.

374. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, August 16, 1753.

Don't you suspect, that I have not only forgot the pleasure I had at Greatworth and Wroxton, but the commissions you gave me too? It looks a little ungrateful not to have vented a word of thanks, but I stayed to write till I could send you the things, and when I had them, I stayed to send them by Mr. Chute, who tells you by to-night's post when he will bring them. The butter-plate is not exactly what you ordered, but I flatter myself you will like it as well. There are a few seeds; more shall follow at the end of the autumn. Besides Tom Hervey's letter, I have sent you maps of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, having felt the want of them when I was with you. I found the road to Stowe above twelve miles, very bad, and it took me up two hours and a half: but the formidable idea I conceived of the breakfast and way of life there by no means answered. You was a prophet; it was very agreeable.

I am ashamed to tell you that I laughed half an hour yesterday at the sudden death of your new friend Sir Harry Danvers, *after a morning's airing*, the news call it; I suspect it was after a negus.

I found my garden brown and bare, but these rains have recovered the greenth. You may get your pond ready as soon as you please, the gold-fish swarm; Mr. Bentley carried a dozen to town t'other day in a decanter. You would be entertained with our fishing; instead of nets, and rods and lines, and worms, we use nothing but a pail and a basin and a tea-strainer, which I persuade my neighbours is the Chinese method.

Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Since writing my letter, I have received your twin dispatches. I am extremely sensible of the honour my Lord Guildford does me, and beg you to transmit my gratitude to him: if he is ever at Wroxton when I visit Greatworth, I shall certainly wait upon him, and think myself happy in seeing that charming place again. As soon as I go to town, I shall send for Moreland, and harbour your wardrobe with great pleasure. I find I must beg your pardon for laughing in the former part of my letter about your baronet's death; but his *wine and water a little warm* had left such a ridiculous impression upon me, that even his death could not efface it. Good night!

Mr. Miller told me at Stowe, that the chimney-piece (I think from Steane) was he believed at Banbury, but he did not know exactly. If it lies in your way to inquire, on so vague a direction, will you? Mr. Chute may bring me a sketch of it.

375. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1753.

Not that I should ever put myself in competition with a death, but I would flatter myself that I am going to notify two things that will neither of them be totally disagreeable to you. Poor Lord Coke is dead, and if you are at Matson [1], I propose to wait upon you there about Tuesday se'nnight the 11th. If this is at all inconvenient to you, be so good as to send me any notice of it to Sir George Lyttelton's at Hagley [2]. The death I mentioned (sorry as I really am for it) will I hope prevent your succeeding Sir William Bunbury at the press: Mr. Hervey had laid so many eggs

Letter 375.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in South Kensington Museum (Dyce and Forster Collection).

[1] George Selwyn's seat, near Gloucester.

[2] Near Stourbridge, in Worcestershire.

of letters to you, that I think he must have hatched some in print.

My Lady[3] is still at Tunbridge drinking the waters—merely for Mr. Townshend's sake, who would be miserable if she was out of order. Sir Charles Williams, who has been arrived some time, has not yet seen her—however, the meeting will be cordial.

I beg my compliments to King Charles the First, the Q. of Scots, the ninth of February and all friends.

Yrs. most truly,

Hor. Walpole.

376. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, September, 1753.

I am going to send you another volume of my travels; I don't know whether I shall not, at last, write a new *Camden's Britannia*; but lest you should be afraid of my itinerary, I will at least promise you that it shall not be quite so dry as most surveys, which contain nothing but lists of impropriations and glebes, and carucates, and transcripts out of Domesday, and tell one nothing that is entertaining, describe no houses nor parks, mention no curious pictures, but are fully satisfied if they inform you that they believe that some nameless old tomb belonged to a knight-templar, or one of the crusado, because he lies cross-legged. Another promise I will make you is, that my love of abbeys shall not make me hate the Reformation till that makes me grow a Jacobite, like the rest of my antiquarian predecessors; of whom, Dart[1] in particular wrote Billingsgate against Cromwell and the regicides; and Sir Robert Atkins[2] con-

[3] Probably Lady Townshend.

Letter 376. — [1] John Dart (d. 1730), author of histories of Canterbury Cathedral and of Westminster Abbey.

[2] He wrote the History of Gloucestershire.

cludes his summary of the Stuarts with saying, *that it is no reason, because they have been so, that this family should always continue unfortunate.*

I have made my visit at Hagley, as I intended. On my way I dined at Park Place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything; but as soon as it was dark, I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering among the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old fellows stealing to their pleasures. Birmingham is large, and swarms with people and trade, but did not answer my expectation from any beauty in it: yet, new as it is, I perceived how far I was got back from the London hegira; for every ale-house is here written *mug-house*, a name one has not heard of since the riots in the late King's time.

As I got into Worcestershire, I opened upon a landscape of country which I prefer even to Kent, which I had reckoned the most beautiful county in England: but this, with all the richness of Kent, is bounded with mountains. Sir George Lyttelton's house is immeasurably bad and old: one room at the top of the house, which was reckoned a *conceit* in those days, projects a vast way into the air. There are two or three curious pictures, and some of them extremely agreeable to me for their relation to Grammont: there is *le séricux Lyttelton*[3], but too old for the date of that book; Mademoiselle Stuart[4], Lord Brouncker[5], and Lady Southesk[6]; besides, a portrait of Lord Clifford[7] the treasurer, with his staff, but

[3] Sir Charles Lyttelton, third Baronet; d. 1716.

[4] Frances Theresa Stuart, eldest daughter of Hon. Walter Stuart, second son of first Baron Blantyre; m. (1667) Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond (of the third creation); d. 1702.

[5] William Brouncker (1620–1684), second Viscount Brouncker, first President of the Royal Society.

[6] Lady Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter of second Duke of Hamilton; m. (1664) Robert Carnegie, third Earl of Southesk; d. circ. 1670.

[7] Thomas Clifford (1630–1673), first Baron Clifford of Chudleigh.

drawn in armour (though no soldier) out of flattery to Charles II, as he said the most glorious part of his life was attending the King at the battle of Worcester. He might have said, that it was as *glorious* as any part of his Majesty's life. You might draw, but I can't describe, the enchanting scenes of the park: it is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty; such lawns, such wood, rills, cascades, and a thickness of verdure quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a vale of towns, and meadows, and woods extending quite to the Black Mountain in Wales, that I quite forgot my favourite Thames! Indeed, I prefer nothing to Hagley but Mount Edgecumbe. There is extreme taste in the park: the seats are not the best, but there is not one absurdity. There is a ruined castle, built by Miller, that would get him his freedom even of Strawberry: it has the true rust of the Barons' Wars. Then there is a scene of a small lake, with cascades falling down such a Parnassus! with a circular temple on the distant eminence; and there is such a fairy dale, with more cascades gushing out of rocks! and there is a hermitage, so exactly like those in Sadeler's prints[8], on the brow of a shady mountain, stealing peeps into the glorious world below! and there is such a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolò Poussin! and there is such a wood without the park, enjoying such a prospect! and there is such a mountain on t'other side of the park commanding all prospects, that I wore out my eyes with gazing, my feet with climbing, and my tongue and my vocabulary with commending! The best notion I can give you of the satisfaction I showed, was, that Sir George proposed to carry me to dine with my Lord Foley[9]; and when I showed reluctance, he said, 'Why,

[8] Perhaps Jean Sadeler (b. 1550), who engraved a number of plates after Raphael, Titian, Correggio, &c.

[9] At Witley Court, in Worcestershire.

I thought you did not mind any strangers, if you were to see anything!' Think of my not minding strangers! I mind them so much, that I missed seeing Hartlebury Castle, and the Bishop of Worcester's[10] chapel of painted glass there, because it was his public day when I passed by his park.—Miller has built a Gothic house in the village at Hagley for a relation of Sir George: but there he is not more than Miller; in his castle he is almost Bentley. There is a genteel tomb in the church to Sir George's first wife[11], with a Cupid and a pretty urn in the Roman style.

You will be diverted with my distresses at Worcester. I set out boldly to walk down the High Street to the cathedral: I found it much more peopled than I intended, and, when I was quite embarked, discovered myself up to the ears in a contested election. A new candidate had arrived the night before, and turned all their heads. Nothing comforted me, but that the opposition is to Mr. Trevis; and I purchased my passage very willingly with crying, 'No Trevis! No Jews!' However, the inn where I lay was Jerusalem itself, the very head quarters where Trevis the Pharisee was expected; and I had scarce got into my room, before the victorious mob of his enemy, who had routed his advanced guard, broke open the gates of our inn, and almost murdered the ostler—and then carried him off to prison for being murdered.

The cathedral is pretty, and has several tombs, and clusters of light pillars of Derbyshire marble, lately cleaned. Gothicism and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world. Prince Arthur's tomb, from whence we took the paper for the hall and staircase, to my great surprise, is on a less scale than the paper, and is not of brass but

[10] Isaac Maddox, d. 1759.
[11] Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, Devonshire.

stone, and that wretchedly whitewashed. The niches are very small, and the long slips in the middle are divided every now and then with the trefoil. There is a fine tomb [12] for Bishop Hough, in the Westminster Abbey style; but the obelisk at the back is not loaded with a globe and a human figure, like Mr. Kent's design for Sir Isaac Newton: an absurdity which nothing but himself could surpass, when he placed three busts at the foot of an altar—and, not content with that, placed them at the very angles—where they have as little to do as they have with Shakspeare.

From Worcester I went to see Malvern Abbey. It is situated halfway up an immense mountain of that name: the mountain is very long, in shape like the prints of a whale's back: towards the larger end lies the town. Nothing remains but a beautiful gateway and a church, which is very large: every window has been glutted with painted glass, of which much remains, but it did not answer: blue and red there is in abundance, and good faces; but the portraits are so high, I could not distinguish them. Besides, the woman who showed me the church would pester me with Christ and King David, when I was hunting for John of Gaunt and King Edward. The greatest curiosity, at least what I had never seen before, was, the whole floor and far up the sides of the church has been, if I may call it so, wainscoted with red and yellow tiles, extremely polished, and diversified with coats of arms, and inscriptions, and mosaic. I have since found the same at Gloucester, and have even been so fortunate as to purchase from the sexton about a dozen, which think what an acquisition for Strawberry! They are made of the natural earth of the country, which is a rich red clay that produces everything. All the lanes are full of all kind of trees, and enriched with large old apple-trees, that hang over from one hedge to another. Worcester city is large and pretty.

[12] By Roubiliac.

Gloucester city is still better situated, but worse built, and not near so large. About a mile from Worcester you break upon a sweet view of the Severn. A little farther on the banks is Mr. Lechmere's[13] house; but he has given strict charge to a troop of willows never to let him see the river: to his right hand extends the fairest meadow covered with cattle that ever you saw: at the end of it is the town of Upton, with a church half ruined, and a bridge of six arches, which I believe, with little trouble, he might see from his garden.

The vale increases in riches to Gloucester. I stayed two days at George Selwyn's house, called Matson, which lies on Robin Hood's Hill: it is lofty enough for an Alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top, has wood scattered all over it, springs that long to be cascades in twenty places of it; and from the summit it beats even Sir George Lyttelton's views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His house is small, but neat. King Charles lay here at the siege; and the Duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. Here is a good picture of Dudley Earl of Leicester in his later age, which he gave to Sir Francis Walsingham, at whose house in Kent it remained till removed hither; and what makes it very curious, is his age marked on it, fifty-four in 1572[14]. I had never been able to discover before in what year he was born. And here is the very flower-pot and counterfeit association, for which Bishop Sprat was taken up[15], and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower. The reservoirs on the hill supply the city. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough by them—and

[13] The Rhydd, about six miles from Worcester.

[14] The year of his birth would therefore be 1518; it is elsewhere stated to have been 1532 or 1533.

[15] See note on letter to Bentley, Aug. 5, 1752.

I believe by some wine too. The Bishop's house is pretty, and restored to the Gothic by the last Bishop[16]. Price has painted a large chapel window[17] for him, which is scarce inferior for colours, and is a much better picture than any of the old glass. The eating-room is handsome. As I am a Protestant Goth, I was glad to worship Bishop Hooper's room, from whence he was led to the stake: but I could almost have been a Hun, and set fire to the front of the house, which is a small pert portico, like the conveniences at the end of a London garden. The outside of the cathedral is beautifully light; the pillars in the nave outrageously plump and heavy. There is a tomb of one Abraham Blackleach, a great curiosity; for, though the figures of him and his wife are cumbent, they are very graceful, designed by Vandyck, and well executed. Kent designed the screen; but knew no more there than he did anywhere else how to enter into the true Gothic taste. Sir Christopher Wren, who built the tower of the great gateway at Christ Church, has catched the graces of it as happily as you could do: there is particularly a niche between two compartments of a window, that is a masterpiece.

But here is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curiosity: just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, carved, and gilt, for books in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast; for which

[16] Martin Benson (d. 1752).
[17] The Resurrection, by William Price the younger (d. 1765).

reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. The chapter indulge this whim, as she contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewash, and ornament the church.

King Edward the Second's tomb is very light and in good repair. The old wooden figure of Robert, the Conqueror's unfortunate eldest son, is extremely genteel, and, though it may not be so ancient as his death, is in a taste very superior to anything of much later ages. Our Lady's Chapel has a bold kind of portal, and several ceilings of chapels, and tribunes in a beautiful taste: but of all delight, is what they call the abbot's cloister. It is the very thing that you would build, when you had extracted all the quintessence of trefoils, arches, and lightness. In the church is a star-window of eight points, that is prettier than our rose-windows.

A little way from the town are the ruins of Lantony Priory: there remains a pretty old gateway, which G. Selwyn has begged, to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.

At Burford I saw the house of Mr. Lenthal[18], the descendant of the Speaker. The front is good; and a chapel connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inside of the mansion is bad and ill-furnished. Except a famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family, the portraits are rubbish, though celebrated. I am told that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace by presenting them to Cornbury, where they were well known, till the Duke of Marlborough bought that seat.

I can't go and describe so known a place as Oxford, which I saw pretty well on my return. The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic

[18] Burford Priory.

un-Gibbs'd[19], and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. In the Picture Gallery are quantities of portraits; but in general they are not only not so much as copies, but *proxies*—so totally unlike they are to the persons they pretend to represent. All I will tell you more of Oxford is, that Fashion has so far prevailed over her collegiate sister, Custom, that they have altered the hour of dinner from twelve to one. Does not it put one in mind of reformations in religion? One don't abolish Mahommedism; one only brings it back to where the impostor himself left it.—I think it is at the South Sea House, where they have been forced to alter the hours of payment, instead of from ten to twelve, to from twelve to two; so much do even moneyed citizens sail with the current of idleness!

Was not I talking of religious sects? Methodism is quite decayed in Oxford, its cradle. In its stead, there prevails a delightful fantastic system, called the sect of the Hutchinsonians[20], of whom one seldom hears anything in town. After much inquiry, all I can discover is, that their religion consists in driving Hebrew to its fountain head, till they find some word or other in every text of the Old Testament, which may seem figurative of something in the New, or at least of something that may happen God knows when, in consequence of the New. As their doctrine is novel, and requires much study, or at least much invention, one should think that they could not have settled half the canon of what they are to believe—and yet they go on zealously, trying to make and succeeding in making converts.—I could not help smiling at the thoughts of *etymological*

[19] Mr. Walpole means unaltered by the architect Gibbs. *Walpole.*

[20] Followers of John Hutchinson (1674–1737). 'Hutchinson found a number of symbolical meanings in the Bible and in nature. . . . He maintained that Hebrew, when read without points, would confirm his teaching.' (*D.N.B.*)

salvation; and I am sure you will smile when I tell you, that according to their gravest doctors, 'Soap is an excellent type of Jesus Christ, and the York Buildings waterworks[21] of the Trinity.' I don't know whether this is not as entertaining as the passion of the Moravians for the 'little side-hole'! Adieu, my dear sir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

377. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1753.

I FEAR the letter of July 21st, which you tell me you have received, was the last I wrote. I will make no more excuses for my silence; I think they take up half my letters. The time of year must be full excuse; and this autumn is so dead a time, that people even don't die.

You have puzzled me extremely by a paragraph in yours about one Wilton[1], a sculptor, who, you say, is mentioned with encomiums in one of the *Worlds*[2]: I recollected no such thing. The first parcel your brother sends you shall convey the other numbers of that paper, and I will mark all the names I know of the authors: there are several, and of our first writers[3]; but in general you will not find that the paper answers the idea you have entertained of it.

I grieve for my Florentine friends and for the doubling of their yoke: the Count has shown great art—if he had been able to exert half as much prowess, I believe Mrs. Shirley would never have left him. You will not find

[21] These waterworks were established in 1676 on the site of old York House, at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand.

LETTER 377.—[1] Joseph Wilton (1722–1803).

[2] Mr. Mann mistook; I think it was in a paper called *The Adventurer*. *Walpole.*—Doran (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 350) states that the paper in question was *The Inspector*.

[3] Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. W. Whithed, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Soame Jennings, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Coventry, &c. *Walpole.*

her second husband quite so great a genius: he kept back one of the Duke of Bedford's plays (in which he was to act some years ago) for three weeks, because he could not get by heart seventeen and half lines.

I am totally ignorant, not to say indifferent, about the Modenese treaty[4]; indeed, I have none of that spirit which was formerly so much objected to some of my family, the love of negotiations during a settled peace. Treaties within treaties are very dull businesses: contracts of marriage between baby-princes and miss-princesses give me no curiosity. If I had not seen it in the papers, I should never have known that Master Tommy the Archduke was playing at marrying Miss Modena. I am as sick of the *hide-and-seek* at which all Europe has been playing about a King of the Romans[5]! Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own very small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury*: my upper servant, who is full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for having belonged to Harry VII, he came running in, and said, 'Sir, Sir! here is a man has brought some more *armour*!'

Last week, when I was in town, I went to pay a bill to the glazier who fixed up the painted glass: I said,

[4] It was between the Empress-Queen and the Duke of Modena, for settling the Duchy of Milan on one of the little Archdukes, on his marrying the Duke's grand-daughter, and in the meantime the Duke was made Administrator of Milan. *Walpole.*

[5] Negotiations were now in progress with a view to the election of the Archduke Joseph as King of the Romans. It proved impossible to secure sufficient votes to carry the election.

'Mr. Palmer, you charge me seven shillings a day for your man's work: I know you give him but two shillings; and I am told that it is impossible for him to earn seven shillings a day.'—'Why no, Sir,' replied he, 'it is not that; but one must pay house-rent, and one must eat, and one must wear.' I looked at him, and he had on a blue silk waistcoat with an extremely broad gold lace. I could not help smiling. I turned round, and saw his own portrait, and his wife's, and his son's. 'And I see,' said I, 'one *must* sit for one's picture: I am very sorry that I am to contribute for all you *must* do!' Adieu! I gave you warning that I had nothing to say.

378. To Robert Dodsley.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 4, 1753.

I am sorry you think it any trouble to me to peruse your poem[1] again; I always read it with pleasure. One or two little passages I have taken the liberty to mark and to offer you alterations; page 79 I would read *thrust to thrust*; I believe *push* is scarce a substantive of any authority. Line 449, and line 452, should I think be corrected, as ending with prepositions, disjoined from the cases they govern. I don't know whether you will think my emendations for the better. I beg in no wise that you will adopt any of them out of complaisance; I only suggest them to you at your desire, and am far from insisting on them. I most heartily wish you the success you so well deserve, and am

Your very humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S.—I shall beg you to send me a piece I see advertised, called, 'A True Account of Andrew Frey[2],' &c.

Letter 378.—[1] *Public Virtue*, of which only one book appeared.

[2] Andrew Frey published in 1753 his *Reasons for Leaving the Moravian*

379. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

In a very long, and consequently a very agreeable letter, which I received from you yesterday, you set me an example which I despair of following, keeping up a correspondence with spirit when the world furnishes no events. I should not say *no events*, for France is big with matter, but to talk of the parliamentary wars of another country would be only transcribing gazettes: and as to Prince Heraclius[1], the other phenomenon of the age, it is difficult to say much about a person of whom one knows nothing at all. The only scene that promises to interest one lies in Ireland, from whence we are told that the Speaker's[2] party has carried a question[3] against the Lord Lieutenant's[4]; but no particulars are yet arrived. Foundations have formerly been laid in Ireland of troubles that have spread hither: I have read somewhere this old saw,

> 'He that would England win,
> Must with Ireland first begin[5].'

The only novelty I know, and which is quite private history, is, that there is a man[6] in the world, who has so much obligingness and attention in his friendships, that in the middle of public business, and teased to death with all kind

Brethren—probably the book referred to by Horace Walpole. It is mentioned by Wesley in his *Journal*.

Letter 379.—[1] One of the pretenders to the throne of Persia, who gained many victories about this time. *Walpole.*—Heraclius or Irakli II; he made himself King of Georgia, and died in 1798.

[2] Hon. Henry Boyle, afterwards Earl of Shannon.

[3] As to the abuse of office by one Neville Jones.

[4] The Duke of Dorset.

[5] 'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.
King Henry V, i. 2.

[6] When Mr. W. was at Florence he saw a fine picture by Vasari of the Great Duchess Bianca Capello, in the palace of the Marchese Vitelli, whose family falling to decay, and their effects being sold twelve years afterwards, Mr. Mann recollected Mr. Walpole's having admired that picture, bought and sent it to him. *Walpole.*

of commissions, and overrun with cubs and *cubaccionis* of every kind, he can for twelve years together remember any single picture, or bust, or morsel of *virtù*, that a friend of his ever liked; and what is forty times more extraordinary than this circumstantial kindness, he remembers it just at the time when others, who might be afflicted with as good a memory, would take pains to forget it, that is, when it is to be obtained:—exactly then this person goes and purchases the thing in question, whips it on board a ship, and sends it to his friend, in the manner in the world to make it most agreeable, except that he makes it impossible to thank him, because you must allow that one ought to be possessed of the same manner of obliging, before one is worthy of thanking such a person. I don't know whether you will think this person so extraordinary as I do; but I have one favour to beg; if you should ever hear his name, which, for certain reasons, I can't tell you, let me entreat you never to disclose it, for the world in general is so much the reverse of him, that they would do nothing but commend to him everything they saw, in order to employ his memory and generosity. For this reason you will allow that the prettiest action that ever was *committed*, ought not to be published to all the world.

You, who love your friends, will not be sorry to hear a little circumstance, that concerns, in a tolerable manner, at least two of them. The last of my mother's surviving brothers[7] is dead, and dead without a will, and dead rich. Mr. Conway and I shall share about six thousand pounds apiece in common with his brother and sister and my brother. I only tell you this for a momentary pleasure, for *you* are not a sort of person to remember

[7] Erasmus Shorter, brother of Catherine, Lady Walpole, and of Charlotte, Lady Conway, whose surviving children, Edward and Horace Walpoles, Francis, Earl of Hertford, Henry and Anne Conways, became his heirs. *Walpole.*

anything relative to your friends beyond the present instant!

After writing me two sheets of paper, not to mention the episode of Bianca Capello[8], I know not how to have the confidence to put an end to my letter already; and yet I must, and you will admit the excuse: I have but just time to send my brother an account of his succession: you, who think largely enough to forgive any man's deferring such notice to you, would be the last man to defer giving it to anybody else; and therefore, to spare you any more of the compliments and thanks, which surely I owe you, you shall let me go make my brother happy. Adieu!

380. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

I have at last found a moment to answer your letter; a possession of which, I think, I have not been master these ten days. You must know that I have an uncle dead; a sort of event that could not possibly have been disagreeable to me, let his name have been what it would; and to make it still less unpleasant, here am I one of the heirs-at-law to a man worth thirty thousand pound. One of the heirs, you must construe, one of five—in short, my uncle Erasmus is dead, and I think at last we may depend on his having made no will. If a will should appear, we are but where we were; if it does not, it is not uncomfortable to have a little sum of money drop out of the clouds, to which one has as much right as anybody, for which one has no obligation, and paid no flattery. This death and the circumstances have made extreme noise, but they are of an extent impossible to tell you within the compass of any

[8] A Venetian, who was first the mistress, and subsequently the wife, of the Grand-Duke Francis I of Tuscany. She died in 1587.

letter, and I will not raise your curiosity, when I cannot satisfy it but by a narration which I must reserve till I see you. The only event I know besides within this atmosphere, is the death of Lord Burlington[1], who, I have just heard, has left everything in his power to his relict. I tell you nothing of Jew bills[2] and Jew motions, for I dare to say you have long been as weary of the words as I am. The only point that keeps up any attention, is expectation of a mail from Ireland, from whence we have heard, by a side wind, that the court have lost a question by six; you may imagine one wants to know more of this.

The Opera is indifferent; the first man has a finer voice than Monticelli, but knows not what to [do] with it. Ancient Visconti does so much with hers that it is intolerable. There is a new play of Glover's[3], in which Boadicea the heroine rants as much as Visconti screams; but happily you hear no more of her after the end of the third act, till in the last scene somebody brings a card with her compliments, and she is very sorry she can't wait upon you, but she is dead. Then there is a scene between *Lord Sussex* and *Lord Cathcart*[4], two captives, which is most incredibly absurd: but yet the parts are so well acted, the dresses so fine, and two or three scenes pleasing enough, that it is worth seeing.

There are new young lords, fresh and fresh: two of them are much in vogue: Lord Huntingdon[5] and Lord Stormont.

LETTER 380. — [1] Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, the amateur architect.

[2] A bill to allow Jews to be naturalized by Act of Parliament; it passed, but excited such violent opposition among the people, that it was repealed in the next session.

[3] *Boadicea*, produced at Drury Lane; it ran nine nights.

[4] Charles Schaw Cathcart (1721–1776), ninth Baron Cathcart; Lieutenant-General in the Army; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1768–71; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1771. Lords Sussex and Cathcart were hostages in France for the performance of the treaty of 1748.

[5] Francis Hastings (1729–1789), tenth Earl of Huntingdon; Master of the Horse to George III (as Prince of Wales), 1756–60, (as King), 1760–61; Groom of the Stole, 1761–70

I supped with them t'other night at Lady Caroline Petersham's; the latter is most cried up; but he is more reserved, seems sly and to have sense, but I should not think extreme: yet it is not fair to judge on a silenter man at first. The other is very lively and very agreeable. This is the state of the town you inquire after, and which you do inquire after, as one does after Mr. Somebody that one used to see at Mr. Such-an-one's formerly: do you never intend to know more of us! or do you intend to leave me to wither upon the hands of the town, like Charles Stanhope and Mrs. Dunch? My cotemporaries seem to be all retiring to their proprieties—if I must too, positively I will go no farther than Strawberry Hill!—You are very good to lament *our* gold-fish: their whole history consists in their being stolen *à deux reprises*, the very week after I came to town.

Mr. B.[6] is where he was, and well, and now and then makes me as happy as I can be, having lost him, with a charming drawing. We don't talk of his abode, for the Hecate his wife endeavours to discover it.

Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu; I am

Most truly yours,

H. W.

381. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1753.

I little thought when I parted with you, my dear Sir, that your absence could indemnify me so well for itself: I still less expected that I should find you improving daily: but your letters grow more and more entertaining, your drawings more and more picturesque; you write with more wit, and paint with more *melancholy*, than ever anybody did: your woody mountains hang down *somewhat so poetical*, as

[6] Bentley, whose debts had forced him to retire to Jersey.

Mr. Ashe[1] said, that your own poet Gray will scarce keep tune with you. All this refers to your cascade scene and your letter. For the library, it cannot have the Strawberry imprimatur: the double arches and double pinnacles are most ungraceful; and the doors below the book-cases in Mr. Chute's design had a conventual look, which yours totally wants. For this time, we shall put your genius in commission, and, like some other regents, execute our own plan without minding our sovereign. For the chimney, I do not wonder you missed our instructions: we could not contrive to understand them ourselves; and therefore, determining nothing but to have the old picture stuck in a thicket of pinnacles, we left it to you to find out *the how*. I believe it will be a little difficult; but as I suppose *facere quia impossibile est* is full as easy as *credere*, why—you must do it.

The present journal of the world and of me stands thus: King George II does not go abroad.—Some folks fear nephews, as much as others hate uncles[2]. The Castle of Dublin has carried the Armagh election by one vote only—which is thought equivalent to losing it by twenty. Mr. Pelham has been very ill, I thought of St. Patrick's fire[3], but it proved St. Antony's. Our House of Commons, mere poachers, are piddling with the torture of Leheup[4], who extracted so much money out of the lottery.

The robber of Po Yang[5] is discovered, and I hope will be

LETTER 381.—[1] A nurseryman at Twickenham. He had served Pope. Mr. Walpole telling him he would have his trees planted irregularly, he said, 'Yes, Sir, I understand: you would have them hang down somewhat poetical.' *Walpole.*

[2] Meaning that George II feared his nephew, the King of Prussia, as much as Horace Walpole detested his uncle, Horatio Walpole.

[3] Alluding to the disturbances and opposition to government which took place in Ireland during the viceroyalty of Lionel, Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*

[4] According to Wright, Leheup was prosecuted by the Attorney-General for fraud in connexion with the lottery for the purchase of the Harleian and Sloane collections, and was fined one thousand pounds.

[5] Mr. Walpole had given this Chinese name to a pond of gold-fish at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

put to death, without my pity interfering, as it has done for Mr. Shorter's servant[6], or Lady Caroline Petersham's, as it did for Maclean[7]. In short, it was a heron. I like this better than thieves, as I believe the gang will be more easily destroyed, though not mentioned in the King's Speech or Fielding's treatises[8].

Lord Clarendon[9], Lord Thanet[10], and Lord Burlington are dead. The second sent for his tailor, and asked him if he could make him a suit of mourning in eight hours: if he could, he would go into mourning for his brother Burlington[11]—but that he did not expect to live twelve hours himself.

There are two more volumes come out of *Sir Charles Grandison*. I shall detain them till the last is published, and not think I postpone much of your pleasure. For my part, I stopped at the fourth; I was so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, 'Pray, Miss, with whom are you in love?' and of mighty good young men that convert your Mr. M——'s in the twinkling of a sermon!—You have not been much more diverted, I fear, with Hogarth's book[12]—'tis very silly!—Palmyra[13] is come forth, and is a noble book; the prints finely engraved, and an admirable dissertation before it. My wonder is much abated: the Palmyrene empire which I had figured, shrunk to a small trading city with some magnificent public buildings out of proportion to the dignity of the place.

The operas succeed pretty well; and music has so much recovered its power of charming, that there is started up

[6] Miss Berry states that Mr. Shorter's Swiss servant was suspected of hastening his death.

[7] A celebrated highwayman. *Walpole.*

[8] *An Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers*, &c. (1751).

[9] Henry Hyde, fourth Earl of Clarendon.

[10] Sackville Tufton, seventh Earl of Thanet.

[11] The Countesses of Burlington and Thanet were sisters. *Walpole.*

[12] *The Analysis of Beauty. Walpole.*

[13] *The Ruins of Palmyra*, by Robert Wood.

a burletta at Covent Garden, that has half the vogue of the old *Beggar's Opera*: indeed there is a soubrette, called the Niccolina, who, besides being pretty, has more vivacity and variety of humour than ever existed in any creature.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

382. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1754.

Her Serene Highness, the Great Duchess Bianca Capello, is arrived safe at a palace lately taken for her in Arlington Street. She has been much visited by the quality and gentry, and pleases universally by the graces of her person and comeliness of her deportment—my dear child, this is the least that the newspapers would say of the charming Bianca. I, who feel all the agreeableness of your manner, must say a great deal more, or should say a great deal more, but I can only commend the picture enough, not you. The head is painted equal to Titian; and though done, I suppose, after the clock had struck five-and-thirty, yet she retains a great share of beauty. I have bespoken a frame for her, with the grand-ducal coronet at top, her story on a label at bottom, which Gray is to compose in Latin, as short and expressive as Tacitus (one is lucky when one can bespeak and have executed such an inscription!), the Medici arms on one side, and the Capello's on the other. I must tell you a critical discovery of mine apropos: in an old book of Venetian arms, there are two coats of Capello, who from their *name* bear a *hat*; on one of them is added a *fleur-de-lis* on a blue ball, which I am persuaded was given to the family by the Great Duke, in consideration of this alliance; the Medicis, you know, bore such a badge at the top of their own arms. This discovery I made by a talisman, which

Mr. Chute calls the *Sortes Walpolianae*, by which I find everything I want, *à pointe nommée*, wherever I dip for it. This discovery, indeed, is almost of that kind which I call *Serendipity*, a very expressive word, which, as I have nothing better to tell you, I shall endeavour to explain to you: you will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale, called *The Three Princes of Serendip*: as their Highnesses travelled, they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of: for instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had travelled the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right—now do you understand *Serendipity*? One of the most remarkable instances of this *accidental sagacity* (for you must observe that *no* discovery of a thing you *are* looking for comes under this description), was of my Lord Shaftesbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde, by the respect with which her mother treated her at table. I will send you the inscription in my next letter; you see I endeavour to grace your present as it deserves.

Your brother would have me say something of my opinion about your idea of taking the name of *Guise*[1]; but he has written so fully that I can only assure you in addition, that I am stronger even than he is against it, and cannot allow of your reasoning on families; because, however families may be prejudiced about them, and however foreigners (I mean, *great foreigners*) here may have those prejudices too, yet they never operate here, where there is any one reason to counterbalance them. A minister who has the least disposition to promote a creature of his, and to set aside a Talbot or a Nevil, will at one breath puff away a genealogy that would reach

Letter 382.—[1] Mr. Mann's mother was an heiress of that house. *Walpole.*

from hence to Herenhausen. I know a *great foreigner* who always says that my Lord Denbigh is the best gentleman in England, because he is descended from the old Counts of Hapsburg; and yet my Lord Denbigh (and though he is descended from what one should think of much more consequence here, the old Counts of Denbigh) has for many years wanted a place or a pension, as much as if he were only what I think the first Count of Hapsburg was, the Emperor's butler. Your instance of the Venetians refusing to receive Valenti can have no weight: Venice might bully a Duke of Mantua, but what would all her heralds signify against a British envoy? In short, what weight do you think family has here, when the very last minister whom we have dispatched is Sir James Gray[2],—nay, and who has already been in a public character at Venice! His father was first a box-keeper, and then footman to James the Second; and this is the man exchanged against the Prince de San Severino! One of my father's maxims was *quieta non movere*; and he was a wise man in that his day. My dear child, if you will suffer me to conclude with a pun, content yourself with your *Manhood* and Tuscany: it would be thought injustice to remove you from thence for anybody else: when once you shift about, you lose the benefit of prescription, and subject yourself to a thousand accidents. I speak very seriously; I know the *carte du pays*.

We have no news: the flames in Ireland are stifled, I don't say extinguished, by adjourning the Parliament, which is to be prorogued. A catalogue of dismissions was sent over thither, but the Lord Lieutenant durst not venture to put them in execution. We are sending a strong squadron to the East Indies, which may possibly bring back a war with France, especially as we are going to ask money of our

[2] Envoy to Naples. *Walpole.*

Parliament for the equipment. We abound in diversions, which flourish exceedingly on the demise of politics. There are no less than five operas every week, three of which are burlettas; a very bad company, except the Niccolina, who beats all the actors and actresses I ever saw for vivacity and variety. We had a good set four years ago, which did not take at all; but these being at the playhouse, and at play prices, the people, instead of resenting it, as was expected, are transported with them, call them their own operas, and I will not swear that they do not take them for English operas. They huzzaed the King twice the other night, for bespeaking one on the night of the Haymarket opera.

I am glad you are aware of Miss Pitt: pray continue your awaredom: I assure you, before she set out for Italy, she was qualified to go any Italian length of passion. Her very first slip was with her eldest brother; and it is not her fault that she has not made still blacker trips. Never mention this, and forget it as soon as she is gone from Florence. Adieu!

383. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1754.

It was to avoid giving you the trouble of two letters, that I deferred telling you how much I think myself honoured by yours, till I could at the same time tell you that Monsieur de Gisors[1] was arrived, and that I had already endeavoured to execute your commands, by waiting on him to every place where I could hope he would be the least amused. The winds and bad weather kept him back above a fortnight longer than I expected, which I fear will have made me

Letter 383. — Not in C.; now printed from 13th Report of Hist. MSS. Comm., App. Pt. II. pp. 138-9.

[1] Louis Marie Fouquet (1732-1758), Comte de Belleisle, Duc de Gisors, only son of the Maréchal de Belleisle. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Crefeld (June 23, 1758).

appear a little negligent, when I was most desirous of expressing my gratitude to you. I have even more obligation to you, than for selecting me to return civilities shown to you in France, a point however in which I shall pique myself on the greatest exactness: but the agreeable manner, the good sense and good breeding of Monsieur de Gisors make his acquaintance, on his own account, most desirable: if you had sent me a Hottentot, and said you was obliged to his family, I should have used the same endeavours to please him, but you must own it is pleasant to try to please a man, who has every other reason too to deserve being pleased. He seems extremely disposed to like, though so good a judge of what merits being liked; I flatter myself that this turn will incline him to accept my disposition to please him, whether I really succeed in it or not. There are two other gentlemen with him, sensible, reasonable men as ever I saw; my only fear is, that there being three will prevent Monsieur de Gisors from some, I can't say pleasure, but ways of passing his time, which had he been alone, would have been easier to procure him, as you are sensible, Madam, that the difficulties which people make in England of inviting to dinner and supper, will be increased as he has two others with him. It shall not be my fault, if his stay here is not as agreeable to him, as a man of so little consequence and with no family can make it to him; and if I execute this commission, Madam, tolerably to your satisfaction, may not I hope you will employ me in anything else that can mark my regard for you?

I have almost scribbled two pages without telling you how concerned I am to hear no better an account of your health; I would hope, Madam, that the extreme bad season is the only cause that retards your amendment; I should wish, what I certainly should for no other reason wish, that you were to remove still farther from England, and try the

most southern provinces. I am no physician, but my insignificant person suffers so much from this sharp weather, that I can't help fancying that whoever is the least thin wants nothing but the sun to be prodigiously robust. Your partiality for the same person will make you suffer me to tell you how excessively I feel myself obliged, and happy to be so obliged, to my Lady Cardigan for telling you, without my having thought of asking it, how much and constantly I have inquired after you. Her ways of obliging are as new and unprompted as they are constant: some people would be extremely satisfied with themselves for doing a good-natured thing when asked; my Lady Cardigan extends her sensibility to the communicating the esteem of two people for each other; I speak very feelingly, for I own I was struck with so unexpected an obligation: my inquiries had been quite disinterested, and the mere result of my anxiety for your health.

As much as I have said of nothing, I can't repent it, as it leaves me so little room to say anything more; for what could I say? You are not a sort of person, Madam, to inform of rounds of assemblies, of empty operas, or even of elections contested with no views. The House of Commons is become a mere quarter sessions, where nothing is transacted but turnpikes and poor rates. If it were not for some little storms that now and then blow over from Ireland, one should scarce distinguish London from York or Bristol. With regard to that kingdom, the present policy is a little unlike what you have known of late years. We talk big and act quick—nay, what you never knew, a majority has been turned out. The Irish Parliament is prorogued; some of the chiefs disgraced, and the poor Duke of Dorset, I believe, very impatient to escape hither. Were a new choice to be immediately made perhaps it would be difficult—a year and a half may produce strange changes.

All the spirit or wit or poetry on which we subsist comes from Dublin; and unfortunately, as we do not live in the same latitude of party, I cannot say that any of it is very vivifying. You will forgive, Madam, my taking up so much of your time; I ought rather to trust to what reports Monsieur de Gisors will make of me; if he does not bear good testimony, what can I hope from my own deposition?

384. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, March 2, 1754.

After calling two or three times without finding him, I wrote yesterday to Lord Granville[1], and received a most gracious answer, but desiring to see me. I went. He repeated all your history with him, and mentioned your vivacity at parting; however, consented to give you the apartment, with great good humour, and said he would write to his bailiff; and added, laughing, that he had an old cross housekeeper, who had regularly quarrelled with all his grantees. It is well that some of your desires, though unfortunately the most trifling, depend on me alone, as those at least are sure of being executed. By Tuesday's coach there will go to Southampton two orange-trees, two Arabian jasmines, some tuberose roots, and plenty of cypress seeds, which last I send you in lieu of the olive-trees, none of which are yet come over.

The weather grows fine, and I have resumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried George Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and screamed, and whooped, and hollaed, and danced, and crossed himself a thousand times over. He returns to-morrow to Greatworth, and I fear will give himself up entirely to country 'squirehood. But what will

Letter 384.—[1] John, Earl Granville, then Secretary of State, had an estate in Jersey. *Walpole.*

you say to greater honour which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumskoi[2] has been to see it, and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint-stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't deny myself this reflection (even though he liked Strawberry), as he has not employed you as an architect.

Still there is little news. To-day it is said that Lord George Sackville is summoned in haste from Ireland, where the grand juries are going to petition for the resitting of the Parliament. Hitherto they have done nothing but invent satirical healths, which I believe gratify a taste more peculiar to Ireland than politics, drinking. We have had one considerable day in the House of Commons here. Lord Egmont, in a very long and fine speech, opposed a new Mutiny Bill for the troops going to the East Indies[3] (which I believe occasioned the reports with you of an approaching war). Mr. Conway got infinite reputation by a most charming speech in answer to him, in which he displayed a system of military learning which was at once new, striking, and entertaining. I had carried Monsieur de Gisors thither, who began to take notes of all I explained to him: but I begged he would not; for, the question regarding French politics, I concluded the Speaker would never have done storming at the Gaul's collecting intelligence in the very senate-house. Lord Holdernesse made a magnificent ball for these foreigners last week: there were a hundred and forty people, and most stayed supper. Two of my Frenchmen learnt country-dances, and succeeded very well. T'other

[2] Cant name for William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[3] 'A bill for subjecting to military law the troops going to the East Indies . . . it passed on a division of 245 to 50.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 321.)

night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the King at the masquerade; and then he sent for Lady Coventry to dance: it was quite like Herodias—and I believe if he had offered her a boon, she would have chosen the head of *St. John.*—I believe I told you of her passion for the young Lord Bolingbroke[4].

Dr. Mead is dead, and his collection going to be sold. I fear I have not virtue enough to resist his miniatures. I shall be ruined!

I shall tell you a new instance of the *Sortes Walpolianae*: I lately bought an old volume of pamphlets; I found at the end a history of the Dukes of Lorrain, and with that an account of a series of their medals, of which, says the author, there are but two sets in England. It so happens that I bought a set above ten years ago at Lord Oxford's sale; and on examination I found the Duchess, wife of Duke Réné[5], has a head-dress, allowing for being modernized, as the medals are modern, which is evidently the same with that figure in my Marriage of Henry VI which I had imagined was of her. It is said to be taken from her tomb at Angiers; and that I might not decide too quickly *en connoisseur,* I have sent to Angiers for a draught of the tomb.

Poor Mr. Chute was here yesterday, the first going out after a confinement of thirteen weeks; but he is pretty well. We have determined upon the plan for the library, which we find will fall in exactly with the proportions of the room, with no variations from the little door-case of St. Paul's, but widening the larger arches. I believe I shall beg your assistance again about the chimney-piece and

[4] Frederick St. John (1734–1787), second Viscount Bolingbroke; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1762–65, 1768–80.

[5] Isabelle, Duchess of Lorraine (d. 1453), daughter and successor of Charles I (le Hardi), Duke of Lorraine; m. (1420) Réné I, Count of Anjou (afterwards Duke of Lorraine).

ceiling; but I can decide nothing till I have been again at Strawberry. Adieu! my dear Sir,

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

385. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 6, 1754.

You will be surprised at my writing again so very soon; but unpleasant as it is to be the bearer of ill news[1], I flattered myself that you would endure it better from me, than to be shocked with it from an indifferent hand, who would not have the same management for your tenderness and delicacy as I naturally shall, who always feel for you, and on this occasion with you! You are very unfortunate: you have not many real friends, and you lose—for I must tell it you—the chief of them! indeed, the only one who could have been of real use to you—for what can *I* do, but wish, and attempt, and miscarry?—or from whom could I have hoped assistance for you, or warmth for myself and my friends, but from the friend I have this morning lost?—But it is too selfish to be talking of our losses, when Britain, Europe, the world, the King, Jack Roberts[2], Lord Barnard[3], have lost their guardian angel.—What are private misfortunes to the affliction of one's country? or how inglorious is an Englishman to bewail himself, when a true patriot should be acting for the good of mankind!—Indeed, if it is possible to feel any comfort, it is from seeing how many true Englishmen, how many *true Scotchmen*, are zealous to replace the loss, and snatch at the rudder of the state, amidst

Letter 385.—[1] This is an ironic letter on the death of Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom Mr. Walpole was on ill terms. *Walpole.*

[2] John Roberts, Esq., Secretary to Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

[3] Henry Vane, afterwards Earl of Darlington. *Walpole.*

this storm and danger! Oh! my friend, how will your heart glow with melancholy admiration, when I tell you, that even the poor Duke of Newcastle himself conquers the torrent of his grief, and has promised Mrs. Betty Spence[4], and Mr. Graham the apothecary, that, rather than abandon England to its evil genius, he will even submit to be Lord Treasurer himself! My Lord Chancellor, too, is said to be willing to devote himself in the same manner for the good of his country. Lord Hartington[5] is the most inconsolable of all; and when Mrs. Molly Bodens[6] and Mrs. Garrick were entreated by some of the cabinet council to ask him whom he wished to have minister, the only answer they could draw from him was, *A Whig! a Whig!* As for Lord B. I may truly say, he is humbled and licks the dust; for his tongue, which never used to hang below the waistband of his breeches, is now dropped down to his shoe-buckles; and had not Mr. Stone assured him, that if the worst came to the worst, they could but make their fortunes under another family, I don't know whether he would not have despaired of the commonwealth. But though I sincerely pity so good a citizen, I cannot help feeling most for poor Lord Holdernesse[7], who sees a scheme of glory dashed which would have added new lustre to the British annals, and have transmitted the name D'Arcy down to latest posterity. He had but just taken Mr. Mason[8] the poet into his house *to*

[4] Companion to the Duchess of Newcastle. *Walpole.*—According to Wright, she was related to Joseph Spence, author of *Polymetis.*

[5] William, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[6] Companion of Lady Burlington, Lord Hartington's mother-in-law. *Walpole.*

[7] Secretary of State.

[8] Rev. William Mason (1724–1797), son of Rev. W. Mason, of Hull; Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, 1749; Rector of Aston, Yorkshire, and Chaplain to Lord Holdernesse, 1754; Chaplain to the King, 1757–60, 1761–73; Canon Residentiary of York, 1762; Precentor of York, 1763. Mason was the author of a number of plays, poems, and satires. He was a good musician, a gardener, and something of an antiquary. It was by Gray and Mason that Horace Walpole was convinced that Chatterton was an impostor. Mason was the intimate friend and literary executor of Gray, whose *Life* he published in 1774.

write his deserts; and he had just reason to expect that the Secretary's office would have gained a superiority over that of France and Italy, which was unknown even to Walsingham.

I had written thus far, and perhaps should have elegized on for a page or two farther, when Harry, who has no idea of the dignity of grief, blundered in, with satisfaction in his countenance, and thrust two packets from you into my hand.—Alas! he little knew that I was incapable of tasting any satisfaction but in the indulgence of my concern.—I was once going to commit them to the devouring flames, lest any light or vain sentence should tempt me to smile; but my turn for true philosophy checked my hand, and made me determine to prove that I could at once launch into the bosom of pleasure and be insensible to it.—I have conquered; I have read your letters, and yet think of nothing but Mr. Pelham's death! Could Lady Catherine[9] do thus? Could she receive a love-letter from Mr. Brown, and yet think only on her breathless lord?

Thursday, 7.

I wrote the above last night, and have stayed as late as I could this evening, that I might be able to tell you who the person is in whom all the world is to discover the proper qualities for replacing the national loss. But, alas! the experience of two whole days has showed that the misfortune is irreparable; and I don't know whether

He had become acquainted with Horace Walpole as early as 1763, and during the composition of Gray's *Life* he applied to Walpole for help and criticism, which were freely given. Their friendship and correspondence became very intimate. This intimacy, largely due to complete political and literary sympathy, continued until 1784, when they quarrelled on account of Horace Walpole's unconcealed disapproval of the part taken by Mason in politics, and his belief that the political *volte-face* of their mutual friend, Lord Harcourt, was due to Mason. A complete estrangement ensued until 1796, the year before Horace Walpole's death, when Mason once more wrote to Walpole, and received a civil reply. Their *Correspondence* was first published by Mitford in 1851.

[9] Lady Catherine Pelham, Henry Pelham's widow.

the elegies on his death will not be finished before there be any occasion for congratulations to his successor. The mystery is profound. How shocking it will be if things should go on just as they are! I mean by that, how mortifying if it is discovered, that when all the world thought Mr. Pelham did and could alone maintain the calm and carry on the government, even he was not necessary, and that it was the calm and the government that carried on themselves! However, this is not my opinion.—I believe all this *will make a party*[10].

Good night! There are two more new plays: *Constantine*[11], the better of them, expired the fourth night at Covent Garden. *Virginia*[12], by Garrick's acting and popularity, flourishes still: he has written a remarkably good epilogue to it. Lord Bolingbroke is come forth in five pompous quartos, two and a half new and most unorthodox[13]. Warburton is resolved to answer, and the bishops not to answer him. I have not had a moment to look into it. Good night!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[10] Mr. Walpole, when young, loved faction; and Mr. Bentley one day saying 'that he believed certain opinions would make a sect,' Mr. W. said eagerly, 'Will they make a party?' *Walpole.*

[11] By the Rev. Philip Francis (d. 1773), private chaplain to Lady Caroline Fox. He was the father of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the *Letters of Junius.*

[12] By Samuel Crisp (d. 1783), now remembered by the letters addressed to him by Frances Burney. *Virginia* ran for ten nights. Garrick's refusal to revive it in the following year so disgusted Crisp that he withdrew from society entirely. After spending some time abroad he settled at Chessington, in Surrey, where he was visited only by his sister, his friend Dr. Burney, and the latter's family.

[13] Johnson's opinion (expressed on this occasion) of Bolingbroke, and of his editor, Mallet, is recorded by Boswell, who also gives a quotation from Garrick's 'elegant Ode' *à propos* of the coincidence of the death of Pelham with the publication of the edition mentioned by Horace Walpole.

386. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1754.

You will little have expected, my dear Sir, the great event that happened yesterday. Mr. Pelham[1] is dead! all that calm, that supineness, of which I have lately talked to you so much, is at an end! there is no heir to such luck as his. The whole people of England can never agree a second time upon the same person for the residence of infallibility; and though so many have found their interest in making Mr. Pelham the *fermier général* for their venality, yet almost all have found too, that it lowered their prices to have but one purchaser. He could not have died at a more critical time: all the elections were settled, all bargains made, and much money advanced: and by the way, though there never was so little party, or so little to be made by a seat in Parliament, either with regard to profit or fame, there never was such established bribery, or so profuse. And as everything was settled by his life, so everything is thrown into confusion by his death: the difficulty of naming, or of who should name the successor, is almost insurmountable—for you are not such a *tramontane* as to imagine that the person[2] who must sign the warrant will have the filling it up. The three apparent candidates are Fox[3], Pitt[4], and Murray[5]; all three with such incumbrances on their hopes as make them very desperate. The Chancellor[6] hates Fox; the Duke of Newcastle does

Letter 386. — [1] Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Commissioner of the Treasury; only brother of Thomas, Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[2] The King. *Walpole.*

[3] Henry Fox, Secretary at War, only brother of Stephen, Lord Ilchester. *Walpole.*

[4] William Pitt, Paymaster of the Forces, younger brother of Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, in Cornwall. *Walpole.*

[5] William Murray, Solicitor-General, uncle of Lord Stormont. *Walpole.*

[6] Sir Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor. *Walpole.*

not (I don't say, love him, but to speak in the proper phrase, does not) pretend to love him: the Scotch abominate him, and they and the Jacobites make use of his connexion with the Duke to represent him as formidable: the Princess[7] cannot approve him for the same reason: the Law, as in duty bound to the Chancellor and to Murray, and to themselves, whom he always attacks, must dislike him. He has his parts and the Whigs, and the seeming right of succession. Pitt has no health, no party, and has, what in *this* case is allowed to operate, the King's negative. Murray is a Scotchman, and it has been suspected, of the worst dye: add a little of the Chancellor's jealousy: all three are obnoxious to the probability of the other two being disobliged by a preference. There is no doubt but the Chancellor and the Duke of Newcastle will endeavour to secure their own power, by giving an exclusion to Fox: each of them has even been talked of for Lord Treasurer; I say talked of, though Mr. Pelham died but yesterday; but you can't imagine how much a million of people can talk in a day on such a subject! It was even much imagined yesterday, that Sir George Lee would be the Hulla[8], to wed the post, till things are ripe for divorcing him again; he is an unexceptionable man, sensible, of good character, the ostensible favourite of the Princess, and obnoxious to no set of men; for though he changed ridiculously quick on the Prince's death, yet as everybody changed with him, it offended nobody; and what is a better reason for promoting him now, it would offend nobody to turn him out again.

In this buzz is all the world at present: as the plot thickens or opens, you shall hear more. In the mean time

[7] The Princess-Dowager of Wales.

[8] 'Nom que l'on donne en Turquie à celui qui devient pour un seul jour l'époux d'une femme répudiée, afin que le premier mari puisse légalement la reprendre.' Littré.

you will not dislike to know a little of the circumstances of this death. Mr. Pelham was not sixty-one; his florid, healthy constitution promised long life, and his uninterrupted good fortune as long power; yet the one hastened his end, and the other was enjoyed in its full tranquillity but three poor years! I should not say, enjoyed; for such was his peevishness and suspicions, that the lightest trifles could poison all that stream of happiness! he was careless of his health, most intemperate in eating, and used no exercise. All this had naturally thrown him into a most scorbutic habit, for which last summer he went to Scarborough, but stayed there only a month, which would not have cleansed a scorbutic kitten. The sea-air increased his appetite, and his flatterers pampered it at their seats on the road. He returned more distempered, and fell into a succession of boils, fevers, and St. Antony's fire—indeed, I think, into such a carbuncular state of blood as carried off my brother. He had recovered enough to come to the House of Commons; and last Friday walked in the Park till he put himself into an immense sweat; in that sweat he stood at a window to look at horses, ate immoderately at dinner, relapsed at six that evening, and died yesterday morning (Wednesday) a quarter before six. His will was to be opened to-day; he is certainly dead far from rich. There are great lamentations, some joy, some disappointments, and much expectation. As a person who loves to write history better than to act in it, you will easily believe that I confine my sensations on the occasion chiefly to observation—at least, my care that posterity may know all about it prevents my indulging any immoderate grief; consequently I am *as well as can be expected*, and ever yours, &c.

387. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1754.

In the confusion of things, I last week hazarded a free letter to you by the common post. The confusion is by no means ceased. However, as some circumstances may have rendered a desire of intelligence necessary, I send this by the coach, with the last volume of *Sir Charles Grandison* for its chaperon.

After all the world had been named for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and my Lord Chief Justice Lee, who is no part of the world, really made so *pro tempore*; Lord Hartington went to notify to Mr. Fox that the cabinet council having given it as their unanimous opinion to the King that the Duke of Newcastle should be at the head of the Treasury, and he (Mr. Fox) Secretary of State, with the management of the House of Commons; his Grace, who had submitted to so *oracular* a sentence, hoped Mr. Fox would not refuse to concur in so salutary a measure; and assured him, that *though* the Duke would reserve the sole disposition of the secret service-money, his Grace would bestow his entire confidence on Mr. Fox, and acquaint him with the most minute details of that service. Mr. Fox bowed and obeyed—and, as a preliminary step, received the Chancellor's[1] absolution. From thence he attended his and our new master.—But either grief for his brother's death, or joy for it, had so intoxicated the new *maire du palais*, that he would not ratify any one of the conditions he had imposed: and though my Lord Hartington's virtue interposed, and remonstrated on the purport of the message he had carried, the Duke persisted in assuming the whole and undivided power himself, and left Mr. Fox no choice but

Letter 387.—[1] With whom he was at variance. *Walpole.*

of obeying or disobeying, as he might choose. This produced the next day a letter from Mr. Fox, carried by my Lord Hartington, in which he refused Secretary of State, and pinned down the lie with which the new ministry is to commence. It was tried to be patched up at the Chancellor's on Friday night, though ineffectually: and yesterday morning Mr. Fox in an audience desired to remain Secretary at War. The Duke immediately kissed hands—declared, in the most unusual manner, universal minister[2]. Legge was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer[3]; but I can't tell whether that disposition will hold, as Lord Duplin[4] is proclaimed the acting favourite. The German Sir Thomas Robinson was thought on for the Secretary's seals; but has just sense enough to be unwilling to accept them under so ridiculous an administration.—This is the first act of the comedy.

On Friday this august remnant of the Pelhams went to court for the first time. At the foot of the stairs he cried and sunk down: the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the closet-door opened, he flung himself at his length at the King's feet, sobbed, and cried, 'God bless your Majesty! God preserve your Majesty!' and lay there howling and embracing the King's knees, with one foot so extended, that my Lord Coventry, who was *luckily* in waiting, and begged the standers-by to retire, with—'For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress,' endeavouring to shut the door, caught his Grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

You can have no notion of what points of ceremony have

[2] He remained First Lord of the Treasury until 1756.

[3] Legge became Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[4] Thomas Hay (1710–1787), Viscount Dupplin; succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Kinnoul, 1758; Lord of Trade, 1746; Lord of the Treasury, 1754; Joint Paymaster of the Forces, 1755; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1758–62; Ambassador at Lisbon, 1759–62.

been agitated about the tears of the family. George Selwyn was told that my Lady Catherine had not shed one tear: 'And pray,' said he, 'don't she intend it?' It is settled that Mrs. Watson[5] is not to cry till she is brought to bed.

You love George Selwyn's *bons mots*: this crisis has redoubled them: here is one of his best. My Lord Chancellor is to be Earl of Clarendon[6]:—'Yes,' said Selwyn, from the very summit of the whites of his demure eyes; 'and I suppose he will get the title of Rochester for his son-in-law, my Lord Anson.' Do you think he will ever lose the title of Lord Rochester?

I expected that we should have been overrun with elegies and panegyrics; indeed, I comforted myself that one word in all of them would atone for the rest—the *late* Mr. Pelham. But the world seems to allow that their universal attachment and submission was universal interestedness; there has not been published a single encomium. Orator Henley alone has held forth in his praise—yesterday it was on *charming Lady Catherine*. Don't you think it should have been in these words, in his usual style? 'Oratory Chapel. —Right reason; madness; charming Lady Catherine; hell-fire,' &c.

Monday, March 18.

Almost as extraordinary news as our political, is, that it has snowed ten days successively, and most part of each day. It is living in Muscovy, amid ice and revolutions; I hope lodgings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia! Beckford[7] and Delaval[8], two celebrated partisans, met lately

[5] One of Mr. Pelham's daughters.

[6] Lord Hardwicke became an earl by his former title.

[7] William Beckford (1709–1770), a rich West India planter; Alderman, and twice Lord Mayor of London; M.P. for the City of London, 1754–70. His influence in the City made him useful to Pitt. He was a firm supporter of Wilkes in the latter's contest with the House of Commons.

[8] Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Blake Delaval. He entered Parliament in 1754 as M.P. for Andover.

at Shaftesbury, where they oppose one another: the latter said,

Art thou the man whom men famed Beckford call?

T'other replied,

Art thou the much more famous Delaval?

But to leave politics and change of ministries, and to come to something of *real* consequence, I must apply you to my library ceiling, of which I send you some rudiments. I propose to have it all painted by Clermont; the principal part in chiaroscuro, on the design which you drew for the Paraclete; but as that pattern would be surfeiting, so often repeated in an extension of twenty feet by thirty, I propose to break and enliven it by compartments in colours, according to the enclosed sketch, which you must adjust and dimension. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

388. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1754.

You *will* live in the country, and then you are amazed that people use you ill. Don't mistake me; I don't mean that you deserve to be ill-treated for living in the country; at least only by those who love you and miss you; but if you inhabited the town a little, you would not quite so much expect uprightness, nor be so surprised at ingratitude and neglect. I am far from disposed to justify the great Cû[1]; but when you had declined being *his* servant, do you wonder that he will not serve *your* friends! I will tell you what, if the news of to-day holds at all, which is what

Sir Thomas Clavering and Hon. James Brudenell were returned for Shaftesbury.

Letter 388.—[1] Lord Halifax.

no one piece of news of this last fortnight has done, you may be worse used by your cousin as soon as you please, for he is one of the first upon the list for Secretary of State in the room of the Duke of Newcastle. Now, are you again such a rusticated animal as to suppose that the Duke is dismissed for inability, on the death of his brother? So far from it, it is already certainly known that it was he who supported Mr. Pelham, and the impediments and rubs thrown in the way of absolute power long ago were the effects of the latter's timidity and irresolution. The Duke, freed from that clog, has declared himself sole minister, and the K. has kissed his hand upon it. Mr. Fox, who was the only man in England that objected to this plan, is to be sent to a prison which is building on the coast of Sussex, after the model of Fort l'Évêque, under the direction of Mr. Taaffe.

Harry Legge is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the declared favour rests on Lord Duplin. Sir George Lyttelton is to be Treasurer of the Navy[2]. The Parliament is to be dissolved on the fourth of next month, till when, I suppose, none of the changes will take place. These are the politics of the day; but as they are a little fluctuating, notwithstanding the steadiness of the new first minister, I will not answer that they will hold true to Greatworth; nothing lasts now but the bad weather.

I went two days ago, with Lady Ailesbury, and Mr. Conway, and Miss Anne, to hear the rehearsal of Mrs. Clive's new farce[3], which is very droll, with very pretty music. . . .[4]

Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] He became Cofferer of the Household.

[3] According to Cunningham, *The London Apprentice*, acted on Mrs. Clive's benefit night (March 23, 1754) at Drury Lane.

[4] Passage omitted.

389. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1754.

I promised to write to you again soon, and therefore I do: that is, I stick to the letter, not to the essence; for I not only have very little to write, but your brother has, I believe, already told you all that has happened. Mr. Fox received almost at once a testimonial that he was the most proper for minister, and a proof that he was not to be so. He on the Tuesday consented to be Secretary of State, with the management of the House of Commons, and the very next day refused to be the former, as he found he was not to have the latter. He remains Secretary at War, in rupture with the Duke of Newcastle (who, you know has taken the Treasury), but declaring against opposition. That Duke is omnipotent; and to show *that* power, makes use of nothing but machines. Sir Thomas Robinson[1] is Secretary of State; Mr. Legge[2], Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Duplin[3], the agent of business. Yesterday an odd event happened: Lord Gower resigned the Privy Seal: it had been for some time promised to the Duke of Rutland, who having been reported dead, and who really having voided a quarry of stones, is come to town; and his brother, a Lord William Manners[4], better known in the groom-porter's annals than in those of Europe, and the whole Manners family having intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, that unless Lord Gower was dismissed in a month, and the Duke of Rutland instated in his place, they would oppose the prosperous dawn of the new ministry, that poor Earl, who is inarticulate with the

Letter 389.—[1] Master of the Great Wardrobe, and formerly Minister at Vienna. *Walpole.*

[2] Henry Legge, second son of William, Earl of Dartmouth, and Treasurer of the Navy. *Walpole.*

[3] Eldest son of W. Hay, Earl of Kinnoul. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord William Manners (d. 1772), second son of second Duke of Rutland; M.P. for Newark.

palsy, has been drawn into a resignation, and is the first sacrifice to the spirit of the new administration[5]. You will very likely not understand such politics as these, but they are the best we have.

Our old good-humoured friend Prince Craon is dead; don't you think that the Princess will not still despair of looking well in weeds! My Lord Orford's grandmother[6] is dead too; and after her husband's death (whose life, I believe, she has long *known* to be not worth a farthing), has left everything to her grandson. This makes me very happy, for I had apprehended, from Lord Orford's indolence and inattention, and from his mother's cunning and attention, that she would have wriggled herself into the best clause in the will; but she is not mentioned in it, and the Houghton pictures may still be saved.

Adieu! my dear Sir; I don't call this a letter, but a codicil to my last: one can't write volumes on trifling events.

390. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 24, 1754.

Before I received your letter of March 29th, I had already told you the state of our politics, as they seemed fixed—at least for the present. The Duke of Newcastle is alone and all-powerful, and, I suppose, smiles at those who thought that we must be governed by a succession of geniuses. I don't know whether there are not more parts in governing without genius!—be it as it will, all the world acquiesces: he has placed all the orators in whatever offices they demanded, and the new Parliament, which is almost chosen,

[5] The Duke of Marlborough succeeded as Lord Privy Seal.

[6] Margaret Tuckfield, second wife of Samuel Rolle, of Haynton, in Devonshire; by whom she was mother of Margaret, Countess of Orford, and afterwards married to John Harris, of Hayne, in Devonshire, Master of the Household to the King. *Walpole.*

will not probably degenerate from the complaisance of its predecessor. Which of the popes was it, who being chosen for his insufficience, said, 'I could not have believed that it was so easy to govern'? You will forgive my smiling in my turn at your begging me to lay aside family considerations, and tell you if I do not think my uncle the fittest subject for a first minister. My dear child, you have forgot that three years are past since I so totally laid aside all family considerations as not to speak or even to bow to my uncle. Since the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicoll, I have not had the least intercourse with the Pigwiggin branch; and should be very sorry if there were any person in the world but you, and my uncle himself, who thought him proper for minister.

I believe there is no manner of intention of sending Lord Albemarle to Ireland: the style toward that island is extremely lofty; and after some faint proposals of giving them some agreeable governor, violent measures have been resumed: the Speaker is removed from being Chancellor of the Exchequer, more of his friends are displaced, and the Primate, with the Chancellor [1] and Lord Besborough, again nominated Lords Justices. These measures must oppress the Irish spirit, or, what is more likely, inflame it to despair. Lord Rochford certainly returns to Turin. General Wall [2], who was in the highest favour here, and who really was grown fond of England—not at all to the prejudice of doing us what hurt he could in his public character,—is recalled, to succeed Don Carvalho and Lancaster, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. If he regrets England too much, may not he think of taking Ireland in his way back?

I shall fill up the remainder of an empty letter with

Letter 390. — [1] Robert Jocelyn (circ. 1688–1756), first Baron Newport, cr. Viscount Jocelyn, 1755; Solicitor-General, 1727–30; Attorney-General, 1730–39; Lord Chancellor, 1739–56 (all in Ireland).

[2] General Richard Wall, Ambassador from Spain. *Walpole.*

transcribing some sentences which have diverted me in a very foolish vulgar book of travels, lately published by one Drummond[3], consul at Aleppo. Speaking of Florence, he says, that the very evening of his arrival he was carried by Lord Eglinton and some other English, whom he names, to your house: 'Mr. Mann' (these are his words) 'is extremely polite, and I do him barely justice in saying he is a fine gentleman, though indeed this is as much as can be said of any person whatever; yet there are various ways of distinguishing the qualities that compose this amiable character, and of these he, in my opinion, possesses the most agreeable. He lives in a fine palace; all the apartments on the ground-floor, which is elegantly furnished, were lighted up; and the garden was a little epitome of Vauxhall. These *conversazioni* resemble our card-assemblies;' (this is called *writing travels*, to observe that an assembly is like an assembly!) 'and this was remarkably brilliant, for all the married ladies of fashion in Florence were present; yet were they as much inferior to the fair part of a British assembly, especially those of York and Edinburgh, as a crew of female Laplanders are to the fairest dames of Florence. Excuse this sally, which is more warm than just; for even this assembly was not without a few lovely creatures. Some played at cards, some passed the time in conversation; others walked from place to place; and many retired with their gallants into gloomy corners, where they entertained each other, but in what manner I will not pretend to say; though, if I may depend upon my information, which, by-the-by, was very good, their taste and mine would not at all agree. In a word, these countries teem with more singularities than I choose to mention.'

[3] Alexander Drummond (d. 1769), Consul at Aleppo, 1754-56, and author of *Travels through the different countries of Germany, Italy, Greece, and parts of Asia, as far as the Euphrates*, &c.

You will conclude I had very little to say when I had recourse to the observations of such a simpleton; but I thought they would divert you for a moment, as they did me. One don't dislike to know what even an Aleppo factor would write of one—and I can't absolutely dislike him, as he was not insensible to your agreeableness. I don't believe Orpheus would think even a bear ungenteel when it danced to his music. Adieu!

391. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1754.

'My God! Farinelli, what has this nation done to the King of Spain, that the moment we have anything dear and precious he should tear it from us[1]?'—This is not the beginning of my letter to you, nor does it allude to Mr. Bentley; much less is it relative to the captivity of the ten tribes; nor does *the King* signify Benhadad or Tiglath-pileser; nor Spain, Assyria, as Dr. Pococke[2] or Warburton, misled by dissimilitude of names, or by the Septuagint, may, for very good reasons, imagine—but it is literally the commencement of my Lady Rich's[3] epistle to Farinelli on the recall of General Wall, as she relates it herself. It serves extremely well for my own lamentation, when I sit down by the waters of Strawberry, and think of ye, O Chute and Bentley!

I have seen *Creusa*[4], and more than agree with you: it is the only new tragedy that I ever saw and really liked. The

Letter 391.—[1] Farinelli had been for many years attached to the Spanish Court.

[2] Dr. Richard Pococke (1704–1765), Archdeacon of Dublin; Bishop of Ossory, 1756; Bishop of Meath, 1765. He travelled, and wrote a *Description of the East*.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Colonel Edward Griffin, Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth to Queen Anne; m. (circ. 1710) Sir Robert Rich, fourth Baronet, of Roos Hall, Suffolk.

[4] By William Whitehead, afterwards Poet Laureate.

plot is most interesting, and though so complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumstance of so much distress being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting consistently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleasing. Nothing offended me but that lisping Miss Haughton, whose every speech is inarticulately oracular.

I was last night at a little ball at Lady Anne Furnese's[5] for the new Lords, Dartmouth[6] and North[7], but nothing passed worth relating; indeed, the only event since you left London was the tragi-comedy that was acted last Saturday at the Opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionless in an apoplectic fit. The Princess and her children were there. Miss Chudleigh, who *apparemment* had never seen a man fall on his face before, went into the most theatric fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were so distanced that she had the whole house to herself; and indeed such a confusion for half an hour I never saw! The next day, at my Lady Townshend's, old Charles Stanhope asked what these fits were called. Charles Townshend replied, 'The true convulsive fits, to be had only of the maker.' Adieu! my dear Sir. To-day looks summerish, but we have no rain yet.

[5] Third daughter of first Earl Ferrers by his second marriage; m. (1729), as his third wife, Sir Robert Furnese, second Baronet, of Waldershare, Kent; d. 1779.

[6] William Legge (1731–1801), second Earl of Dartmouth; President of the Board of Trade, 1765–66; Secretary for the Colonies, 1772–75; Lord Privy Seal, 1775–82; Lord Steward of the Household, April–Dec. 1783; High Steward of the University of Oxford, 1786.

[7] Frederick North (1732–1792), best known as 'Lord North,' eldest son of first Earl of Guildford, whom he succeeded, 1790; M.P. for Banbury, 1754–90; Lord of the Treasury, 1759–65; Joint Paymaster-General, 1766; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1767; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1770–82; Chancellor of the University of Oxford, 1772; Home Secretary (in the Coalition Ministry), April–Dec. 1783.

392. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 14, 1754.

I wrote to you the last day of last month: I only mention it to show you that I am punctual to your desire. It is my only reason for writing to-day, for I have nothing new to tell you. The town is empty, dusty, and disagreeable; the country is cold and comfortless; consequently I daily run from one to t'other, as if both were so charming that I did not know which to prefer. I am at present employed in no very lively manner, in reading a treatise on commerce, which Count Perron has lent me, of his own writing: this obliges me to go through with it, though the subject and the style of the French would not engage me much. It does not want sense.

T'other night, a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski[1]? He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the Duchess of Gordon[2], who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the Drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids, with bows and arrows, shot at him; and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Letter 392.—[1] Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, elected King of Poland, 1764. He abdicated in 1795 (at the time of the Third Partition of Poland) and died in 1796.

[2] Lady Catherine Gordon (d. 1779), daughter of second Earl of Aberdeen; m. 1. (1741) Cosmo George Gordon, third Duke of Gordon (d. 1752); 2. Staats Long Morris, of New York, afterwards a General in the army.

The only company besides this Highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and, to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother being a Gordon; but I believe it is to be accounted for by . . .[3] Adieu! my dear Sir.

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

393. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 18, 1754.

Unless you will be exact in dating your letters, you will occasion me much confusion. Since the undated one which I mentioned in my last, I have received another as unregistered, with the fragment of the rock, telling me of one which had set sail on the 18th, I suppose of last month, and been driven back: this I conclude was the former undated. Yesterday, I received a longer, tipped with May 8th. You must submit to this lecture, and I hope will amend by it. I cannot promise that I shall correct myself much in the intention I had of writing to you seldomer and shorter at this time of year. If you could be persuaded how insignificant I think all I do, how little important it is even to myself, you would not wonder that I have not much *empressement* to give the detail of it to anybody else. Little excursions to Strawberry, little parties to dine there, and many jaunts to hurry Bromwich, and the carver, and Clermont, are my material occupations. Think of sending

[3] So in 4to (1798) ed. of Walpole's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

these 'cross the sea!—The times produce nothing: there is neither party, nor controversy, nor gallantry, nor fashion, nor literature—the whole proceeds like farmers regulating themselves, their business, their views, their diversions, by the almanac. Mr. Pelham's death has scarce produced a change; the changes in Ireland, scarce a murmur. Even in France the squabbles of the Parliament and clergy are under the same opiate influence.—I don't believe that Mademoiselle Murphy (who is delivered of a prince, and is lodged openly at Versailles) and Madame Pompadour will mix the least grain of ratsbane in one another's tea. I, who love to ride in the whirlwind, cannot record the yawns of such an age!

The little that I believe you would care to know relating to the Strawberry annals is, that the great tower is finished on the outside, and the whole whitened, and has a charming effect, especially as the verdure of this year is beyond what I have ever seen it: the grove nearest the house comes on much; you know I had almost despaired of its ever making a figure. The bow-window room over the supper-parlour is finished; hung with a plain blue paper, with a chintz bed and chairs; my father and mother over the chimney in the Gibbons frame[1], about which you know we were in dispute what to do. I have fixed on black and gold, and it has a charming effect over your chimney with the two dropping points, which is executed exactly; and the old grate of Henry VIII which you bought, is within it. In each panel round the room is a single picture; Gray's, Sir Charles

LETTER 393.—[1] 'In a frame of black and gold carved by Gibbons, Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine Shorter; small whole lengths; by Eckardt, after Zincke: the hounds and view of Houghton by Wootton. Sir Robert is sitting; by him, on a table, is the purse of Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaning against busts of George I and II, to denote his being first minister to those kings: by Lady Walpole are flowers, shells, a pallet and pencils, to mark her love of the arts.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill*, in *Collected Works* of Lord Orford (1798), vol. ii. p. 435.)

Williams's, and yours, in their black and gold frames; mine is to match yours; and, on each side the door, are the pictures of Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, with their son, on one side; Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury on the other. You can't imagine how new and pretty this furniture is.—I believe I must get you to send me an attestation under your hand that you knew nothing of it, that Mr. Rigby may allow that at least this one room was by my own direction. As the library and great parlour grow finished, you shall have exact notice.

From Mabland I have little news to send you, but that the obelisk is danced from the middle of the rabbit-warren into his neighbour's garden, and he pays a ground-rent for looking at it there. His shrubs are hitherto unmolested,

Et Maryboniacos gaudet revirescere lucos[2]*!*

The town is as busy again as ever on the affair of Canning[3], who has been tried for perjury. The jury would have brought her in guilty of perjury, but not wilful, till the judge informed them that that would rather be an Irish verdict; they then brought her in simply guilty, but recommended her. In short, nothing is discovered; the most general opinion is, that she was robbed, but by some other gipsy. For my own part, I am not at all brought to believe her story, nor shall, till I hear that living seven-and-twenty days without eating

[2] Lord Radnor's garden was full of statues, &c., like that at Marybone. *Walpole.*—'Mabland' (according to Miss Berry) was Horace Walpole's name for Lord Radnor's house at Twickenham.

[3] Elizabeth Canning (1734–1773), daughter of a sawyer. In Jan. 1753 she disappeared for four weeks. On reappearing at her mother's house she asserted that she had been kidnapped, and detained at a house on the Hertfordshire road. Several people were in consequence arrested, and two were tried at the Old Bailey. One of them (a Mrs. Squires) was sentenced to death. Before the day for her execution, however, further inquiries were made (at the instance of the then Lord Mayor) into Canning's statements. As a result of these, Mrs. Squires was respited and pardoned, and Canning was tried for perjury. She was found guilty with a recommendation to mercy, and was transported. The exact truth of the case has never been ascertained.

is among one of those secrets for doing impossibilities, which I suppose will be at last found out, and about the time that I am dead, even some art of living for ever.

You was in pain for me, and indeed I was in pain for myself, on the prospect of the sale of Dr. Mead's miniatures. You may be easy: it is more than I am quite; for it is come out that the late Prince of Wales had bought them every one.

I have not yet had time to have your granite examined, but will next week. If you have not noticed to your sisters any present of Ormer shells [4], I shall contradict myself, and accept them for my Lady Lyttelton, who is making a grotto. As many as you can send conveniently, and anything for the same use, will be very acceptable. You will laugh when I tell you, that I am employed to reconcile Sir George and Moore [5]; the latter has been very flippant, nay impertinent, on the former's giving a little place to Bower [6], in preference to him.—Think of my being the mediator!

The Parliament is to meet for a few days the end of this month, to give perfection to the Regency Bill. If the King dies before the end of this month, the old Parliament revives, which would make tolerable confusion, considering what sums have been laid out on seats in this. Adieu! This letter did not come kindly; I reckon it rather extorted from me, and therefore hope it will not amuse. However, I am in tolerable charity with you, and yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] Ornamental shells found in the Channel Islands.

[5] Author of *The World*, and some plays and poems. Moore had written in defence of Lord Lyttelton against the *Letters to the Whigs*; which were not known to be Mr. Walpole's. *Walpole.*

[6] The office of Clerk of the Buck-Warrants.

394. To John Chute.

My dearest Sir, Arlington Street, May 21, 1754[1].

Don't be surprised if I write you a great deal of incoherent nonsense! The triumph of my joy is so great that I cannot think with any consistence! unless you could know how absolutely persuaded I was that your brother would disinherit you, nay, though the best I almost hoped, was that he would outlive you (forgive me) you cannot judge of my surprise and satisfaction—I am sure the frame-maker could not. When Francesco brought me your letter, and told me in Italian the good news, I started up and embraced him—and put myself into such an agitation, that I believe I shall not get it off without being blooded.—I have hurried to Mrs. Chute[2] to embrace her too, but was not so lucky to find her. I am overjoyed that you will not come away without leaving her there. I would not trust a cranny of the house, into which a will might be thrust, in any other hands.—Well! it was so unexpected! on not hearing from you, I concluded all went ill, and that you would not tell me of some new brutality—how kind you was to conceal his illness, I should have lived in agonies of apprehensions for the consequence—you are in the right to believe I should be overjoyed—think of the obligations I have to you; remember that in the transports of your grief for Mr. Whitehed, your first thought was to serve me and my family[3]; recollect the persecutions you have suffered on my account; judge how great and continued my fears were that you might

Letter 394. — Not in C.; now printed from copy supplied by Mrs. Chute of the Vine, owner of the original.

[1] This letter was written on hearing of the death of Antony Chute of the Vine, on which John Chute became owner of the family estates.

[2] The widow of Chute's brother Francis.

[3] See letter to Mann, May 30, 1751.

still be an essential sufferer from that era, and then imagine how unmixed my joy must be, at deliverance from such fears! how impatient I am to be quite secure! that I may crowd into the papers the most exaggerated paragraph of your good fortune that I can devise. My uncle shall read it in every journal—how strange that I should live to be glad that he is alive! but it is comfortable that he is yet to have this mortification!—And Harrison; you don't tell me that you will discard him; I expect an absolute promise of that—I distrust the goodness of your heart, lest it should dispose you to forgiveness.—Do you know that I relent so little, that I would give much to have Mr. and Mrs. Atkyns go down to the Vine to-day with a will in their pockets for your brother to sign, and find him dead and you in possession.—*An de ma vie*! am I in the right to take it for my motto? Erasmus Shorter! Henry Pelham! Antony Chute! where could I have chosen three other such hatchments? nay, my dear Sir, even things apparently ill have had their good fortune—if you had not been laid up three months with the gout, you would now have been returned from the Vine, and the Atkyns's and Tracys might have been there in your place! I can scarce contain from divulging my joy till I hear further: I have stifled Mr. Mann[4] with it, and nobody was ever more pleased to be so stifled—he begs me to leave one paragraph to his satisfaction.—I must tell you, that great part of my own, is, that this event will prolong your life at least twenty years; your brother was a perpetual gouty thorn in your sides. I am going to notify it to Gray, and to our poor Cliquetée[5]—it will make his bleak rocks and barren mountains smile! I am going to write it to G. Montagu—I am sure he will be truly happy.

My only present anxiety, after that of the desire of *certain certainty*, is, lest you should not come to town on Sunday

[4] Galfridus Mann.

[5] Bentley, then in Jersey.

night.—Sir George and Lady Lyttelton are engaged to be at Strawberry on Monday and Tuesday, and I cannot bear to lose a minute of seeing you. I have as many questions to ask as if the only material one were not answered—if it should happen so unluckily that you should not come till Monday, I beg and insist that you will come the next minute to Strawberry—I am really in a fever, and you must not wonder at any vehemence in a light-headed man, in whose greatest intermissions there is always vehemence enough. Take care that I do not meet with the least drawback or disappointment in the plenitude of my satisfaction. The least that I intend to call you is a fortune of five thousand pounds a year and seventy thousand pounds in money. You shall at least exceed Woolterton! This is for the public—with regard to myself, I don't know that I shall, but if I should grow to love you less, you will not be surprised,—you know the partiality I have to the afflicted, the disgraced, and the oppressed, and must recollect how many titles to my esteem you will lose, when you are rich Chute of the Vine, when you are courted by Chancellors of the Exchequer, for your interest in Hampshire; by a thousand nephew *Tracys* for your estate, and by my Lady *Brown* for her daughter. Oh! you will grow to wear a slit gouty shoe, and a gold-headed cane with a spying-glass; you will talk stocks and actions with Sir R. Brown, and be obliged to go to the South Sea House, when one wants you to whisk in a comfortable way to Strawberry. You will dine at Farley[6] in a swagging coach with fat mares of your own, and have strong port of a thousand years old got on purpose for you at Hackwood[7], because you will have lent the Duke thirty thousand pounds.—Oh! you will be insupportable, shan't

[6] Probably Farley Wallop, near Basingstoke, a seat of the Earls of Portsmouth.

[7] Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, the seat of the Duke of Bolton.

you? I find I shall detest you! *en attendant* I do wish you joy!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Pray mind how I direct to you!—I would not be so insolent as to frank to you for all the world. When the rich citizens, who get out of their coaches *backwards*, used to dine with my father, my mother called them *rump days*—take notice, I will never dine with you on rump days. I hope your brother won't open this letter!

2d P.S.

I always thought Sophy had a good heart, and indeed had no notion that a cat could have a bad one, but I must own that she is shocked to death with envy, on my telling her, that the first thing you would certainly do, would be to give her sister Luna a diamond pompon and a bloodstone Torcy[8].

395. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1754.

I did not intend to write to you till after Thursday, when all your Boscawens, Rices, and Trevors are to dine at Strawberry Hill, but an event has happened, of which I can't delay giving you the instant pleasurable notice—now will you, according to your custom, be guessing—and, according to your custom, guessing wrong; but lest you should from my spirits make any undutiful or disloyal conjectures for me, know, that the great Cû of the Vine is dead, and that John the First was yesterday proclaimed undoubted monarch—nay, Champion

[8] 'The pleasantry in the second postscript turns upon the relationship of Colbert, Marquis de Torcy (nephew of the great Colbert), whose Memoirs had been recently published, to M. Pompon, minister of Louis XIV, with a play on the word *pompon*, meaning an ornament in a cap.' (Chute, *Hist. of the Vyne*, p. 109.) The minister in question was Simon Arnauld (1618–1699), Marquis de Pomponne, the friend of Madame de Sévigné.

Dimmock himself shall cut the throat of any Tracy, Atkins, or Harrison, who shall dare to gainsay the legality of his title. In short, there is no more will than was left by the late Erasmus Shorter of particular memory.

I consulted Madame Rice, and she advised my directing to you at Mrs. Whettenhal's, to whom I beg as many compliments as if she wrote herself *La blanche Whitnell.* As many to your sister Harriot and to your brother, who I hear is with you.

I am sure, though both you and I had reason to be peevish with the poor Tigress[1], that you grieve with me for her death. I do most sincerely, and for her Bessy[2]; the man Tiger will be so sorry, that I am sure he will marry again to comfort himself.

I am so tired with letters I have written on this event, that I can scarce hold the pen. How we shall wish for you on Thursday—and *shan't you be proud to cock your tail at the Vine?* Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

396. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 23, 1754.

Pray continue your *Mémoires* of the war of the Delmontis[1]; I have received two tomes, and am delighted with them. The French and Irish Parliaments proceed so heavily, that one cannot expect to live to the setting up the first standard; and it is so long since the world has furnished any brisk event, that I am charmed with this little military *entremets.*

Letter 395.—[1] Mrs. Henry Talbot, who died on May 15. See note on letter to Montagu, Oct. 1, 1747.

[2] Presumably Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Talbot by his first marriage.

Letter 396.—[1] Lord Dover notes that a member of the Delmonti family had seized upon a strong castle near Cortona, whence he ravaged the surrounding country. He and his band had finally to be dislodged by Tuscan troops.

My Lady Orford will certainly wish herself at Florence again on the behalf of her old friend[2]; I always wish myself there; and, according to custom, she and I should not be of the same party: I cannot help wishing well to the rebellious. You ask, whether this Countess can deprive her son of her estate?—by no means, but by another child, which, at her age, and after the variety of experiments which she has made in all countries, I cannot think very likely to happen. I sometimes think her succession not very distant; she is very asthmatic. Her life is as retired as ever, and passed entirely with her husband, who seems a martyr to his former fame, and is a slave to her jealousy. She has given up nothing to him, and pays such attention to her affairs, that she will soon be vastly rich. But I won't be talking of her wealth, when the chief purpose of my writing to-night is, to announce the unexpected riches and good fortune of our dear Mr. Chute,—I say *our* dear Mr. Chute, for though you have not reason to be content with him, yet I know your unchangeable heart—and I know he is so good, that if you will take this occasion to write him a line of joy, I am persuaded it will *raccommode* everything; and though he will be far from proving a regular correspondent, we shall all have satisfaction in the re-establishment of the harmony.—In short, that Tartar his brother[3] is dead; and having made no will, the whole, and a very considerable whole, falls to our friend. This good event happened but three days ago, and I wait with the utmost impatience for his return from the Vine, where he was at the critical instant. As the whole was in the tyrant's power, and as every art had been used to turn the vinegar of his temper against his brother, I had for some time lived persuaded that he would execute the worst purposes—but let us forgive him!

[2] The Marquis del Monti. *Walpole.*
[3] Antony Chute of the Vine, in Hampshire. *Walpole.*

I like to see in the *Gazette* that Goldsworthy[4] is going to be removed far from Florence: his sting has long been out —and yet I cannot help feeling glad that even the shadow of a competitor is removed from you.

We are going to have a week of Parliament—not to taste the new one, of which there is no doubt, but to give it essence: by the Regency Bill, if the King had died before it had sat, the old one must have revived.

There is nothing else in the shape of news but small-pox and miliary fevers, which have carried off people you did not know. If I had not been eager to notify Mr. Chute's prosperity to you, I think I must have deferred writing for a week or two longer: it is unpleasant to be *inventing* a letter to send so far, and must be disappointing when it comes *from* so far, and brings so little. Adieu!

397. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1754.

Though I wrote to you but a few days ago, when I told you of Mr. Chute's good fortune, I must send you a few lines to-night upon a particular occasion. Mr. Brand[1], a very intimate friend of mine, whom I believe you have formerly seen in Italy, is just set out for Germany on his way to Rome. I know by long and uninterrupted experience, that my barely saying he is my friend will secure for him the kindest reception in the world from you: it would not express my conviction, if I said a word more on that head. His story is very melancholy: about six or seven years ago he married Lady Caroline Pierpoint[2], half-sister of Lady Mary Wortley; a match quite of esteem: she was

[4] Consul to Lisbon. *Walpole.*—He was appointed Consul at Cadiz and Port St. Mary.

Letter 397.—[1] Thomas Brand, of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire. *Walpole.*

[2] Daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, by his second wife. *Walpole.*

rather older than he; but never were two people more completely, more reasonably happy. He is naturally all cheerfulness and laughter; she was very reserved, but quite sensible and faultless. She died about this time twelvemonth of a fever, and left him, with two little children, the most unhappy man alive. He travels again to dissipate his grief: you will love him much, if he stays any time with you. His connections are entirely with the Duke of Bedford.

I have had another letter from you to-day, with a farther journal of the Delmonti war, which the rebels seem to be leaving to the Pope to finish for them. It diverted me extremely. Had I received this letter before Mr. Brand set out, I would have sent you the whole narrative of the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicoll: it is a little volume. The breach, though now by time silenced, was, I assure you, final.

We have had a spurt of Parliament for five days, but it was prorogued to-day. The next will be a terrible session from elections and petitions. The Oxfordshire[3] will be endless; the Appleby[4] outrageous in expense. The former is a revival of downright Whiggism and Jacobitism; two liveries that have been lately worn indiscriminately by all factions. The latter is a contest between two young Crœsus's, Lord Thanet[5] and Sir James Lowther[6]: that, a convert; this, an hereditary Whig. A knowing lawyer

[3] The candidates were Viscount Wenman and Sir James Dashwood, Viscount Parker and Sir Edward Turner, Bart. The two former were returned, but were unseated on petition.

[4] Philip Honywood and William Lee were elected, but the latter was two years later (1756) unseated on petition, and Fletcher Norton (afterwards Lord Grantley) was elected in his place.

[5] Sackville Tufton (1733–1786), eighth Earl of Thanet. He had recently succeeded to the title and family estates, which, besides lands in Kent and Sussex, included the Clifford estates in Cumberland.

[6] Sir James Lowther, fifth Baronet (1736–1802), created Earl of Lonsdale, 1784. In 1751 he succeeded to the estates of his great-uncle, the third Viscount Lonsdale.

said, to-day, that with purchasing tenures, votes, and carrying on the election and petition, five-and-fifty thousand pounds will not pay the whole expense—it makes one start! Good night! you must excuse the nothingness of a supernumerary letter.

398. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, June 8, 1754.

By my computation you are about returned to Great-worth; I was so afraid of my letter's missing you on the road, that I deferred till now telling you how much pleasure I shall have in seeing you and the Colonel[1] at Strawberry. I have long been mortified that for these three years you have seen it only in winter. It is now in the height of its greenth, blueth, gloomth, honeysuckle-and-seringahood. I have no engagement till Wednesday se'nnight, when I am obliged to be in town on law business. You will have this to-morrow night; if I receive a letter, which I beg you will direct to London, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I will meet you here whatever day you will be so good as to appoint. Thank the Colonel a thousand times; I can't write a word more, for I am getting into the chaise to whisk to the Vine for two days, but shall be in town on Tuesday night. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

399. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1754.

I shall take care to send your letter the first time I write to Mr. Bentley. It is above a fortnight since I heard from him. I am much disappointed at not having seen you yet;

Letter 398.—[1] Colonel Charles Montagu.

I love you should execute your intentions while you intend them, because you are a little apt to alter your mind, and as I have set mine on your seeing Strawberry Hill this summer, while it is in its beauty, you will really mortify me by changing your purpose.

It is in vain that you ask for news: I was in town two days ago, but heard nothing; indeed, there were not people enough either to cause or make news. Lady Caroline Petersham had scraped together a few foreigners, after her christening; but I cannot say that the party was much livelier than if it had met at Madame Montandre's[1]. You must let me know a little beforehand, when you have fixed your time for coming, because, as I am towards flying about on my summer expeditions, I should be unhappy not to be here just when you would like it. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I supped at White's the other night with the great Cû, and he was by far more gracious, both on your topic and my own, than ever I knew him.

400. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1754.

I believe you never receive a letter from me at this season of the year, without wishing for winter, that I might have something to tell you. Warm weather in England disperses all the world, except a few old folks, whose day of events is past, and who contribute nothing to the society of news. There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old, the courtiers are seldom

Letter 399.—[1] Daughter of Ezekiel, Baron Spanheim, sometime Prussian minister in England. She married François de la Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Montandre, who served in the wars of William III, with whom he came to England.

young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign. However, as little novelty as the season or the times produce, there is an adventuress in the world, who even in the dullest times will take care not to let conversation stagnate: this public-spirited dame is no other than a Countess Dowager, my sister-in-law, who has just notified to the town her intention of parting from her second husband—a step which, being in general not likely to occasion much surprise, she had, however, taken care to render extraordinary, by a course of inseparable fondness and wonderful jealousy, for the three years since these her second nuptials. The testimonials which Mr. Shirley had received in print from that living academy of love-lore, my Lady Vane, added to this excessive tenderness of one, little less a novice, convinced everybody that he was a perfect hero—but as all heroes have some part or other in which they are mortal, the laughing world will not be persuaded, that there is any other cause of this separation than some material flaw in a texture hitherto so herculean. You will pity poor Hercules! Omphale, by a most unsentimental precaution, has so secured to her own disposal her whole estate and jointure, that he cannot command so much as a distaff; and as she is not inclined to pay much for nothing, her offers on the article of separation are exceedingly moderate. As yet he has not accepted them, but is gone to Scarborough, and she into the west, to settle her affairs, and from thence embarks for France and Italy. As she is very rich will the Count have recourse to any restoratives? I am sorry she will plague you again at Florence; but I shall like to hear of what materials she composes her second volume, and what reasons she will allege in her new manifestoes: her mother, who sold her, is dead; the all-powerful minister, who bought her, is dead! whom will she

charge with dragging her to the bed of this second tyrant, from whom she has been forced to fly? On her son's account, I am really sorry for this second *équipée*: I can't even help pitying her! at her age nobody can take such steps, without being sensible of their ridicule, and what snakes must such passions be, as can hurry one over such reflections? Her original story was certainly very unhappy; and the forcing so very young a creature against her inclinations, unjustifiable: but I much question whether any choice of her own could have tied down her inclinations to any temper—at least, I am sure she had pitched upon a Hercules then, who of all men living was the least proper to encounter such labours, my Lord Chesterfield!

I have sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is at his own Vine; he had written to you of his own accord, and I trust your friendship will be re-established as strongly as ever, especially as there was no essential fault on either side, and as you will now be prepared not to mind his aversion to writing. Thank Dr. Cocchi for the book[1] he is so good as to intend for me; I value anything from him, though I scarce understand anything less than Greek and physic; the little I knew of the first I have almost forgot, and the other, thank God! I never had any occasion to know. I shall duly deliver the other copies.

The French are encroaching extremely upon us in all the distant parts of the world, especially in Virginia, from whence their attempts occasion great uneasiness here. For my own part, I think we are very lucky, when they will be so good as to begin with us at the farther end. The revocation of the Parliament of Paris, which is done or doing, is thought very bad for us; I don't know but it may: in any other age I should have thought not, as it is a concession or

Letter 400.—[1] An edition of some of the Greek physicians. *Walpole.*

yielding from the throne, and would naturally spirit up the Parliament to struggle on for power; but no other age is a precedent for this. As no oppression would, I believe, have driven them into rebellion, no concession will tempt them to be more assuming. The King of France will govern his Parliament by temporizing; the Parliament of Ireland is governed by being treated like a French one. Adieu!

401. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, July 6, 1754.

Your letter certainly stopped to drink somewhere by the way, I suppose with the hearty hostess at the Windmill; for, though written on Wednesday, it arrived here but this morning: it could not have travelled more deliberately in the Speaker's body-coach. I am concerned, because, your fishmonger not being arrived, I fear you have stayed for my answer. The fish[1] are apprised that they are to *ride* over to Park Place, and are ready booted and spurred; and the moment their pad arrives, they shall set forth. I would accompany them on a pillion if I were not waiting for Lady Mary[2], who has desired to bring her poor little sick girl here for a few days to try the air. You know how courteous a knight I am to distressed virgins of five years old, and that my castle-gates are always open to them[3]. You will, I am sure, accept this excuse for some days; and as soon as ever my hospitality is completed, I will be ready to obey your summons, though you should send a water-pot for me. I am in no fear of not finding you in perfect verdure; for the sun, I believe, is gone a great way off to

Letter 401.—[1] Gold-fish. *Walpole.*
[2] Lady Mary Churchill. *Walpole.*
[3] Mr. Conway's only daughter had been left with Mr. Walpole at Strawberry Hill, when he and Lady Ailesbury went to Ireland with his regiment. *Walpole.*

some races or other, where his horses are to run for a King's plate: we have not heard of him in this neighbourhood. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

402. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1754.

I only write a letter for company to the enclosed one. Mr. Chute is returned from the Vine, and gives you a thousand thanks for your letter: and if ever he writes, I don't doubt but it will be to you. Gray and he come hither to-morrow, and I am promised Montagu and the Colonel[1] in about a fortnight—how naturally my pen adds, but when does Mr. Bentley come? I am sure Mr. Wicks wants to ask me the same question every day—'Speak to it, Horatio!' Sir Charles Williams brought his eldest daughter[2] hither last week: she is one of your real admirers, and, without its being proposed to her, went on the bowling-green and drew a perspective view of the castle from the angle, in a manner to deserve the thanks of the *Committee*[3]. She is to be married to my Lord Essex[4] in a week, and I begged she would make you overseer of the works at Cashiobury. Sir Charles told me, that on the Duke of Bedford's wanting a Chinese house at Woburn, he said, 'Why don't your Grace speak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettiest plan in the world for one.'—'Oh,' replied the Duke, 'but then it would be too dear!' I hope this was a very great economy, or I am sure ours would be very

Letter 402.—[1] Charles Montagu, brother of George, and afterwards General and Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*

[2] Frances Hanbury-Williams, m. (1754) fourth Earl of Essex; d. 1759.

[3] The friends who assisted Horace Walpole in his works at Strawberry Hill.

[4] William Anne Holles Capel (1732–1799), fourth Earl of Essex; Lord of the Bedchamber to George II, 1755–60; to George III, 1782; Master of the Stag Hounds, 1779–82.

great extravagance: only think of a plan for little Strawberry giving the alarm to thirty thousand pounds a year! My dear Sir, it is time to retrench! Pray send me a slice of granite [5] no bigger than a Naples biscuit.

The monument for my mother is at last erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the Kings of France: when the reigning one dies, the last before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet seen the tomb? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster boys at the Abbey: they are as formidable to me as the ship-carpenters at Portsmouth. I think I have showed you the inscription, and therefore I don't send it you.

I was reading t'other day the Life of Colonel Codrington [6], who founded the library at All Souls: he left a large estate for the propagation of the Gospel, and ordered that three hundred negroes should constantly be employed upon it. Did one ever hear a more truly Christian charity, than keeping up a perpetuity of three hundred slaves to look after the Gospel's estate? How could one intend a religious legacy, and miss the disposition of that estate for delivering three hundred negroes from the most shocking slavery imaginable? Must devotion be twisted into the unfeeling interests of trade? I must revenge myself for the horror this fact has given me, and tell you a story of Gideon [7]. He breeds his children Christians: he had a mind to know what proficience his son had made in his new religion; 'So,' says he, 'I began, and asked him who made him. He said, "God." I then asked him who redeemed him. He replied very readily, "Christ." Well, then I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to

[5] For a sideboard. It was placed in the dining-room at Strawberry Hill.

[6] Colonel Christopher Codrington (1668–1710).

[7] Sampson Gideon, a noted rich Jew. *Walpole.*

put to him. I said, "Who—who—" I did not know what to say; at last I said, "Who gave you that hat?" "The Holy Ghost," said the boy.' Did you ever hear a better catechism? The great cry against Nugent at Bristol was for having voted for the Jew Bill: one old woman said, 'What, must we be represented by a Jew and an Irishman?' He replied with great quickness, 'My good dame, if you will step aside with me into a corner, I will show you that I am *not* a Jew, and that I *am* an Irishman.'

The Princess[8] has breakfasted at the long Sir Thomas Robinson's at Whitehall: my Lady Townshend will never forgive it. The second Dowager of Somerset[9] is gone to know whether all her letters from the living to the dead have been received. Before I bid you good-night, I must tell you of an admirable curiosity: I was looking over one of our antiquarian volumes, and in the description of Leeds is an account of Mr. Thoresby's[10] famous museum there—what do you think is one of the rarities?—a knife taken from one of the Mohocks! Whether tradition is infallible or not, as you say, I think so authentic a relique will make their history indisputable. Castles, Chinese houses, tombs, negroes, Jews, Irishmen, princesses, and Mohocks—what a farrago do I send you! I trust that a letter from England to Jersey has an imposing air, and that you don't presume to laugh at anything that comes from your mother island. Adieu!

[8] Of Wales. *Walpole.*

[9] Frances Thynne. *Walpole.*—Her *Letters* were published in 1805. She was the patroness of Thomson and Shenstone, and befriended Savage.

[10] Ralph Thoresby (1658–1725), antiquary and topographer.

403. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, August 6, 1754.

From Sunday next, which is the eleventh, till the four or five-and-twentieth, I am quite unengaged, and will wait upon you any of the inclusive days, when your house is at leisure, and you will summon me; therefore, you have nothing to do but to let me know your own time: or, if this period does not suit you, I believe I shall be able to come to you any part of the first fortnight in September; for, though I ought to go to Hagley, it is incredible how I want resolution to tap such a journey.

I wish you joy of escaping such an accident as breaking the Duke's[1] leg; I hope he and you will be known to posterity together by more dignified wounds than the kick of a horse. As I can never employ my time better than in being your biographer, I beg you will take care that I may have no such plebeian mishaps upon my hands; or, if the Duke is to fall out of battle, he has such delicious lions and tigers, which I saw the day before yesterday at Windsor, that he will be exceedingly to blame, if he does not give some of them an exclusive patent for tearing him to pieces.

There is a beautiful tiger at my neighbour Mr. Crammond's here, of which I am so fond, that my Lady Townshend says it is the only thing I ever wanted to kiss. As you know how strongly her Ladyship sympathizes with the Duke, she contrived to break the tendon of her foot, the very day that his leg was in such danger. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. You may certainly do what you please with the Fable[2]; it is neither worth giving or refusing.

Letter 403.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] *The Entail*, a fable in verse, written by Horace Walpole in July of this year.

404. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1754.

You may be sure that I shall always be glad to see you whenever you like to come hither, but I can't help being sorry that you are determined not to like the place, nor to let the Colonel like it; a conclusion I may very justly make, when I think for these four years you have contrived to visit it only when there is not a leaf upon the trees. Villas are generally designed for summer, you are the single person who think they look best in winter. You have still a more unlucky thought, which is to visit the Vine in October. When I saw it in the middle of summer, it was excessively damp; you will find it a little difficult to persuade me to accompany you thither on stilts, and I believe Mr. Chute will not be quite happy that you prefer that season; but for this I can't answer at present, for he is at Mr. Morris's[1] in Cornwall. I shall expect you and the Colonel here at the time you appoint; I engage for no farther, unless it is a very fine season indeed. I beg my compliments to Miss Montagu, and am yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

405. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 6, 1754.

You have the kindest way in the world, my dear Sir, of reproving my long silence, by accusing yourself. I have looked at my dates, and though I was conscious of not having written to you for a long time, I did not think it

Letter 404.—[1] Humphrey Morrice or Morice (1723–1785), of Werrington, Devonshire; M.P. for Launceston; Clerk Controller of the Board of Green Cloth, 1757–60; Comptroller of the Household, 1761; Lord Warden of the Stannaries, 1763–83.

had been so long as three months. I ought to make some excuse, and the truth is all I can make: if you have heard by any way in the world that a single event worth mentioning has happened in England for these three months, I will own myself guilty of abominable neglect. If there has not, as you know my unalterable affection for you, you will excuse me, and accuse the times. Can one repeat often, that everything stagnates? At present we begin to think that the world may be roused again, and that an East Indian war and a West Indian war may beget such a thing as an European war. In short, the French have taken such cavalier liberties with some of our forts, that are of great consequence to cover Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, that we are actually dispatching two regiments thither. As the climate and other American circumstances are against these poor men, I pity them, and think them too many, if the French mean nothing farther; too few, if they do. Indeed, I am one of those that feel less resentment when we are attacked so far off: I think it an obligation to be eaten the last.

You have entertained me much with the progress of the history of the Delmontis, and obliged me. I wish I could say I was not shocked at the other part of your letter, where you mention the re-establishment of the Inquisition at Florence. Had Richcourt power enough to be so infamous? was he superstitious, fearful, revengeful, or proud of being a tool of the court of Rome? What is the fate of the poor Florentines, who are reduced to regret the Medicis, who had usurped their government! You may be glad, my dear child, that I am not at Florence; I should distress your ministerial prudence, your necessary prudence, by taking pleasure to speak openly of Richcourt as he deserves: you know my warmth upon power and church power!

The Boccaneri seems to be one of those ladies who refine so much upon debauchery as to make even matrimony enter

into their scheme of lewdness. I have known more than one instance, since the days of the Signora Messalina, where the lady has not been content to cuckold her husband, but with another husband. All passions carried to extremity embrace within their circle even their opposites. I don't know whether Charles the Fifth did not resign the empire out of ambition of more fame. I must contradict myself in saying all passions; I don't believe Sir Robert Brown will ever be so covetous as to find a pleasure in squandering.

Mr. Chute is much yours: I am going with him in a day or two to his Vine, where I shall try to draw him into amusing himself a little with building and planting; hitherto he has done nothing with his estate—but good.

You will have observed what precaution I had taken, in the smallness of the sheet, not to have too much paper to fill; and yet you see how much I have still upon my hands! As, I assure you, were I to fill the remainder, all I should say would be terribly wire-drawn, do excuse me: you shall hear an ample detail of the first Admiral Vernon that springs out of our American war; and I promise you at least half a brick of the first sample that is sent over of any new Porto Bello. The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington[1], whom they took, and engaged not to serve for a year. In his letter, he said, 'Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound.' When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthagena, and the pelicans[2] whistled round him, he said, 'What would Chloe[3] give for some of these to make a pelican pie?' The con-

LETTER 405.—[1] George Washington (1732–1799), who, at the head of the Virginia troops, had been sent to oppose the French advance. He was forced to surrender at Fort Necessity on July 4, 1754.

[2] A 'pelican' was an ancient piece of artillery, carrying a ball of six pounds weight.

[3] The Duke of Newcastle's French cook. *Walpole.*

juncture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm, that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! Good night.

406. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 17th.

I only write you a line to tell you, that as you mention Miss Montagu's being well and alone, if she could like to accompany the Colonel and you to Strawberry Hill and the Vine, the seneschals of those castles will be very proud to see her. I am sorry to be forced to say anything civil in a letter to you; you deserve nothing but ill usage for disappointing us so often, but we stay till we have got you into our power, and then—why then, I am afraid we shall still be what I have been so long, Ever yours,

H. W.

407. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1754.

You have obliged me most extremely by telling me the progress you have made in your most desirable affair[1]. I call it progress; for, notwithstanding the authority you have for supposing there may be a counter promise, I cannot believe that the Duke of Newcastle would have affirmed the contrary so directly, if he had known of it. Mr. Brudenel very likely has been promised my Lord Lincoln's interest, and then supposed he should have the Duke's. However,

Letter 406.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1757. (See *Notes and Queries*, April 14, 1900.)

Letter 407.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Conway was desirous of being appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

that is not your affair: if anybody has reason to apprehend a breach of promise, it is poor Mr. Brudenel. He can never come into competition with you; and without saying anything to reflect on him, I don't know where you can ever have a competitor, and not have the world on your side.

Though the tenure is precarious, I cannot help liking the situation for you. Anything that sets you in new lights must be for your advantage. You are naturally indolent and humble, and are content with being perfect in whatever you happen to be. It is not flattering you to say, nor can you deny it, with all your modesty, that you have always made yourself master of whatever you have attempted, and have never made yourself master of anything without shining extremely in it. If the King lives, you will have his favour; if he lives at all, the Prince must have a greater establishment, and then you will have the King's partiality to countenance your being removed to some distinguished place about the Prince: if the King should fail, your situation in his family, and your age, naturally recommend you to an equal place in the new household. I am the more desirous of seeing you at court, because, when I consider the improbability of our being in a situation to make war, I am earnest to have you have other opportunities of being one of the first men in this country, besides by being a general. Don't think all I say on this subject compliment. I can have no view in flattering you; and you have a still better reason for believing me sincere, which is, that you know well that I thought the same of you, and professed the same to you, before I was of an age to have either views or flattery; indeed, I believe you know me enough to be sure that I am as void of both now as when I was fourteen, and that I am so little apt to court anybody, that if you heard me say the same to anybody but yourself, you would easily think that I spoke what I thought.

George Montagu and his brother are here, and have kept me from meeting you in town: we go on Saturday to the Vine.

I fear there is too much truth in what you have heard of your old mistress[2]. When husband, wife, lover, and friend tell everything, can there but be a perpetual *fracas*? My dear Harry, how lucky you was in what you escaped, and in what you have got! People do sometimes avoid, not always, what is most improper for them; but they do not afterwards always meet with what they most deserve. But how lucky you are in everything! and how ungrateful a man to Providence if you are not thankful for so many blessings as it has given you! I won't preach, though the dreadful history which I have just heard of poor Lord Drumlanrig[3] is enough to send one to La Trappe. My compliments to all yours, and adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

408. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, November 3, 1754.

I have finished all my parties, and am drawing towards a conclusion here: the Parliament meets in ten days: the House, I hear, will be extremely full—curiosity drawing as many to town as party used to do. The minister[1] in the House of Lords is a new sight in these days.

Mr. Chute and I have been at Mr. Barrett's[2] at Belhouse[3]; I never saw a place for which one did not wish, so totally void of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very

[2] Lady Caroline Petersham.

[3] Henry Douglas, Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of third Duke of Queensberry. He shot himself with a pistol on Oct. 19, 1754, when travelling from Scotland with his parents and his newly-married wife.

Letter 408.—[1] The Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[2] Afterwards Lord Dacre. *Walpole.*

[3] Near Aveley, in Essex.

true, though not up to the perfection of the Committee. The hall is pretty: the great dining-room hung with good family pictures; among which is his ancestor, the Lord Dacre who was hanged[4]. I remember when Barrett was first initiated in the College of Arms by the present Dean of Exeter[5] at Cambridge, he was overjoyed at the first ancestor he put up, who was one of the murderers of Thomas Becket. The chimney-pieces, except one little miscarriage into total Ionic (he could not resist statuary and Siena marble), are all of a good King James the First Gothic. I saw the heronry so fatal to Po Yang, and told him that I was persuaded they were descended from Becket's assassin, and I hoped from my Lord Dacre too. He carried us to see the famous plantations and buildings of the last Lord Petre[6]. They are the Brobdingnag of bad taste. The unfinished house is execrable, massive, and split through and through: it stands on the brow of a hill, rather to see *for* a prospect than to see one, and turns its back upon an outrageous avenue, which is closed with a screen of tall trees, because he would not be at the expense of beautifying the back front of his house. The clumps are gigantic, and very ill placed.

George Montagu and the Colonel have at last been here, and have screamed with approbation through the whole *Cu*-gamut[7]. Indeed, the library is delightful. They went to the Vine, and approved as much. Do you think we wished for you? I carried down incense and mass-books, and we had most Catholic enjoyment of the chapel. In the evenings, indeed, we did *touch a card*[8] a little to please

[4] See letter to Bentley, Aug. 5, 1752.

[5] Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

[6] Robert James Petre (1713–1742), eighth Baron Petre. His seat was at Thorndon Hall, near Brentwood, Essex.

[7] Mr. George Montagu, who used many odd expressions, called his own family, the Montagu's, the *Cu's*. *Walpole.*

[8] An expression of Mr. Montagu's. *Walpole.*

George—so much, that truly I have scarce an idea left that is not spotted with clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds. There is a vote of the Strawberry Committee for great embellishments to the chapel, of which it will not be long before you hear something. It will not be longer than the spring, I trust, before you see something of it. In the mean time, to rest your impatience, I have enclosed a scratch of mine, which you are to draw out better, and try if you can give yourself a perfect idea of the place. All I can say is, that my sketch is at least more intelligible than Gray's was of Stoke [9], from which you made so like a picture.

Thank you much for the box of Guernsey lilies, which I have received. I have been packing up a few seeds, which have little merit but the merit they will have with you, that they come from the Vine and Strawberry. My chief employ in this part of the world, except surveying my library, which has scarce anything but the painting to finish, is planting at Mrs. Clive's [10], whither I remove all my superabundancies. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: 'Well,' said she, 'when it is done, what shall we call it?'—'Why,' said I, 'what would you call it but Drury Lane?' I mentioned desiring some samples of your Swiss's [11] abilities: Mr. Chute and I even propose, if he should be tolerable, and would continue reasonable, to tempt him over hither, and make him work upon your designs—upon which, you know, it is not easy to make you work. If he improves upon our hands, do you think we shall purchase the fee-simple of him for so many years, as Mr. Smith did of Canaletti [12]? We

[9] A sketch of Stoke Manor House, from which Bentley made his design in illustration of *The Long Story*.

[10] Little Strawberry Hill, between Strawberry Hill and Teddington.

[11] Mr. Müntz, a Swiss painter. *Walpole.*

[12] Mr. Smith, the English Consul at Venice, had engaged Canaletti, for a certain number of years, to paint exclusively for him at a fixed price, and sold his pictures at an advanced price to English travellers. *Berry.*

will *sell to the English*. Can he paint perspectives, and cathedral-aisles, and holy glooms? I am sure you could make him paint delightful insides of the chapel at the Vine, and of the library here. I never come up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend, all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, 'Lord God! Jesus! what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!' I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, 'That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot!' The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

The West Indian war has thrown me into a new study: I read nothing but American voyages, and histories of plantations and settlements. Among all the Indian nations, I have contracted a particular intimacy with the Ontaouanoucs, a people with whom I beg you will be acquainted: they pique themselves upon speaking the purest dialect. How one should delight in the grammar and dictionary of their Crusca! My only fear is, that if any of them are taken prisoners, General Braddock[13] is not a kind of man to have proper attentions to so polite a people; I am even apprehensive that he would damn them, and order them to be scalped, in the very worst plantation-accent. I don't know whether you know that none of the people of that immense continent have any labials: they tell you *que c'est ridicule* to shut the lips in order to speak. Indeed, I was as barbarous as any polite nation in the world, in supposing that there was nothing worth knowing among these charming savages. They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from British eloquence, that at the end of every important

[13] Major-General Edward Braddock (1695–1755), who had recently been appointed to the command of the English forces in America.

paragraph they make a present; whereas we expect to receive one. They begin all their answers with recapitulating what has been said to them; and their method for this is, the respondent gives a little stick to each of the bystanders, who is, for his share, to remember such a paragraph of the speech that is to be answered. You will wonder that I should have given the preference to the Ontaouanoucs, when there is a much more extraordinary nation to the north of Canada, who have but one leg, and p—— from behind their ear; but I own I had rather converse for any time with people who speak like Mr. Pitt, than with a nation of jugglers, who are only fit to go about the country, under the direction of Taafe and Montagu[14]. Their existence I do not doubt; they are recorded by Père Charlevoix[15], in his much-admired history of New France, in which there are such outrageous legends of miracles for the propagation of the Gospel, that his fables in natural history seem strict veracity.

Adieu! You write to me as seldom as if you were in an island where the Duke of Newcastle was sole minister, parties at an end, and where everything had done happening.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I have just seen in the advertisements that there are arrived two new volumes of Madame de Sévigné's *Letters*. Adieu, my American studies;—adieu, even my favourite Ontaouanoucs!

[14] Two English gentlemen who were shut up in Fort l'Évêque for cheating a Jew. *Walpole.*

[15] Father Pierre François Xavier de Charlevoix (1682–1761), a Jesuit missionary. His *Histoire de la Nouvelle France* was published in six volumes in 1744.

409. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1754.

If you was dead, to be sure you would have got somebody to tell me so. If you was alive, to be sure in all this time you would have told me so yourself. It is a month to-day since I received a line from you. There was a Florentine ambassador here in Oliver's reign, who with great circumspection wrote to his court, 'Some say the Protector is dead, others say he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other.' I quote this sage personage, to show you that I have a good precedent, in case I had a mind to continue neutral upon the point of your existence. I can't resolve to believe you dead, lest I should be forced to write to Mr. S. again to bemoan you; and on the other hand, it is convenient to me to believe you living, because I have just received the enclosed from your sister, and the money from Ely. However, if you are actually dead, be so good as to order your executor to receive the money, and to answer your sister's letter. If you are not dead, I can tell you who is, and at the same time whose death is to remain as doubtful as yours till to-morrow morning. Don't be alarmed; it is only the Queen-dowager of Prussia[1]. As *excessive* as the concern for her is at court, the whole royal family, out of great consideration for the mercers, lacemen, &c., agreed not to shed a tear for her till to-morrow morning, when the Birth-day will be over; but they are all to rise by six o'clock to-morrow morning to cry quarts. This is the sum of all the news that I learnt to-day on coming from Strawberry Hill, except that Lady Betty Waldegrave was robbed t'other night in Hyde Park, under the very noses of the lamps and the patrol. If anybody is robbed at the ball at court

Letter 409. — [1] A false report. Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, sister of George II and mother of Frederick the Great, survived until 1757.

to-night, you shall hear in my next dispatch. I told you in my last that I had just got two new volumes of Madame Sévigné's *Letters*; but I have been cruelly disappointed; they are two hundred letters which have been omitted in the former editions, as having little or nothing worth reading. How provoking, that they would at last let one see that she could write so many letters that were not worth reading! I will tell you truth: as they are certainly hers, I am glad to see them, but I cannot bear that anybody else should. Is not that true sentiment? How would you like to see a letter of hers, describing a wild young Irish lord, a Lord P——[2], who has lately made one of our ingenious wagers, to ride I don't know how many thousand miles in an hour, from Paris to Fontainebleau? But admire the *politesse* of that nation: instead of endeavouring to lame his horse, or to break his neck, that he might lose the wager, his antagonist and the spectators showed all the attention in the world to keep the road clear, and to remove even pebbles out of his way. They heaped coals of fire upon his head with all the good breeding of the Gospel. Adieu!—If my letters are short, at least my notes are long.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

410. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1754.

You are over good to me, my dear Sir, in giving yourself the trouble of telling me you was content with Strawberry

[2] Edward Wingfield (1729–1764), second Viscount Powerscourt. 'Lord Powerscourt, of the kingdom of Ireland, lately laid a wager with the Duke of Orléans, that he would ride on his own horses from Fontainebleau to Paris, which is forty-two English miles, in two hours for 1,000 louis d'ors. . . . He was to mount only three horses, but did it with two, both which, however, he killed. He performed the wager in one hour, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-two seconds.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1754, p. 529.)

Hill. I will not, however, tell you, that I am content with your being there, till you have seen it in all its greenth and blueth. Alas! I am sorry I cannot insist upon as much with the Colonel!

Mr. Chute, I believe, was so pleased with the *tenebrae* in his own chapel, that he has fairly buried himself in it. I have not even had so much as a burial-card from him since.

The town is as full as I believe you thought the room was at your ball at Waldeshare[1]. I hear of nothing but the parts and merit of Lord North. Nothing has happened yet; but sure so many *English* people can't be assembled long, without committing something extraordinary!

I have seen and conversed with our old friend Cope[2]; I find him grown very old: I fear he finds me so too; at least as old as I ever intend to be. I find him very grave too, which I believe he does not find me.

Solomon and Hesther, as my Lady Townshend calls Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Grenville, espouse one another to-day. I know nothing more but a new fashion which my Lady Hervey has brought from Paris. It is a tin-funnel covered with green ribband, and holds water, which the ladies wear to keep their bouquets fresh—I fear Lady Caroline and some others will catch frequent colds and sore throats with overturning this reservoir.

Apropos, there is a match certainly in agitation, which has very little of either Solomon or Hesther in it—you will be sorry when I tell you, that Lord Walgrave[3] certainly dis-Solomons himself with the Drax. Adieu! my dear Sir; I congratulate Miss Montagu on her good health, and am ever yours,

H. W.

Letter 410.—[1] Waldershare, near Dover, a seat brought into the North family by the second wife of Lord North's father, the Earl of Guilford.

[2] Sir Jonathan Cope, first Baronet; d. 1765.

[3] Lord Waldegrave. This marriage did not take place.

411. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1754.

If this does not turn out a scolding letter, I am much mistaken. I shall give way to it with the less scruple, as I think it shall be the last of the kind; not that you will mend, but I cannot support a commerce of visions! and therefore, whenever you send me mighty cheap schemes for finding out longitudes and philosophers' stones, you will excuse me if I only smile, and don't order them to be examined by my council.—For Heaven's sake, don't be a projector! Is not it provoking, that, with the best parts in the world, you should have so gentle a portion of common sense? But I am clear, that you never will know the two things in the world that import you the most to know, yourself and me.—Thus much by way of preface: now for the detail.

You tell me in your letter of November 3rd, that the quarry of granite might be rented at twenty pounds or twenty shillings, I don't know which, no matter, per annum. When I can't get a table out of it, is it very likely you or I should get a fortune out of it? What signifies the cheapness of the rent? The cutting and shippage would be articles of some little consequence! Who should be supervisor? You, who are so good a manager, so attentive, so diligent, so expeditious, and so accurate? Don't you think our quarry would turn to account?—Another article, to which I might apply the same questions, is the project for importation of French wine: it is odd that a scheme so cheap and so practicable should hitherto have been totally overlooked. One would think the breed of smugglers was lost, like the true spaniels, or genuine golden pippins! My dear Sir, you know I never drink three glasses of any wine—can you think

I care whether they are sour or sweet, cheap or dear?—or do you think that I, who am always taking trouble to reduce my trouble into as compact a volume as I can, would tap such an article as importing my own wine?—But now comes your last proposal about the Gothic paper. When you made me fix up mine, unpainted, engaging to paint it yourself, and yet could never be persuaded to paint a yard of it, till I was forced to give Bromwich's man God knows what to do it, would you make me believe that you will paint a room eighteen feet by fifteen? But, seriously, if it is possible for you to lay aside visions, don't be throwing continual discouragements in my way. I have told you seriously and emphatically that I am labouring your restoration; the scheme is neither facile nor immediate—but, for God's sake! act like a reasonable man. You have a family to whom you owe serious attention. Don't let me think, that if you return, you will set out upon every wild-goose chase, sticking to nothing, and neglecting chiefly the talents and genius which you have in such excellence, to start projects which you have too much honesty and too little application ever to thrive by. This advice is, perhaps, worded harshly; but you know the heart from which it proceeds, and you know that, with all my prejudice to it, I can't even pardon your wit, when it is employed to dress up schemes that I think romantic. The glasses and Ray's *Proverbs*[1] you shall have, and some more gold-fish, when I have leisure to go to Strawberry; for you know I don't suffer any fisheries to be carried on there in my absence.

I am as newsless as in the dead of summer. The Parliament produces nothing but elections; there has already been one division on the Oxfordshire of two hundred and sixty-seven Whigs to ninety-seven Tories—you may calculate the

LETTER 411.—[1] *A Collection of English Proverbs*, by John Ray (1627–1705), the naturalist.

burial of that election easily from these numbers. The Queen of Prussia is not dead, as I told you in my last. If you have shed many tears for her, you may set them off to the account of our son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who is turned Roman Catholic. One is in this age so unused to conversions above the rank of a housemaid turned Methodist, that it occasions as much surprise as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Are not you prodigiously alarmed for the Protestant interest in Germany?

We have operas, burlettas, cargoes of Italian dancers, and none good but the Mingotti[2], a very fine figure and actress. I don't know a single *bon mot* that is new; George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that, when I tell you, that t'other night having lost eight hundred pounds at hazard, he fell asleep upon the table with near half as much more before him, and slept for three hours, with everybody stamping the box close at his ear. He will say prodigiously good things when he does wake. In the mean time, can you be content with one of Madame Sévigné's best *bons mots*, which I have found amongst her new letters? Do you remember her German friend the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess? One day Madame de Sévigné happening to meet her in colours, made her a low curtsey, and said, 'Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe.' I think I may apply another of her speeches, which pleased me, to what I have said to you in the former part of my letter. Mademoiselle du Plessis had said something she disapproved; Madame Sévigné said to her, 'Mais que cela est sot; car je veux vous parler doucement.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Catarina Mingotti.

412. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 1, 1754.

You do me justice, my dear Sir, when you impute the want of my letters to my want of news: as a proof, I take up my pen again, on the first spring-tide of politics. However, as this is an age of abortions, and as I have often announced to you a pregnancy of events, which have soon after been still-born, I beg you will not be disappointed if nothing comes of the present ferment. The offenders and the offended have too often shown their disposition to soothe, or to be soothed, by preferments, for one to build much on the duration or implacability of their aversions. In short, Mr. Pitt has broke with the Duke of Newcastle, on the want of power, and has alarmed the dozing House of Commons with some sentences, extremely in the style of his former *Pittics*. As Mr. Fox is not at all more in humour, the world expects every day to see these two commanders first unite to overturn all their antagonists, and then worry one another. They have already mumbled poor Sir Thomas Robinson cruelly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer[1] crouches under the storm, and seems very willing *to pass eldest*. The Attorney-General[2] seems cowed, and unwilling to support a war of which the world gives him the honour. Nugent alone, with an intrepidity worthy his country, affects to stand up against the greatest orator, and against the best reasoner of the age. What will most surprise you, is, that the Duke of Newcastle, who used to tremble at shadows, appears unterrified at Gorgons! If I should tell you in my next, that either of the Gorgons has kissed hands for Secretary of State, only smile: snakes are as easily tamed as lap-dogs.

Letter 412.—[1] Mr. Legge. *Walpole.*

[2] Mr. Murray; he was preferred to be Attorney-General this year, in the room of Sir Dudley Ryder, who was made Lord Chief Justice, on the death of Sir William Lee. *Walpole.*

I am glad you have got my Lord of Cork[3]. He is, I know, a very worthy man, and though not a bright man, nor a man of the world, much less a good author, yet it must be comfortable to you now and then to see something besides travelling children, booby governors, and abandoned women of quality. You say you have made my Lord Cork give up my Lord Bolingbroke: it is comical to see how he is given up here, since the best of his writings, his metaphysical divinity, have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, and the greatest genius of the age: the moment his *Craftsmen* against Moses and St. Paul, &c., were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world. The grand jury have presented his works, and as long as there are any parsons, he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland[4]—nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr, for having been persecuted by him. Mr. Fraigneau's[5] story of the late King's design of removing my father and employing Bolingbroke, is not new to me; but I can give you two reasons, and one very strong indeed, that convince me of its having no foundation, though it is much believed here. During the last year of the late King's life, he took extremely to New Park, and loved to shoot there, and dined with my father and a private party, and a good deal of punch. The Duchess of Kendal, who hated Sir Robert, and favoured Bolingbroke, and was jealous for herself, grew uneasy at

[3] John, Earl of Orrery and Cork, author of a translation of Pliny's Epistles, of a life of Dr. Swift, &c. *Walpole.*—He was a friend of Pope, Swift, and Johnson. He died in 1762.

[4] Matthew Tindal (d. 1733) and John Toland (1670–1722), deists.

[5] Rev. William Fraigneau (1717–1788), Professor of Greek at Cambridge, 1743–50. In the latter year he became a tutor in the family of Lord Bolingbroke's younger brother, Lord St. John, by whose son (the second Viscount Bolingbroke) he was presented to the livings of Battersea and of Beckenham in Kent.

these parties, and used to put one or two of the Germans upon the King to prevent his drinking (very odd preventives!),—however, they obeyed orders so well, that one day the King flew into a great passion, and reprimanded them in his own language with extreme warmth; and when he went to Hanover, ordered my father to have the New Lodge in the Park finished against his return; which did not look much like an intention of breaking with the Ranger of the Park. But what I am now going to tell you is conclusive: the Duchess obtained an interview for Bolingbroke in the King's closet, which not succeeding, as Lord Bolingbroke foresaw it might not at once, he left a memorial with the King, who, the very next time he saw Sir Robert, gave it to him.

You will expect that I should mention the progress of the West Indian war; but the Parliamentary campaign opening so warmly, has quite put the Ohio upon an obsolete foot. All I know is, that the Virginians have disbanded all their troops and say they will trust to England for their defence. The dissensions in Ireland increase. At least, here are various and ample fields for speeches, if we are to have new oppositions. You will believe that I have not great faith in the prospect, when I can come quietly hither for two or three days to place the books in my new library. Mr. Chute is with me, and returns you all your kind speeches with increase. Your two brothers, who dine at Lord Radnor's, have just been here, and found me writing to you: your brother Gal would not stay a moment, but said, 'Tell him I prefer his pleasure to my own.' I wish, my dear Sir, I could give you much more, that is, could tell you more; but unless our civil wars continue, I shall know nothing but of contested elections: a first session of a Parliament is the most laborious scene of dulness that I know. Adieu!

413. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Friday, Dec. 13, 1754.

'If we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we shall only sit here to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!' *Non riconosci tu l'altero viso?* Don't you at once know the style? Shake those words all altogether, and see if they can be anything but the *disjecta membra* of Pitt! In short, about a fortnight ago, this bomb burst. Pitt, who is well, is married, is dissatisfied—not with his bride, but with the Duke of N.; has twice thundered out his dissatisfaction in Parliament, and was seconded by Fox. The event was exactly what I dare say you have already foreseen. Pitt *was to be* turned out; overtures were made to Fox; Pitt is *not* turned out; Fox is quieted with the dignity of cabinet-counsellor, and the Duke of Newcastle remains affronted—and omnipotent. The commentary on this text is too long for a letter; it may be developed some time or other. This scene has produced a diverting interlude: Sir George Lyttelton, who could not reconcile his content with Mr. Pitt's discontents, has been very ill with the *cousinhood*. In the grief of his heart he thought of resigning his place, but, *somehow or other*[1], stumbled upon a negotiation for introducing the Duke of Bedford into the ministry again, to balance the loss of Mr. Pitt. Whatever persuaded him, he thought this treaty so sure of success that he lost no time to be the agent of it himself; and whether commissioned or non-commissioned, as both he

Letter 413.—[1] Lyttelton's step was directly due to Horace Walpole, who, in conversation with Conway, had observed that the Duke of Bedford was willing to be reconciled to the court. This remark was repeated by Conway to Lyttelton, who at once approached the Duke. The latter communicated the offer and his refusal to Pitt, who, in consequence, broke with Lyttelton. (See *Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. pp. 360–1.)

and the Duke of Newcastle say, he carried *carte blanche* to the Duke of Bedford, who bounced like a rocket, frightened away poor Sir George, and sent for Mr. Pitt to notify the overture. Pitt and the Grenvilles are outrageous; the Duke of Newcastle disclaims his ambassador, and everybody laughs. Sir George came hither yesterday, to *expectorate* with me, as he called it. Think how I pricked up my ears, as high as King Midas, to hear a Lyttelton vent his grievances against a Pitt and Grenvilles! Lord Temple has named Sir George the *apostolic nuncio*; and George Selwyn says, 'that he will certainly be invited by Miss Ashe among the foreign ministers.' These are greater storms than perhaps you expected yet; they have occasioned mighty bustle, and whisper, and speculation; but you see

Pulveris exigui jactu composta quiescunt.

You will be diverted with a collateral incident. —— met Dick Edgecumbe, and asked him with great importance, if he knew whether Mr. Pitt was out. Edgecumbe, who thinks nothing important that is not to be decided by dice, and who, consequently, had never once thought of Pitt's political state, replied, 'Yes.'—'Ay! how do you know?'—'Why, I called at his door just now, and his porter told me so.' Another political event is, that Lord E.[2] comes into place; he is to succeed Lord Fitzwalter[3], who is to have Lord Grantham's[4] pension, who is dead immensely rich: I think this is the last of the old opposition, of any name, except Sir John Barnard. If you have curiosity about the Ohio, you must write to France: there I believe they know something about it; here it was totally forgot till last night, when an express arrived with an account of the loss of one

[2] Lord Egmont. This appointment did not take place.

[3] Benjamin Mildmay (1672-1756), first Earl Fitzwalter; President of the Board of Trade, 1735-56; Treasurer of the Household, 1737-55.

[4] Henry d'Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham.

of the transports off Falmouth, with eight officers and sixty men on board.

My Lady Townshend has been dying, and was wofully frightened and *took* prayers; but she is recovered now, even of her repentance. You will not be undiverted to hear that the mob of Sudbury have literally sent a *card* to the mob of Bury, to offer their assistance at a contested election there: I hope to be able to tell you in my next, that Mrs. Holman[5] has sent cards to both mobs for her assembly.

The shrubs shall be sent, but you must stay till the holidays; I shall not have time to go to Strawberry sooner. I have received your second letter, dated November 22nd, about the Gothic paper. I hope you will by this time have got mine, to dissuade you from that thought. If you insist upon it, I will send the paper: I have told you what I think, and will therefore say no more on that head; but I will transcribe a passage which I found t'other day in Petronius, and thought not unapplicable to you: 'Omnium herbarum succos Democritus expressit; et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, aetatem inter experimenta consumpsit.' I hope Democritus could not draw charmingly when he threw away his time in extracting tints from flints and twigs!

I can't conclude my letter without telling you what an escape I had at the sale of Dr. Mead's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I saw Winstanley's views of Audley Inn[6], which I concluded was, as it really was, a thin, dirty folio, worth about fifteen shillings. As I thought it might be scarce, it might run to two or three guineas: however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, said he did not know whether he had done very right or very wrong, that

[5] See letter to Mann, April 2, 1750.

[6] *Plans, Elevations, and Particular Prospects of Audley End*, engraved by Henry Winstanley, who planned the first Eddystone Lighthouse, and perished when it was blown down on Nov. 26, 1703.

he had gone as far as *nine-and-forty guineas*—I started in such a fright! Another bookseller had luckily had as unlimited a commission, and bid fifty—when my Graham begged it might be adjourned, till they could consult their principals. I think I shall never give an unbounded commission again, even for views of *Les Rochers*[7]. Adieu! Am I ever to see any more of your *hand-drawing*? Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

414. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Dec. 24, 1754.

I received your packet of December 6th last night, but intending to come hither for a few days, had unluckily sent away by the coach in the morning a parcel of things for you; you must therefore wait till another bundle sets out, for the new letters of Madame Sévigné. Heaven forbid that I should have said they were bad! I only meant that they were full of family details, and mortal distempers, to which the most immortal of us are subject; and I was sorry that the profane should ever know that my divinity was ever troubled with a sore leg or the want of money; though, indeed, the latter defeats Bussy's[1] ill-natured accusation of avarice; and her tearing herself from her daughter, then at Paris, to go and save money in Bretagne to pay her debts, is a perfection of virtue which completes her amiable character. My Lady Hervey has made me most happy, by bringing me from Paris an admirable copy of the very portrait that was Madame de Simiane's[2]: I am going to

[7] Madame de Sévigné's seat in Bretagne. *Walpole.*

Letter 414.—[1] Roger de Rabutin (1618–1693), Comte de Bussy-Rabutin, cousin and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné.

[2] Pauline d'Adhémar de Monteil de Grignan, Marquise de Simiane, grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné; d. 1737.

build an altar for it, under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers*!

Well! but you will want to know the contents of the parcel that is set out. It contains another parcel, which contains I don't know what; but Mr. Cumberland[3] sent it, and desired I would transmit it to you. There are Ray's *Proverbs*, in two volumes interleaved; a few seeds, mislaid when I sent the last; a very indifferent new tragedy, called *Barbarossa*, now running; the author unknown[4], but believed to be Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope; not one new thought, and, which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense;

And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan princess royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the banker's daughter in *George Barnwell*. I have added four more *Worlds*[5], the second of which will, I think, redeem my Lord Chesterfield's character with you for wit, except in the two stories, which are very flat: I mean those of two misspelt letters. In the last *World*[6], besides the hand, you will find a story of your acquaintance: *Boncœur* means Norborne Berkeley[7], whose horse sinking up to his middle in Woburn park, he would not allow that it was anything more than a little damp. The last story of a highwayman happened almost literally to Mrs. Cavendish.

For news, I think I have none to tell you. Mr. Pitt is

[3] Richard Cumberland (1732–1811), dramatist, nephew of Richard Bentley the younger.

[4] It was written by Dr. Browne. *Walpole.*

[5] Numbers 92, 98, 100, and 101 of that periodical paper. *Walpole.*

[6] Number 103, by Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*—The subject of the paper is 'True Politeness.' The highwayman mentioned made it a rule to rob none but *those whom he visited.*

[7] Norborne Berkeley (d. 1776), of Stoke Gifford, Gloucestershire, in whose favour the barony of Botetourt was revived in 1764; Groom of the Bedchamber, 1760.

gone to the Bath, and Mr. Fox to Newcastle House; and everybody else into the country for the holidays. When Lord Bath was told of the first determination of turning out Pitt, and letting Fox remain, he said it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament House, and, returning with his report, said he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm. Was ever anything so well and so just?

The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince[8]: the King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal-nephew[9], who replied, 'Not for half Russia.'

The new madness is Oratorys. Macklin[10] has set up one, under the title of the British Inquisition; Foote another against him; and a third man has advertised another to-day. I have not heard enough in their favour to tempt me to them, nor do I in the world know enough to compose another paragraph. I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is setting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. Williams[11], George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that when I do admit anybody within my cloister, I choose them well. My present occupation is

[8] The present Czar, Paul I. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his mother, the Empress Catherine II, in 1796, and died in 1801.

[9] Henry, Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded. *Walpole.*

[10] Charles Macklin (circ. 1697–1797), the actor, who had temporarily retired. The 'British Inquisition consisted of a lecture by Macklin, followed by a debate.' (*D.N.B.*)

[11] George James Williams, Esq. *Walpole.*—Generally known as 'Gilly' Williams. He was the fourth son of William Peere Williams, a barrister and writer on law, and was the uncle of Lord North. He was a frequent guest at Strawberry Hill, and he appears in a conversation picture (painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for Horace Walpole) with Richard (afterwards Lord) Edgcumbe and George Selwyn. Many of his letters to the latter are printed in Jesse's *Selwyn and his Contemporaries.* He died in 1805, aged 86.

putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I shall not appear scantily provided. Adieu!

415. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1755.

I imagined by your letter that the Colonel was in town, and was shocked at not having been to wait on him: upon inquiry, I find he is not; and now, can conceive how he came to tell you, that the town has been entertained with a paper of mine: I send it you, to show you that this is one of the many fabulous histories which have been spread in such quantities, and without foundation.

I shall take care of your letter to Mr. Bentley. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, or I know he would, as I do, beg his compliments to Miss Montagu. You do not wish me joy on the approaching nuptials of Mr. Harris and our Miss Anne[1]. He is so amorous, that whenever he sits by her (and he can't stand by her), my Lady Townshend, by a very happy expression, says, *he is always setting his dress.* Have you heard of a Countess Chamfelt, a Bohemian, rich and hideous, who is arrived here, and is under the protection of Lady Caroline Petersham? She has a great facility at languages, and has already learned, *Damn you*, and *Kiss me*—I beg her pardon, I believe she never uses the former, but upon the miscarriage of the latter: in short, as Dodington says, she has had the honour of performing at most courts in Europe. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

Letter 415.—[1] Hon. Anne Conway; she was married to Mr. Harris on March 10, 1755.

416. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I used to say that one could not go out of London for two days without finding at one's return that something very extraordinary had happened; but of late the climate had lost its propensity to odd accidents. Madness be praised, we are a little restored to the want of our senses! I have been twice this Christmas at Strawberry Hill for a few days, and at each return have been not a little surprised: the first time, at the very unexpected death of my Lord Albemarle[1], who was taken ill at Paris, going home from supper, and expired in a few hours; and last week at the far more extraordinary death of Montford[2]. He himself, with all his judgement in bets, I think would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder: yet after having been supposed the sharpest genius of his time, he, by all that appears, shot himself on the distress of his circumstances; an apoplectic disposition, I believe, concurring either to lower his spirits, or to alarm them. Ever since Miss —— lived with him, either from liking her himself, as some think, or to tempt her to marry his Lilliputian figure, he has squandered vast sums at Horse-heath[3], and in living. He lost twelve hundred a year by Lord Albemarle's death, and four by Lord Gage's[4], the same day. He asked immediately for the government of Virginia or the Foxhounds, and pressed for an answer with an eagerness that surprised the Duke of Newcastle, who never had a notion of pinning down the relief of his own or any other man's wants to a day. Yet that seems to have been the

Letter 416. — [1] William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris.

[2] Henry Bromley, first Baron Montford

[3] Lord Montford's seat, near Linton, in Cambridgeshire.

[4] Thomas Gage, first Viscount Gage.

case of Montford, who determined to throw the die of life and death, Tuesday was se'nnight, on the answer he was to receive from court; which did not prove favourable. He consulted indirectly, and at last pretty directly, several people on the easiest method of finishing life; and seems to have thought that he had been too explicit; for he invited company to dinner for the day after his death, and ordered a supper at White's, where he supped, too, the night before. He played at whisk till one in the morning; it was New Year's morning: Lord Robert Bertie drank to him a happy New Year; he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes! In the morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses, and executed his will, which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph; and then asking the lawyer if that will would stand good, though a man were to shoot himself? and being assured it would, he said, 'Pray stay while I step into next room;'—went into next room and shot himself. He clapped the pistol so close to his head, that they heard no report. The housekeeper heard him fall, and, thinking he had a fit, ran up with drops, and found his skull and brains shot about the room!—You will be charmed with the friendship and generosity of Sir Francis. Montford a little time since opened his circumstances to him. Sir Francis said, 'Montford, if it will be of any service to you, you shall see what I have done for you'; pulled out his will, and read it, where he had left him a vast legacy. The beauty of this action is heightened by Sir Francis's life not being worth a year's purchase. I own I feel for the distress this man must have felt, before he decided on so desperate an action. I knew him but little; but he was good-natured and agreeable enough, and had the most compendious understanding I ever knew. He had affected a finesse in money matters beyond what he deserved, and aimed at reducing even natural affections to a kind of

calculations, like Demoivre's[5]. He was asked, soon after his daughter's[6] marriage, if she was with child: he replied, 'Upon my word I don't know; I have no bet upon it.' This and poor Drumlanrig's self-murder have brought to light another, which happening in France, had been sunk; Bland's. I can tell you that the ancient and worshipful company of lovers are under a great dilemma, upon a husband and a gamester killing themselves: I don't know whether they will not apply to Parliament for an exclusive charter for self-murder.

On the occasion of Montford's story, I heard another more extraordinary. If a man insures his life, this killing himself vacates the bargain. This (as in England almost everything begets a contradiction) has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I suppose voluntary deaths were not then the *bon ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying* Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner he said to the life-and-death brokers, 'Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant!' He pulled out a pistol and shot himself. Did you ever hear of such a mixture of honesty and knavery?

Lord Rochford is to succeed as Groom of the Stole. The Duke of Marlborough is Privy Seal, in the room of Lord Gower, who is dead; and the Duke of Rutland is Lord Steward. Lord Albemarle's other offices and honours are

[5] Abraham de Moivre (1667–1754), mathematician. He was the intimate friend of Newton.

[6] Hon. Frances Bromley, m. (1747) Charles Sloane Cadogan, afterwards third Baron and first Earl Cadogan; d. 1768.

still *in petto*. When the King first saw this Lord Albemarle, he said, 'Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve!'—It is the last receiver into which I should have thought his Majesty would have poured gold! You will be pleased with the monarch's *politesse*. Sir John Bland and Offley made interest to play at Twelfth Night, and succeeded—not at play, for they lost 1,400*l*. and 1,300*l*. As it is not usual for people of no higher rank to play, the King thought they would be bashful about it, and took particular care to do the honours of his house to them, set only to them, and spoke to them at his levee next morning.

You love new nostrums and inventions: there is discovered a method of inoculating the cattle for the distemper—it succeeds so well that they are not even marked. How we advance rapidly in discoveries, and in applying everything to everything! Here is another secret, that will better answer your purpose, and I hope mine too. They found out lately at the Duke of Argyle's, that any kind of ink may be made of privet: it becomes green ink by mixing salt of tartar. I don't know the process; but I am promised it by Campbell[7], who told me of it t'other day, when I carried him the true genealogy of the Bentleys, which he assured me shall be inserted in the next edition of the *Biographia*.

There sets out to-morrow morning, by the Southampton waggon, such a cargo of trees for you, that a detachment of Kentishmen would be furnished against an invasion if they were to unroll the bundle. I write to Mr. S—— to recommend great care of them. Observe how I answer your demands: are you as punctual? The forests in your landscapes do not

[7] Dr. John Campbell (1708–1775). He contributed largely to the *Biographia Britannica*. He was on friendly terms with Johnson, who used to come to his literary parties, and who praised his 'good principles.'

thrive like those in your letters. Here is a letter from G. Montagu; and then I think I may bid you good-night!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

417. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I had an intention of deferring writing to you, my dear Sir, till I could wish you joy on the completion of your approaching dignity[1]; but as the Duke of Newcastle is not quite so expeditious as my friendship is earnest, and as your brother tells me that you have had some very unnecessary qualms, from your silence to me on this chapter, I can no longer avoid telling you how pleased I am with any accession of distinction to you and your family: I should like nothing better but an accession of appointments: but I shall say no more on this head, where wishes are so barren as mine. Your brother, who had not time to write by this post, desires me to tell you that the Duke will be obliged to you, if you will send him the new map of Rome and of the patrimony of St. Peter, which His Royal Highness says is just published.

You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's sudden death at Paris: everybody is so sorry for him!—without being so: yet as sorry as he would have been for anybody, or as he deserved. Can one really regret a man, who with the most meritorious wife[2] and sons[3] in

Letter 417.—[1] Mr. Mann was about this time created a Baronet, with reversion to his brother Galfridus. *Walpole.*

[2] Lady Anne Lennox, sister of Charles, Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[3] George, Lord Viscount Bury, Lord of the Bedchamber to the Duke, and colonel of a regiment; Augustus, captain of a man-of-war, who was with Lord Anson in his famous expedition; and William, Colonel of the Guards and Aide-de-camp to the Duke: the two other sons were very young. *Walpole.*

Anne Lennox Countess of Albemarle
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

the world, and with near 15,000*l.* a year from the government, leaves not a shilling to his family, lawful or illegitimate (and both *very* numerous), but dies immensely in debt, though, when he married, he had 90,000*l.* in the funds, and my Lady Albemarle brought him 25,000*l.* more, all which is dissipated to 14,000*l.*! The King very handsomely, and untired with having done so much for a man who had so little pretensions to it, immediately gave my Lady Albemarle 1,200*l.* a year pension, and I trust will take care of this Lord, who is a great friend of mine, and what is much better for him, the first favourite of the Duke. If I were as grave an historian as my Lord Clarendon, I should now without any scruple tell you a dream[4]; you would either believe it from my dignity of character, or conclude from my dignity of character that I did not believe it myself. As neither of these important evasions will serve my turn, I shall relate the following, only prefacing, that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle: 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! Madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William' (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health). 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it

[4] Clarendon gives (in the first book of his *History of the Rebellion*) an account of the apparition of Sir George Villiers, shortly before the murder of his son, the Duke of Buckingham.

is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!' and immediately swooned.

Lord Albemarle's places are not yet given away: ambassador at Paris, I suppose, there will be none; it was merely kept up to gratify him—besides, when we have no minister, we can deliver no memorials. Lord Rochford is, I quite believe, to be Groom of the Stole: that leaves your Turin open—besides such trifles as a blue garter, the second troop of Guards, and the government of Virginia.

A death much more extraordinary is that of my Lord Montford [5], who, having all his life aimed at the character of a monied man, and of an artfully money-getting man, has shot himself, on having ruined himself. If he had despised money, he could not have shot himself with more deliberate resolution. The only points he seems to have considered in so mad an action, were, not to be thought mad, and which would be the easiest method of dispatching himself. It is strange that the passage from life to death should be an object, when one is unhappy enough to be determined to change one for the other.

I warned you in my last not to wonder if you should hear that either that Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox had kissed hands for Secretary of State; the latter has kissed the Secretary of State's hand for being a cabinet councillor. The more I see, the more I am confirmed in my idea of this being the *age of abortions*!

I have received yours of December 13th, and find myself obliged to my Lord of Cork for a remembrance of me, which I could not expect he should have preserved. Lord Huntingdon I know very well, and like very much: he has parts, great good breeding, and will certainly make a figure. You are lucky in such company; yet I wish you had Mr. Brand!

I need not desire you not to believe the stories of such

[5] Henry Bromley, first Lord Mountford. *Walpole.*

a mountebank as Taylor[6]: I only wonder that he should think the names of our family a recommendation at Rome; we are not conscious of any such merit: nor have any of our eyes ever wanted to be put out. Adieu! my dear Sir, my dear Sir Horace.

418. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 8, 1755.

By the waggon on Thursday there set out for Southampton a lady whom you must call Phillis, but whom George Montagu and the Gods would name Speckle-belly. Peter begged her for me; that is, for you; that is, for Captain Dumaresque, after he had been asked three guineas for another. I hope she will not be poisoned with salt-water, like the poor Poyangers[1]. If she should, you will at least observe, that your commissions are not still-born with me, as mine are with you. I *draw*[2] a spotted dog the moment you desire it.

George Montagu has intercepted the description I promised you of the Russian masquerade: he wrote to beg it, and I cannot transcribe from myself. In few words, there were all the beauties, and all the diamonds, and not a few of the uglies of London. The Duke[3], like Osman the Third, seemed in the centre of his new seraglio, and I believe my Lady and I thought that my Lord Anson was the chief eunuch. My Lady Coventry was dressed in a great style, and looked better than ever. Lady Betty Spencer[4], like Rubens's wife (not the common one with the hat), had all the bloom and bashfulness and wildness of youth, with all the countenance of all the former Marlboroughs. Lord Delawar was an

[6] A quack oculist. *Walpole.*—John Taylor (1703–1772).

Letter 418.—[1] Gold-fish.

[2] Alluding to Mr. Bentley's dilatoriness in exercising his pencil at the request of Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*

[3] William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Elizabeth Spencer (d. 1831), second daughter of third Duke of Marlborough; m. (1756) Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

excellent mask, from a picture at Kensington of Queen Elizabeth's porter. Lady Caroline Petersham, powdered with diamonds and crescents for a Turkish slave, was still extremely handsome. The hazard was excessively deep, to the astonishment of some Frenchmen of quality who are here, and who I believe, from what they saw that night, will not write to their court to dissuade their armaments, on its not being worth their while to attack so beggarly a nation. Our fleet is as little despicable; but though the preparations on both sides are so great, I believe the storm will blow over. They insist on our immediately sending an ambassador to Paris; and to my great satisfaction, my cousin and friend Lord Hertford is to be the man. This is still an entire secret here, but will be known before you receive this. The weather is very bitter, and keeps me from Strawberry. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

419. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1755.

Your *Argosie* is arrived safe; thank you for shells, trees, cones; but above all, thank you for the landscape[1]. As it is your first attempt in oils, and has succeeded so much beyond my expectation (and being against my advice too, you may believe the sincerity of my praises), I must indulge my Vasarihood, and write a dissertation upon it. You have united and mellowed your colours, in a manner to make it look like an old picture; yet there is something in the tone of it that is not quite right. Mr. Chute thinks that you should have exerted more of your force in tipping with light the edges on which the sun breaks: my own opinion is, that

Letter 419.—[1] It is now at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

the result of the whole is not natural, by your having joined a Claude Lorrain summer sky to a wintry sea, which you have drawn from the life. The water breaks finely, but the distant hills are too strong, and the outlines much too hard. The greatest fault is the trees (not apt to be your stumbling-block): they are not of a natural green, have no particular resemblance, and are out of all proportion too large for the figures. Mend these errors, and work away in oil. I am impatient to see some Gothic ruins of your painting. This leads me naturally to thank you for the sweet little *cul-de-lampe* to the *Entail*: it is equal to anything you have done in perspective and for taste; but the boy is too large.

For the block of granite I shall certainly think a louis well bestowed—provided I do but get the block, and that you are sure it will be equal to the sample you sent me. My room remains in want of a table; and as it will take so much time to polish it, I do wish you would be a little expeditious in sending it.

I have but frippery news to tell you; no politics; for the rudiments of a war, that is not to be a war, are not worth detailing. In short, we have acted with spirit, have got ready thirty ships of the line, and conclude that the French will not care to examine whether they are well manned or not. The House of Commons *bears* nothing but elections; the Oxfordshire till seven at night three times a week: we have passed ten evenings on the Colchester[2] election, and last Monday sat upon it till near two in the morning. Whoever stands a contested election, and pays for his seat, and attends the first session, surely buys the other six very dear!

The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other

[2] The hearing of this petition came to an end on March 13, 1755, when one of the members was unseated.

night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford[3], having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channeled pumps and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgements executed on White's—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott[4], who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission.

Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.—But such sense and such harmony are irresistible!

I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, 'Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!'—'No, Harry, I am not: but what is it that I am not to be frightened at?'—'There is a great fire here in St. James's Street.'—I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved in Bury Street. However, you know I can't resist going to a fire; for it is certainly the only horrid sight that is fine. I slipped on my slippers, and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water.—It would have made a picture

[3] Wriothesley Russell (1708–1732), third Duke of Bedford. See note on letter to Mann, Dec. 9, 1742.

[4] John Scott, of Balcomie, Fifeshire. He reached the rank of Major-General, and was M.P. for the county of Fife at the time of his death in 1775.

—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's[5] providence, who asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a nightcap. 'Lord!' said they, 'what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?'—'Oh! child,' said she, 'but you know, in case of fire.' There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's house at Epsom[6], that belonged to the Prince, is burnt, and Beckford's fine house[7] in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He says, 'Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds apiece difference to my thirty children.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

420. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 6, 1755.

I have to thank you for two letters and a picture. I hope my thanks will have a more prosperous journey than my own letters have had of late. You say you have received none since January 9th. I have written three since that. I take care, in conjunction with the times, to make them harmless enough for the post. Whatever secrets I may have (and you know I have no propensity to mystery) will keep very well till I have the happiness of seeing you, though that date should be farther off than I hope. As I mean my letters should relieve some of your anxious or

[5] Second daughter of eighth Earl of Pembroke; d. unmarried, 1752.
[6] The Durdans. [7] Fonthill, in Wiltshire.

dull minutes, I will tempt no postmasters or secretaries to retard them.

The state of affairs is much altered since my last epistle that persuaded you of the distance of a war. So haughty and so ravenous an answer came from France[1], that my Lord Hertford does not go. As a *little* islander, you may be very easy: Jersey is not prey for such fleets as are likely to encounter in the Channel in April. You must tremble in your *Bigendian* capacity, if you mean to figure as a good citizen. I sympathize with you extremely in the interruption it will give to our correspondence. You, in an inactive little spot, cannot wish more impatiently for every post that has the probability of a letter, than I, in all the turbulence of London, do constantly, never-failingly, for letters from you. Yet by my busy, hurried, amused, irregular way of life, you would not imagine that I had much time to care for my friends. You know how late I used to rise: it is worse and worse: I stay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the House of Commons: from thence, it is the fashion of the winter to go to vast assemblies, which are followed by vast suppers, and those by balls. Last week I was from two at noon till ten at night at the House: I came home, dined, new-dressed myself entirely, went to a ball at Lord Holdernesse's, and stayed till five in the morning. What an abominable young creature! But why may not I be so? Old Haslang[2] dances at sixty-five; my Lady Rochford without stays, and her husband the new Groom of the Stole, dance. In short,

LETTER 420.—[1] The French proposed 'that each nation should destroy all their forts on the south of the Ohio, which would leave them in possession of all the north side of that river; and whereas the Five Nations were allotted to the division of England by the treaty of Utrecht, and the French had built forts amongst them contrary to that treaty, and we agreeably to it, they demanded that we should destroy such forts, while they should be permitted to maintain theirs.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 368.)

[2] The Bavarian minister.

when Secretaries of State, cabinet councillors, foreign ministers, dance like the universal ballet in the *Rehearsal*, why should not I—see them? In short, the true definition of me is, that I am a dancing senator—not that I do dance, or do anything by being a senator: but I go to balls, and to the House of Commons—to look on: and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two; at least the performers are most in earnest. What men say to women is at least as sincere as what they say to their country. If perjury can give the devil a right to the souls of men, he has titles by as many ways as my Lord Huntingdon is descended from Edward III.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

421. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 10, 1755.

Having already wished you joy of your chivalry, I would not send you a formal congratulation on the actual dispatch of your patent: I had nothing new to tell you: forms between you and me would be new indeed.

You have heard of the nomination of my friend and relation, Lord Hertford[1], to the embassy of Paris: you will by this time have learned or perceived that he is not likely to go thither. They have sent demands too haughty to be admitted, and we are preparing a fleet to tell them we think so. In short, the prospect is very warlike. The ministry are so desirous of avoiding it, that they make no preparations on land—will *that* prevent it? Their partisans damn the plantations, and ask if we are to involve ourselves

Letter 421.—[1] Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of Hertford; his mother was sister to Lady Walpole. *Walpole.*

in a war for them? Will that question weigh with planters and West Indians? I do not love to put our trust in a fleet only: however, we do not touch upon the Pretender; the late Rebellion suppressed is a comfortable ingredient, at least, in a new war. You know I call this *the age of abortions*: who knows but the egg of this war may be addled?

Elections, very warm in their progress, very insignificant in their consequence, very tedious in their attendance, employ the Parliament solely. The King wants to go abroad, and consequently to have the Houses prorogued: the Oxfordshire election says *no* to him: the war says *no* to him: the town says we shall sit till June. Balls, masquerades, and diversions don't trouble their heads about the Parliament or the war: the righteous, who hate pleasures, and love prophecies (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion), are finding out parallels between London and Nineveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates,—yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the Rebellion: I was frightened enough then: I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's Market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature.

The Duke of Dorset[2] goes no more to Ireland; Lord Hartington[3] is to be sent thither with the olive branch. Lord Rochford[4] is Groom of the Stole; Lord Poulet[5] has

[2] Lionel Sackville, first Duke of Dorset. *Walpole.*

[3] William, Marquis of Hartington, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[4] William Henry Nassau, Earl of Rochford. *Walpole.*

[5] Second Earl Poulet. *Walpole.*—D. 1764.

resigned the Bedchamber on that preference, and my nephew[6] and Lord Essex are to be Lords of the Bedchamber. It is supposed that the Duke of Rutland[7] will be Master of the Horse, and the Dorset again Lord Steward. But all this will come to you as very antique news, if a whisper that your brother has heard to-day be true, of your having taken a trip to Rome[8]. If you are there when you receive this, pray make my Lady Pomfret's[9] compliments to the statues in the Capitol, and inform them that she has purchased her late lord's collection of statues, and presented them to the University of Oxford. The present Earl, her son, is grown a speaker in the House of Lords, and makes comparisons between Julius Cæsar and the watchmen of Bristol, in the same style as he compared himself to *Cerberus, who, when he had one head cut off, three others sprang up in its room.* I shall go to-morrow to Dr. Mead's[10] sale, and ruin myself in bronzes and vases—but I will not give them to the University of Oxford. Adieu! my dear Sir Knight.

422. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1755.

Your chimney[1] is come, but not to honour: the caryatides are fine and free, but the rest is heavy: Lord Strafford is not at all struck with it, and thinks it old-fashioned: it certainly tastes of Inigo Jones. Your myrtles I have

[6] George Walpole, third Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

[7] John Manners, Duke of Rutland. *Walpole.*

[8] 'I can't account for the whisper that was spread of my having been at Rome.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 374.)

[9] Henrietta Louisa, Countess-Dowager of Pomfret, having quarrelled with her eldest son, who was ruined, and forced to sell the furniture of his seat at Easton Neston, bought his statues, which had been part of the Arundelian collection, and had been purchased by his grandfather. *Walpole.*

[10] Dr. Richard Meade, a celebrated virtuoso and physician. *Walpole.*

Letter 422.—[1] A design for a chimney-piece, which, at Mr. Walpole's desire, Mr. Bentley had made for Lord Strafford. *Walpole.*

seen in their pots, and they are magnificent, but I fear very sickly. In return, I send you a library. You will receive, some time or other, or the French for you, the following books: a fourth volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, the worst tome of the four; three volumes of *Worlds*; Fielding's Travels[2], or rather an account how his dropsy was treated and teased by an innkeeper's wife in the Isle of Wight; the new Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and Hume's[3] History of Great Britain; a book which, though more decried than ever book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite, but in my opinion is only not *George-abite*: where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them: I am sure he does not spare their ministers. Harding[4], who has the history of England at the ends of his Parliament fingers, says, that the *Journals* will contradict most of his facts. If it is so, I am sorry; for his style, which is the best we have in history, and his manner, imitated from Voltaire, are very pleasing. He has showed very clearly that we ought to quarrel originally with Queen Elizabeth's tyranny for most of the errors of Charles the First. As long as he is willing to sacrifice some royal head, I would not much dispute with him which it should be. I incline every day to lenity, as I see more and more that it is being very partial to think worse of some men than of others. If I was a king myself, I dare say I should cease to love a republic. My Lady Rochford desired me t'other day to give her a motto for a ruby ring, which had been given by a handsome woman of quality to a fine man; he gave it to his mistress, she to Lord ——, he to my Lady; who, I think, does not deny that it has not yet finished its travels. I excused myself

[2] The *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*.

[3] David Hume (1711–1776). The first volume of his *History* was published at the end of 1754.

[4] Nicholas Hardinge (1699–1758), clerk to the House of Commons.

for some time, on the difficulty of reducing such a history to a poesy—at last I proposed this:

This was given by woman to man, and by man to woman.

Are you most impatient to hear of a French war, or the event of the Mitchell[5] election? If the former is uppermost in your thoughts, I can tell you, you are very unfashionable. The Whigs and Tories in Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem, never forgot national points with more zeal, to attend to private faction, than we have lately. After triumphs repeated in the committee, Lord Sandwich and Mr. Fox were beaten largely on the report. It was a most extraordinary day! The Tories, who could not trust one another for two hours, had their last consult at the Horn Tavern just before the report, and all but nine or ten voted in a body (with the Duke of Newcastle) against agreeing to it: then Sir John Philipps, one of them, moved for a void election, but was deserted by most of his clan. We now begin to turn our hands to foreign war. In the Rebellion, the ministry was so unsettled that nobody seemed to care who was king. Power is now so established, that I must do the engrossers the justice to say, that they seem to be determined that *their own King* shall continue so. Our fleet is great and well manned; we are raising men and money, and messages have been sent to both Houses from St. James's, which have been answered by very zealous *cards*. In the mean time, sturdy mandates are arrived from France; however, with a codicil of moderation, and power to Mirepoix still to treat. He was told briskly—'Your terms must come speedily; the fleets will sail very quickly; war cannot then be avoided.'

I have passed five entire days lately at Dr. Mead's sale,

[5] St. Michael's, in Cornwall. One of the members unseated on petition was Robert (afterwards Lord) Clive.

where, however, I bought very little: as extravagantly as he paid for everything, his name has even resold them with interest. Lord Rockingham gave two hundred and thirty guineas for the Antinous—the dearest bust that, I believe, was ever sold; yet the nose and chin were repaired, and very ill. Lord Exeter[6] bought the Homer for one hundred and thirty. I must tell you a piece of fortune: I supped the first night of the sale at Bedford House, and found my Lord Gower[7] dealing at silver pharaoh to the women. 'Oh!' said I laughing, 'I laid out six-and-twenty pounds this morning, I will try if I can win it back,' and threw a shilling upon a card: in five minutes I won a five-hundred leva, which was twenty-five pounds eleven shillings. I have formerly won a thousand leva, and another five hundred leva. With such luck, shall not I be able to win you back again?

Last Wednesday I gave a feast in form to the Harrises. There was the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Hertford, Mr. Conway, and Lady Ailesbury: in short, all the Conways in the world, my Lord Orford, and the Churchills. We dined in the drawing-room below stairs, amidst the eagle, Vespasian, &c. You never saw so Roman a banquet: but with all my virtù, the bridegroom seemed the most venerable piece of antiquity. Good night! The books go to Southampton on Monday.

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

423. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, April 13, 1755.

If I did not think that you would expect to hear often from me at so critical a season, I should certainly not write

[6] Brownlow Cecil (1725–1793), ninth Earl of Exeter.

[7] Granville Leveson-Gower, second Earl Gower; created Marquis of Stafford, 1786.

to you to-night: I am here alone, out of spirits, and not well. In short, I have depended too much upon my constitution being like

Grass, that escapes the scythe by being low;

and having nothing of the oak in the sturdiness of my stature, I imagined that my mortality would remain pliant as long as I pleased. But I have taken so little care of myself this winter, and kept such bad hours, that I have brought a slow fever upon my nights, and am worn to a skeleton: Bethel has plump cheeks to mine. However, as it would be unpleasant to die just at the beginning of a war, I am taking exercise and air, and much sleep, and intend to see Troy taken. The prospect thickens: there are certainly above twelve thousand men at the Isle of Rhé; some say twenty thousand. An express was yesterday dispatched to Ireland, where it is supposed the storm will burst; but unless our fleet can disappoint the embarkation, I don't see what service the notification can do: we have quite disgarnished that kingdom of troops; and if they once land, ten thousand men may walk from one end of the island to the other. It begins to be thought that the King will not go abroad: that he cannot, everybody has long thought. You will be entertained with a prophecy which my Lord Chesterfield has found in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, which clearly promises us victory over the French, and expressly relates to this war, as it mentions the two countries (Nova Scotia and Acadia) which are the point in dispute. You will have no difficulty in allowing that *mounseer* is typical enough of France: except Cyrus, who is the only heathen prince mentioned by his right name, and that before he had any name, I know no power so expressly described.

'2. Son of man, set thy face against *Mount Seir*, and prophesy against it.

3. And say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, *O Mount Seir*, I am against thee; and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate.

4. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, &c.

10. Because thou hast said, These two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it, &c.'

I am disposed to put great trust in this prediction; for I know few things more in our favour. You will ask me naturally, what is to become of you? Are you to be left to all the chance of war, the uncertainty of packets, the difficulty of remittance, the increase of prices?—My dear Sir, do you take me for a prime minister, who acquaints the *states* that they are in damned danger, when it is about a day too late? Or shall I order my *chancellor* to assure you, that this is numerically the very day on which it is fit to give such notification, and that a day sooner or a day later would be improper?

But not to trifle politically with you, your redemption is nearer than you think for, though not complete: the terms a little depend upon yourself. You must send me an account, strictly and upon your honour, what your debts are: as there is no possibility for the present but of compounding them, I put my friendship upon it, that you answer me sincerely. Should you, upon the hopes of facilitating your return, not deal ingenuously with me, which I will not suspect, it would occasion what I hope will never happen. Some overtures are going to be made to Miss ——, to ward off impediments from her. In short, though I cannot explain any of the means, your fortune wears another face; and if you send me immediately, upon your honour, a faithful account of what I ask, no time will be lost to labour your return, which I wish so much, and

of which I have said so little lately, as I have had better hopes of it. Don't joke with me upon this head, as you sometimes do: be explicit, be open in the most unbounded manner, and deal like a man of sense with a heart that deserves you should have no disguises to it. You know me and my style: when I engage earnestly as I do in this business, I can't bear not to be treated in my own way.

Sir Charles Williams is made ambassador to Russia; which concludes all I know. But at such a period two days may produce much, and I shall not send away my letter till I am in town on Tuesday. Good night!

Thursday, 17th.

All the officers on the Irish establishment are ordered over thither immediately: Lord Hartington has offered to go directly[1], and sets out with Mr. Conway this day se'nnight. The journey to Hanover is positive: what if there should be a crossing-over and figuring-in of kings? I know who don't think all this very serious; so that, if you have a mind to be in great spirits, you may quote Lord Hertford. He went to visit the Duchess of Bedford t'other morning, just after Lord Anson had been there and told her his opinion. She asked Lord Hertford, 'What news?' He knew none. 'Don't you hear there will be certainly war?' 'No, Madam: I saw Mr. Nugent yesterday, and he did not tell me anything of it.' She replied, 'I have just seen a man who must know, and who thinks it unavoidable.' 'Nay, Madam, perhaps it may: *I don't think a little war would do us any harm.*' Just as if he had said, losing a little blood in spring is very wholesome; or that a little hissing would not do the Mingotti any harm!

I went t'other morning to see the sale of Mr. Pelham's

Letter 423.—[1] As viceroy. *Walpole.*—Conway accompanied Lord Hartington as his secretary.

plate, with George Selwyn—'Lord!' says he, 'how many toads have been eaten off those plates!' Adieu! I flatter myself that this will be a comfortable letter to you: but I must repeat, that I expect a very serious answer, and very sober resolutions. If I treat you like a child, consider you have been so. I know I am in the right—more delicacy would appear kinder, without being so kind. As I wish and intend to restore and establish your happiness, I shall go thoroughly to work. You don't want an apothecary, but a surgeon—but I shall give you over at once, if you are either froward or relapse. Yours till then,

HOR. WALPOLE.

424. To Sir Horace Mann.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, April 22, 1755.

Your brother and Mr. Chute have just left me in the design of writing to you; that is, I promised your brother I would, if I could make out a letter. I have waited these ten days, expecting to be able to send you a war at least, if not an invasion. For so long, we have been persuaded that an attempt would be made on Ireland; we have fetched almost all the troops from thence; and *herefore* we have just now ordered all the officers thither, and the new Lord Lieutenant is going, to see if he has any government left; the *old Lord Lieutenant of England* goes on Sunday, to see whether he has any Electorate left. Your brother says, he hears to-day that the French fleet are sailed for America[1]: I doubt it; and that the New Englanders have been forming a secret expedition, and by this time have taken Cape Breton again, or something very considerable. I remember when the former account came of that conquest, I was stopped in

LETTER 424.—[1] The French fleet had sailed previous to April 29. Boscawen's squadron left Plymouth on April 27.

my chariot, and told, '*Cape Breton* is taken.' I thought the person said, '*Great Britain* is taken.' 'Oh!' said I, 'I am not at all surprised at that; drive on, coachman.' If you should hear that the Pretender and the *Pretendee* have crossed over and figured in, shall you be much more surprised?

Mr. Chute and I have been motto-hunting[2] for you, but we have had no sport. The sentence that puns the best upon your name, and suits the best with your nature, is too old, too common, and belongs already to the Talbots, *Humani nihil alienum.* The motto that punning upon your name suits best with your public character, is the most heterogeneous to your private, *Homo Homini Lupus*—forgive my puns, I hate them; but it shows you how I have been puzzled, and how little I have succeeded.

If I could pity Stosch[3], it would be for the edict by which Richcourt[4] incorporates his collection—but when he is too worthless to be pitied living, can one feel for a hardship that is not to happen to him till he is dead? How ready I should be to quarrel with the Count for such a law, if I was driving to Louis[5], at the Palazzo Vecchio!

Adieu! my dear child; I am sensible that this is a very scrap of a letter; but unless the Kings of England and France will take more care to supply our correspondence, and not be so dilatory, is it my fault that I am so concise? Sure, if they knew how much postage they lost, by not supplying us with materials for letters, they would not mind flinging away eight or ten thousand men every fortnight.

[2] It was necessary for him to have a motto to his arms, as a Knight of the Bath. *Walpole.*—So in MS., but it was Mann's baronetcy which made a motto necessary. He became K.B. in 1768.

[3] Baron Stosch, a great virtuoso and antiquary, settled at Florence. *Walpole.*

[4] Count Richcourt, Prime Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

[5] Louis Siriez, a French goldsmith at Florence, who sold curiosities, and lodged in the old palace at Florence. *Walpole.*

425. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, April 24, 1755.

I don't doubt but you will conclude that this letter, written so soon after my last, comes to notify a great sea-victory or defeat; or that the French are landed in Ireland, and have taken and fortified Cork; that they have been joined by all the wild Irish, who have proclaimed the Pretender, and are charmed with the prospect of being governed by a true descendant of the Mac-na-O's: or that the King of Prussia, like an unnatural nephew, has seized his uncle and Schutz in a post-chaise, and obliged them to hear the rehearsal of a French opera of his own composing—No such thing! If you will be guessing, you will guess wrong—all I mean to tell you is, that thirteen gold-fish, caparisoned in coats of mail, as rich as if Mademoiselle Scudéri had invented their armour, embarked last Friday on a secret expedition; which, as Mr. Weekes[1] and the wisest politicians of Twickenham concluded, was designed against the island of Jersey—but to their consummate mortification, Captain Chevalier is detained by a law-suit, and the poor Chinese adventurers are now frying under deck below bridge.—In short, if your governor is to have any gold-fish, you must come and manage their transport yourself. Did you receive my last letter? If you did, you will not think it impossible that you should preside at such an embarkation.

The war is quite gone out of fashion, and seems adjourned to America: though I am disappointed, I am not surprised. You know my despair about this eventless age! How pleasant to have lived in times when one could have been sure every week of being able to write such a paragraph as

Letter 425. — [1] A carpenter at Twickenham, employed by Mr. Walpole. *Walpole.*—Probably the same person as the Mr. Wicks mentioned in letter of July 9, 1754.

this! 'We hear that the *Christians* who were on their voyage for the recovery of the Holy Land, have been massacred in Cyprus by the natives, who were provoked at a rape and murder committed in a church by some young noblemen belonging to the Nuncio——;' or—'Private letters from Rome attribute the death of his Holiness to poison, which they pretend was given to him in the sacrament by the Cardinal of St. Cecilia, whose mistress he had debauched. The same letters add, that this Cardinal stands the fairest for succeeding to the Papal tiara; though a natural son of the late Pope is supported by the whole interest of Arragon and Naples.' Well! since neither the Pope nor the most Christian King will play the devil, I must condescend to tell you flippancies of less dignity. There is a young Frenchman here, called Monsieur Hérault. Lady Caroline Petersham[2] carried him and his governor to sup with her and Miss Ashe at a tavern t'other night. I have long said that the French were relapsed into barbarity, and quite ignorant of the world.—You shall judge: in the first place, the young man was bashful: in the next, the governor, so ignorant as not to have heard of women of fashion carrying men to a tavern, thought it incumbent upon him *to do the honours* for his pupil, who was as modest and as much in a state of nature as the ladies themselves, and hazarded some familiarities with Lady Caroline. The consequence was, that the next morning she sent a card to both, to desire they would not come to her ball that evening, to which she had invited them, and to beg the favour of them never to come into her house again. Adieu! I am prodigal of my letters, as I hope not to write you any more.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] This name was originally filled in by Wright (ed. 1840) as 'Harrington.' When this letter was written, however, the first Earl of Harrington

426. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 6, 1755.

Do you get my letters? or do I write only for the entertainment of the clerks of the post office? I have not heard from you this month! It will be very unlucky if my last to you has miscarried, as it required an answer, of importance to you, and very necessary to my satisfaction.

I told you of Lord Poulet's intended motion. He then repented, and wrote to my Lady Yarmouth and Mr. Fox to mediate his pardon. Not contented with his reception, he determined to renew his intention. Sir Cordell Firebrace[1] took it up, and intended to move the same address in the Commons, but was prevented by a sudden adjournment. However, the last day but one of the session, Lord Poulet read his motion, which was a speech. My Lord Chesterfield (who of all men living seemed to have no business to defend the Duke of Newcastle after much the same sort of ill-usage) said the motion was improper, and moved to adjourn. T'other Earl said, 'Then pray, my Lords, what is to become of my motion?' The House burst out a-laughing: he divided it, but was single. He then advertised his papers as lost. Legge, in his punning style, said, 'My Lord Poulet has had a stroke of an apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion.' It is now printed; but not having succeeded in prose, he is turned poet—you may guess how good!

The Duke[2] is at the head of the Regency—you may guess if we are afraid! Both fleets are sailed. The night the King went there was a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House. The Duke was there: he was playing

was still alive, and his daughter-in-law was, in consequence, Lady Caroline Petersham.

Letter 426.—[1] Sir Cordell Firebrace, third Baronet (d. 1759), M.P. for Suffolk.

[2] William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both. In the dessert was a model of Walton[3] Bridge in glass. Yesterday I gave a great breakfast at Strawberry Hill to the Bedford court. ' There were the Duke and Duchess, Lord Tavistock[4] and Lady Caroline[5], my Lord and Lady Gower[6], Lady Caroline Egerton[7], Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveson[8], and Colonel Sebright. The first thing I asked Harry was, 'Does the sun shine?' It did; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, understand it; but I think the flattery of yesterday was sincere; I judge by the notice the Duchess took of your drawings. Oh! how you will think the shades of Strawberry extended! Do you observe the tone of satisfaction with which I say this, as thinking it near? Mrs. Pitt brought her French horns: we placed them in the corner of the wood, and it was delightful. Poyang has great custom: I have lately given Count Perron some gold-fish, which he has carried in his post-chaise to Turin: he has already carried some before. The Russian minister has asked me for some too, but I doubt their succeeding there: unless, according to the universality of

[3] So in all the printed editions; but more probably Wilton Bridge—the famous Palladian bridge designed by the ninth Earl of Pembroke.

[4] Francis Russell (1739–1767), Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son of fourth Duke of Bedford. His early death (due to a fall out hunting) caused intense grief to his parents; his wife (*née* Lady Elizabeth Keppel) never recovered from the shock, but died little more than a year later.

[5] Lady Caroline Russell (d. 1811), daughter of fourth Duke of Bedford; m. (1762) George Spencer, fourth Duke of Marlborough. She was bridesmaid to Queen Charlotte. She appears in Reynolds' group of the Marlborough family, and was twice painted by him as a young woman.

[6] Lady Louisa Egerton (d. 1761), eldest daughter of first Duke of Bridgewater; m. (1748) Granville Leveson-Gower, Viscount Trentham, who succeeded as Earl Gower in 1754.

[7] Second daughter of first Duke of Bridgewater; she died unmarried.

[8] Hon. Baptist Leveson-Gower (d. 1782), fourth son of first Baron Gower; M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, 1727–54; Lord of Trade, 1745.

my system, everything is to be found out at last, and practised everywhere.

I have got a new book that will divert you, called *Anecdotes Littéraires*: it is a collection of stories and *bons mots* of all the French writers; but so many of their *bons mots* are impertinences, follies, and vanities, that I have blotted out the title, and written *Misères des Sçavants*. It is a triumph for the ignorant. Gray says (very justly) that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity: and you know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more merit in having travelled one's eyes over so many reams of papers, than in having carried one's legs over so many acres of ground? Adieu, my dear Sir! Pray don't be taken prisoner to France, just when you are expected at Strawberry! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

427. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1755.

It is very satisfactory to me to hear that Miss Montagu was pleased with the day she passed at Strawberry Hill; but does not it silently reproach you, who will never see it but in winter? Does she not assure you that there are leaves, and flowers, and verdure? And why will you not believe, that with those additions it might look pretty, and might make you some small amends for a day or two purloined from Greatworth? I wish you would visit it when in its beauty, and while it is mine! You will not, I flatter myself, like it so well when it belongs to the *Intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle-shell walk is made 'cross the lawn, and everything without doors is made regular, and everything *riant* and modern; for this must

be its fate! Whether its next master is already on board the Brest fleet, I don't pretend to say; but I scarce think it worth my while to dispose of it by my will, as I have some apprehensions of living to see it granted away *de par le Roy*. My Lady Hervey dined there yesterday with the Rochfords; I told her, that as she is just going to France, I was unwilling to let her see it, for if she should like it, she would desire Mademoiselle, with whom she lives, to beg it for her. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

428. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1755.

Mr. Müntz is arrived [1]. I am sorry I can by no means give any commendation to the hasty step you took about him. Ten guineas were a great deal too much to advance to him, and must raise expectations in him that will not at all answer. You have entered into no written engagement with him, nor even sent me his receipt for the money. My good Sir, is this the sample you give me of the prudence and providence you have learned? I don't love to enter into the particulars of my own affairs; I will only tell you in one word, that they require great management. My endeavours are all employed to serve you; don't, I beg, give me reasons to apprehend that they will be thrown away. It is much in obscurity, whether I shall be able to accomplish your re-establishment; but I shall go on with great discouragement, if I cannot promise myself that you will be a very different person after your return. I shall never have it in my power to do twice what I am

Letter 428.—[1] Upon Mr. Bentley's recommendation, Mr. Walpole had invited Mr. Müntz from Jersey, and he lived for some time at Strawberry Hill. *Berry*.

now doing for you; and I choose to say the worst beforehand, rather than to reprove you for indolence and thoughtlessness hereafter, when it may be too late. Excuse my being so serious, but I find it is necessary.

You are not displeased with me, I know, even when I pout: you see I am not quite in good-humour with you, and I don't disguise it; but I have done scolding you for this time. Indeed, I might as well continue it; for I have nothing else to talk of but Strawberry, and on that subject you must be well wearied. I believe she alluded to my disposition to *pout*, rather than meant to compliment me, when my Lady Townshend said to somebody t'other day, who told her how well Mrs. Leneve was, and in spirits, 'Oh! she must be in spirits: why, she lives with Mr. Walpole, who is spirit of hartshorn!'

Princess Emily has been here:—'Liked it?'—'Oh no!'—I don't wonder; I never liked St. James's. She was so inquisitive and so curious in prying into the very offices and servants' rooms, that her Captain Bateman [2] was sensible of it, and begged Catherine [3] not to mention it. He addressed himself well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whispered to all the reeds, 'Lord! that a princess should be such a gossip!' In short, Strawberry Hill is the puppet-show of the times.

I have lately bought two more portraits of personages in Grammont, Harry Jermyn [4] and Chiffinch [5]: my Arlington Street is so full of portraits, that I shall scarce find room for Mr. Müntz's works.

[2] Captain Hon. William Bateman, R.N. (d. 1783), second son of first Viscount Bateman.

[3] The housekeeper.

[4] Henry Jermyn (d. 1708), cr. Baron Dover, 1685; cr. Earl of Dover by James II (after his abdication), 1689.

[5] William Chiffinch (d. 1668), Closet Keeper to Charles II.

Wednesday, 11th.

I was prevented from finishing my letter yesterday, by what do you think? By no less magnificent a circumstance than a deluge. We have had an extraordinary drought, no grass, no leaves, no flowers; not a white rose for the festival of yesterday[6]! About four arrived such a flood, that we could not see out of the windows: the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat: presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty blue bedchamber, passed through ceilings and floors into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and *speech-gates*. I had but just time to collect two dogs, a couple of sheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold-fish; for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland has fared still worse: it never came into my head before, that a rainbow-office for insuring against water might be very necessary. This is a true account of the late deluge.

Witness our hands,
HORACE NOAH.
CATHERINE NOAH, her × mark.
HENRY SHEM.
LOUIS JAPHET.
PETER HAM, &c.

I was going to seal my letter, and thought I should scarce have anything more important to tell you than the history of the flood, when a most extraordinary piece of news indeed arrived—nothing less than a new gunpowder

[6] The Pretender's birthday. *Walpole.*

plot—last Monday was to be the fatal day. There was a ball at Kew—Vanneschi and his son, directors of the Opera, two English lords, and two Scotch lords, are in confinement at Justice Fielding's[7]. This is exactly all I know of the matter; and this weighty intelligence is brought by the waterman from my housemaid in Arlington Street, who sent Harry word that the town is in an uproar; and to confirm it, the waterman says he heard the same thing at Hungerford Stairs. I took the liberty to represent to Harry, that the ball at Kew was this day se'nnight for the Prince's birthday; that, as the Duke was at it, I imagined the Scotch lords would rather have chosen that day for the execution of their tragedy; that I believed Vanneschi's son was a child; and that peers are generally confined at the Tower, not at Justice Fielding's; besides that, we are much nearer to Kew than Hungerford Stairs are: but Harry, who has not at all recovered the deluge, is extremely disposed to think Vanneschi very like Guy Fawkes: and is so persuaded that so dreadful a story could *not* be invented, that I have been forced to believe it too: and in the course of our reasoning and guessing, I told him, that though I could not fix upon all four, I was persuaded that the late Lord Lovat who was beheaded must be one of the Scotch peers, and Lord Anson's son, who is not begot, one of the English. I was afraid he would think I treated so serious a business too ludicrously, if I had hinted at the scene of distressed friendship that would be occasioned by Lord Hardwicke's examining his intimate Vanneschi. Adieu! my dear Sir. Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, and Lord and Lady Kildare, are to dine here to-day; and if they tell Harry or me any more of the plot, you shall know it.

[7] John Fielding, half-brother of the novelist, whom he had succeeded as magistrate.

Wednesday night.

Well, now for the plot: thus much is true. A laundry-maid of the Duchess of Marlborough, passing by the Cocoa Tree [8], saw two gentlemen go in there, one of whom dropped a letter; it was directed *To you.* She opened it. It was very obscure, talked of designs at Kew miscarried, of new methods to be taken; and as this way of correspondence had been repeated too often, another must be followed; and it told *you* that the next letter to him should be in a bandbox at such a house in the Haymarket. The Duchess concluded it related to a gang of street-robbers, and sent it to Fielding. He sent it to the house named, and did find a box and a letter, which, though obscure, had treason enough in it. It talked of a design at Kew miscarried; that the Opera was now the only place, and consequently the scheme must be deferred till next season, especially as *a certain person* [9] is abroad. For the other great person, they are sure of him at any time. There was some indirect mention, too, of gunpowder. Vanneschi and others have been apprehended; but a conclusion was made, that it was a malicious design against the Lord High Treasurer of the Opera and his administration, and so they have been dismissed. Macnamara [10], I suppose you Jerseyans know, is returned with his fleet to Brest, leaving the transports sailing to America. Lord Thanet and Mr. Stanley [11] are just gone to Paris, I believe to inquire after the war.

The weather has been very bad for showing Strawberry to the Kildares; we have not been able to stir out of doors; but to make me amends, I have discovered that Lady

[8] A Tory club in St. James' Street.

[9] The King.

[10] The French admiral. *Walpole.*

[11] Hans Stanley, son of George Stanley, of Paultons, near Romsey; M.P. for Southampton; Lord of the Admiralty, 1757–65; Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, 1761; Governor of the Isle of Wight, 1764; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1766; Cofferer of the Household, 1766–74, 1776–80. He committed suicide at Althorp in 1780.

Kildare is a true Sévignist. You know what pleasure I have in any increase of our sect; I thought she grew handsomer than ever as she talked with devotion of *Notre Dame des Rochers*. Adieu! my dear Sir,

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. Tell me if you receive this; for in these gunpowder times, to be sure, the clerks of the post office are peculiarly alert.

429. To Sir Horace Mann.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1755.

I have received your two letters relating to the Countess[1], and wish you joy, since she will establish herself at Florence, that you are so well with her; but I could not help smiling at the goodness of your heart and your zeal for us: the moment she spared us, you gave *tête baissée* into all her histories against Mr. Shirley[2]: his friends say, that there was a little sleight of hand in her securing the absolute possession of her own fortune; it was very prudent, at least, if not quite sentimental. . . .[3] You should be at least as little the dupe of her affection for her son[4]; the only proof of fondness she has ever given for him, has been expressing great concern at his wanting taste for Greek and Latin. Indeed, he has not much encouraged maternal yearnings in her: I should have thought him shocked at the chronicle of her life if he ever felt any impressions. But to speak freely to you, my dear Sir, he is the most

Letter 429.—[1] Margaret Rolle, widow of Robert Walpole, second Earl of Orford; she lived for the greatest part of her life in Italy, and died there in 1781. *Walpole.*

[2] Sewallis Shirley, son of an Earl of Ferrers, second husband of Lady Orford, from whom she was parted, as she had been from her first. *Walpole.*

[3] Passage omitted.

[4] George, third Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

particular young man I ever saw. No man ever felt such a disposition to love another as mine to him: I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house; at least, not let it totally sink; but I am forced to give him up, and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you, if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming; he has more of the easy, genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw: though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable: he has a good breeding and attention when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish—but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world, are nothing to him—he would not give himself the least trouble in the world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction; yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body—his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment and hush any complaint—I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business: engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world, without being the least interested: he loves nobody but himself, yet neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but was scarce decent to his rich old grandmother [5], when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has—none but of parade: he drinks without inclination, has women, not without inclination, but without having them, for he brags as much as an old man; games without attention; is immeasurably obstinate, yet, like obstinate

[5] Mrs. Rolle, mother of Lady Orford, was married to John Harris, of Hayne, Esq., and had inherited a large fortune from her brother, Mr. Tuckfield. *Walpole.*

people, governed as a child. In short, it is impossible not to love him when one sees him: impossible to esteem him when one thinks on him!

Mr. Chute has found you a very pretty motto; it alludes to the goats in your arms, and not a little to you: *per ardua stabilis.* All your friends approve it, and it is actually engraving.

You are not at all more in the dark about the war than we are even here: Macnamara has been returned some time to Brest with his fleet, having left the transports to be swallowed up by Boscawen, as we do not doubt but they will be. Great armaments continue to be making in all the ports of England and France, and, as we expect next month accounts of great attempts made by our colonies, we think war unavoidable, notwithstanding both nations are averse to it. The French have certainly overshot themselves; we took it upon a higher style than they expected, or than has been our custom. The spirit and expedition with which we have equipped so magnificent a navy has surprised them, and does exceeding honour to my Lord Anson[6], who has breathed new life into our affairs. The minister[7] himself has retained little or none of his brother's and of his own pusillanimity; and as the Duke[8] is got into the Regency, you may imagine our land-spirit will not be unquickened neither.

This is our situation; actual news there are none. All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets*; *Anglicè*, one-horse chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child[9]: they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, everything is to be *en cabriolet*; the men

[6] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[7] Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[8] William, Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II. *Walpole.*

[9] Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney. *Walpole.*

paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women, who have gone all the winter without anything on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises. Adieu! my dear Sir.

430. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1755.

You vex me exceedingly. I beg, if it is not too late, that you would not send me these two new quarries of granite; I had rather pay the original price and leave them where they are, than be encumbered with them. My house is already a stone-cutter's shop, nor do I know what to do with what I have got. But this is not what vexes me, but your desiring me to traffic with Carter, and showing me that you are still open to any visionary project! Do you think I can turn broker and factor, and I don't know what? And at your time of life, do you expect to make a fortune by becoming a granite-merchant? There must be great demand for a commodity that costs a guinea a foot, and a month an inch to polish! you send me no drawings, for which you know I should thank you infinitely, and are hunting for everything that I would thank you for letting alone. In short, my dear Sir, I am determined never to be a projector, nor to deal with projects. If you will still pursue them, I must beg you will not only not employ me in them, but not even let me know that you employ anybody else. If you will not be content with my plain, rational way of serving you, I can do no better, nor can I joke upon it. I can combat any difficulties for your service but those of your own raising. Not to talk any more crossly, and to prevent, if I can, for the future, any more of these expostulations, I must tell you plainly, that

with regard to my own circumstances, I generally drive to a penny, and have no money to spare for visions. I do and am doing all I can for you; and let me desire you once for all, not to send me any more persons or things without asking my consent, and staying till you receive it. I cannot help adding to the chapter of complaint. . . .[1]

These, my dear Sir, are the imprudent difficulties you draw me into, and which almost discourage me from proceeding in your business. If you anticipate your revenue, even while in Jersey, and build castles in the air before you have repassed the sea, can I expect that you will be a better economist either of your fortune or your prudence here? I beg you will preserve this letter, ungracious as it is, because I hope it will serve to prevent my writing any more such.——

Now to Mr. Müntz:—Hitherto he answers all you promised and vowed for him: he is very modest, humble, and reasonable; and has seen so much, and knows so much, of countries and languages that I am not likely to be soon tired of him. His drawings are very pretty: he has done two views of Strawberry that please me extremely; his landscape and trees are much better than I expected. His next work is to be a large picture from your Mabland for Mr. Chute, who is much content with him: he goes to the Vine in a fortnight or three weeks. We came from thence the day before yesterday. I have drawn up an *inventionary* of all I propose he should do there; the computation goes a little beyond five thousand pounds; but he does not go half so fast as my impatience demands: he is so reasonable, and will think of dying, and of the gout, and of twenty disagreeable things that one must do and have, that he takes no joy in planting and future views, but distresses all my

Letter 430.—[1] So in the fifth volume of the 4to (1798) ed. of Walpole's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

rapidity of schemes. Last week we were at my sister's, at Chaffont in Buckinghamshire, to see what we could make of it; but it wants so much of everything, and would require so much more than an inventionary of five thousand pounds, that we decided nothing, except that Mr. Chute has designed the prettiest house in the world for them. We went to see the objects of the neighbourhood, Bulstrode[2] and Latimers. The former is a melancholy monument of Dutch magnificence: however, there is a brave gallery of old pictures, and a chapel with two fine windows of modern painted glass. The ceiling was formerly decorated with the assumption, or rather *presumption*, of Chancellor Jefferies, to whom it belonged; but a very judicious fire hurried him somewhere else. Latimers belongs to Mrs. Cavendish. I have lived there formerly with Mr. Conway, but it is much improved since: yet the river stops short at an hundred yards just under your eye, and the house has undergone Batty Langley[3] discipline: half the ornaments are of his bastard Gothic, and half of Hallet's[4] mongrel Chinese. I want to write over the doors of most modern edifices, 'Repaired and beautified; Langley and Hallet, churchwardens.' The great dining-room is hung with the paper of my staircase, but not shaded properly like mine. I was much more charmed lately at a visit I made to the Cardigans at Blackheath. Would you believe that I had never been in Greenwich Park? I never had, and am transported! Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminished rays. Yet nothing is equal to the fashion of this village; Mr. Müntz says we have more coaches than there are in half France. Mrs. Pritchard has bought Ragman's Castle, for which my Lord Litchfield

[2] Near Gerrard's Cross, in Buckinghamshire; the seat of the Duke of Portland.

[3] Batty Langley (1696–1751), architect and writer on architecture.

[4] William Hallet, cabinetmaker.

could not agree. We shall be as celebrated as Baiæ or Tivoli; and, if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people: Clive and Pritchard, actresses; Scott[5] and Hudson[6], painters; my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H——, the impudent lawyer, that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead[7], the poet—and Cambridge[8], the everything. Adieu! my dear Sir—I know not one syllable of news. Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

431. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1755.

OUR correspondence will revive: the war is begun. I cannot refer you to the *Gazette*, for it is so prudent and so afraid that Europe should say we began first (and unless the *Gazette* tells, how should Europe know?), that it tells nothing at all. The case was: Captain Howe[1] and Captain Andrews lay in a great fog that lasted near fifty hours within speech of three French ships and within sight of nine more. The commandant[2] asked if it was war or peace? Howe replied he must wait for his admiral's signal, but advised the Frenchman to prepare for war. Immediately Boscawen[3] gave the signal, and Howe attacked.

[5] Samuel Scott (d. 1772), marine painter.

[6] Thomas Hudson (1701–1779), portrait painter. He was for a time the master of Reynolds. His house was near Pope's villa.

[7] Paul Whitehead lived on Twickenham Common.

[8] Richard Owen Cambridge (1717–1802), author of the *Scribleriad*, and other poetical pieces, and a contributor to the *World*. His house (where he received most of the celebrities of his day) was near Richmond Bridge.

LETTER 431. — [1] Richard, afterwards Viscount, Howe. *Walpole.*—B. 1726; third son of second Viscount Howe; succeeded his brother, 1758; cr. Viscount Howe (in England), 1782; cr. Earl Howe, 1788. Lord of the Admiralty, 1763–65; Treasurer of the Navy, 1765–70; Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1770; First Lord of the Admiralty, Jan.–April, 1783, Dec. 1783–88; Commander-in-Chief in the Channel, 1793 (and, as such, victorious on the 'Glorious First of June,' 1794); d. 1799.

[2] The Chevalier Hocquart.

[3] Edward Boscawen, brother of

The French, who lost one hundred and thirty men to our thirteen, soon struck; we took one large ship, one inconsiderable, and seven thousand pounds: the third ship escaped in the fog[4]. Boscawen detained the express ten days in hopes of more success; but the rest of our *new* enemies are all got safe into the river of Louisbourg. This is a great disappointment! We expect a declaration of war with the first fair wind. Make the most of your friendship with Count Lorenzi[5], while you may.

I have received the cargo of letters and give you many thanks; but have not yet seen Mr. Brand; having been in the country while he was in town.

Your brother has received and sent you a dozen double prints of my eagle, which I have had engraved. I could not expect that any drawing could give a full idea of the noble spirit of the head, or of the masterly tumble of the feathers: but I think upon the whole the plates are not ill done. Let me beg Dr. Cocchi[6] to accept one of each plate; the rest, my dear Sir, you will give away as you please.

Mr. Chute is such an idle wretch, that you will not wonder I am his secretary for a commission. At the Vine is the most heavenly chapel[7] in the world; it only wants a few pictures to give it a true Catholic air—we are so conscious of the goodness of our Protestantism, that we do not care how things look. If you can pick us up a tolerable Last Supper, or can have one copied tolerably and very

Hugh, second Viscount Falmouth. *Walpole.*

[4] This action took place off Cape Race on June 10. Howe commanded the *Dunkirk*, and Andrews the *Defiance*, both of 60 guns. The captured French ships were the *Alcide* (64 guns) and the *Lys* (22 guns). The *Dauphin Royal* escaped.

[5] A Florentine, but minister of France to the Great Duke. *Walpole.*

[6] A physician and author at Florence. *Walpole.*

[7] At Mr. Chute's seat of the Vine, in Hampshire, is a chapel built by Lord Sandys of the Vine, Lord Chamberlain to Henry VIII. In the painted glass windows, which were taken at Boulogne in that reign, are portraits of Francis I, his queen, and sister. *Walpole.*

cheap, we will say many a mass for the repose of your headaches. The dimensions are, three feet eleven inches and three-quarters wide, by two feet eight inches and a half high. Take notice of two essential ingredients; it must be cheap, and the colouring must be very light, for it will hang directly under the window.

I beg you will nurse yourself up to great strength; consider what German generals and English commodores you are again going to have to govern! On my side, not a Pretender shall land, nor a rebellion be committed, but you shall have timely notice. Adieu!

432. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

To be sure, war is a dreadful calamity, &c.! But then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters and writing history; and as one did not contribute to make it, why there is no harm in being a little amused with looking on; and if one can but keep the Pretender on t'other side Derby, and keep Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill from being carried to Paris, I know nobody that would do more to promote peace, or that will bear the want of it, with a better grace than myself. If I don't send you an actual declaration of war in this letter, at least you perceive I am the harbinger of it. An account arrived yesterday morning that Boscawen had missed the French fleet, who are got into Cape Breton; but two of his captains attacked three of their squadron and have taken two, with scarce any loss. This is the third time one of the French captains has been taken by Boscawen.

Mr. Conway is arrived from Ireland, where the triumphant party are what parties in that situation generally are, unreasonable and presumptuous. They will come into no

terms without a stipulation that the Primate[1] shall not be in the Regency. This is a bitter pill to digest, but must not it be swallowed? Have we heads to manage a French war and an Irish civil war too?

There are little domestic news. If you insist upon some, why, I believe I could persuade somebody or other to hang themselves; but that is scarce an article uncommon enough to send 'cross the sea. For example, the rich ——, whose brother died of the smallpox a year ago, and left him four hundred thousand pounds, had a fit of the gout last week, and shot himself. I only begin to be afraid that it should grow as necessary to shoot one's self here, as it is to go into the army in France. Sir Robert Browne has lost his last daughter, to whom he could have given eight thousand pounds a year. When I tell these riches and madnesses to Mr. Müntz, he stares so, that I sometimes fear he thinks I mean to impose on him. It is cruel to a person who collects the follies of the age for the information of posterity to have one's veracity doubted; it is the truth of them that makes them worth notice. Charles Townshend marries the great Dowager Dalkeith[2]: his parts and presumption are prodigious. He wanted nothing but independence to let him loose: I propose great entertainment from him; and now, perhaps, the times will admit it. There may be such things again as parties—odd evolutions happen. The ballad I am going to transcribe for you is a very good comment on so commonplace a text. My Lord Bath, who was brought hither by my Lady Hervey's and Billy Bristow's reports of the charms of the place, has made the following stanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Dodington's Mrs. Strawbridge:—

LETTER 432.—[1] Dr. Stone. *Walpole.*

[2] Caroline Campbell, Countess of Dalkeith; cr. Baroness Greenwich, 1767.

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury[3],
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

II.

Though Surrey boast its Oatlands,
And Claremont[4] kept so gim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
It's but a dainty whim;
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the *Craftsman* should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the *Craftsman* should write a panegyric on a house of mine?

I dined yesterday at Wanstead[5]: many years have passed since I saw it. The disposition of the house and the prospect are better than I expected, and very fine: the garden, which they tell you cost as much as the house, that is, 100,000*l.* (don't tell Mr. Müntz), is wretched; the furniture fine, but totally without taste: such continences and incontinences of Scipio and Alexander, by I don't know whom! such flame-coloured gods and goddesses, by Kent! such family-pieces, by—I believe the late Earl[6] himself, for they are as ugly as the children that he really begot! The

[3] The seat of Henry Furnese.
[4] The seat of Miss Pelham, near Esher.
[5] Wanstead House, near Walthamstow.
[6] Richard Child, afterwards Tilney (1680–1750), first Earl Tilney.

whole great apartment is of oak, finely carved, unpainted, and has a charming effect. The present Earl[7] is the most generous creature in the world: in the first chamber I entered he offered me four marble tables that lay in cases about the room: I compounded, after forty refusals of everything I commended, to bring away only a haunch of venison: I believe he has not had so cheap a visit a good while. I commend myself, as I ought; for, to be sure, there were twenty ebony chairs, and a couch, and a table, and a glass, that would have tried the virtue of a philosopher of double my size! After dinner we dragged a gold-fish pond for my Lady Fitzroy and Lord S. I could not help telling my Lord Tilney, that they would certainly burn the poor fish for the gold, like old lace. There arrived a Marquis St. Simon, from Paris, who understands English, and who has seen your book of designs for Gray's odes: he was much pleased at meeting me, to whom the individual cat belonged, and you may judge whether I was pleased with him. Adieu! my dear Sir. Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

433. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

Having done with building and planting, I have taken to farming; the first fruits of my proficience in that science I offer to you, and have taken the liberty to send you a couple of cheeses. If you will give yourself the trouble to inquire at Brackley for the coach, which set out this morning, you will receive a box and a roll of paper. The latter does not contain a cheese, only a receipt for making them. We have taken so little of the French fleet, that I fear none of it will come to my share, or I would have

[7] John Tilney (1712–1784), second Earl Tilney.

sent you part of the spoils. I have nothing more to send you, but a new ballad, which my Lord Bath has made on this place; you remember the old burden of it, and the last lines allude to Billy Bristow's having fallen in love with it.

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick House
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
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II.

Though Surrey boast its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so gim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
It's but a dainty whim;
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

I am a little pleased to send you this, to show you, that in summer we are a little pretty, though you will never look at us but in our ugliness. My best compliments to Miss Montagu; and my service to whatever baronet breakfasts with you on negus.—Have you heard that poor Lady Browne is so unfortunate as to have lost her last daughter? and that Mrs. Barret is so lucky as to have lost her mother-in-law[1], and is Baroness Dacre of the South? I met the great Cû t'other day, and he asked me if I ever heard from you; that he never did; I told him that I did not neither; did not I say true? Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 433.—[1] Anne Lennard, Baroness Dacre; d. June 26, 1755.

434. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1755.

Who would not turn farmer, when their very first essay turns to so good account? Seriously, I am quite pleased with the success of my mystery, and infinitely obliged to you for the kind things you say about my picture. You must thank Mrs. Whetenhall, too, for her prepossession about my cheeses; I fear a real manufacture of milk at Strawberry Hill would not have answered quite so well as our old commodities of paint and copper-plates.

I am happy for the recovery of Miss Montagu, and the tranquillity you must feel after so terrible a season of apprehensions. Make my compliments to her, and if you can be honest on so tender a topic, tell her, that she will always be in danger, while you shut her up in Northamptonshire, and that with her delicate constitution she ought to live nearer friends and help; that I know no spot so healthy or convenient for both as the county of Twicks.

Charles Townshend is to be married next month: as the lady[1] had a very *bad* husband before, she has chosen prudently, and has settled herself in a family of the best sort of people in the world, who will think of nothing but making her happy. I don't know even whether the bridegroom won't be afraid of getting her any more children, lest it would prejudice those she has already! they are a wonderful set of people for good-natured considerations!

You know, to be sure, that Mr. Humberston[2] is dead, and your neighbouring Brackley likely to return under the dominion of its old masters. Lady Dysart[3] is dead too, . . .[4]

Letter 434.—[1] The Countess of Dalkeith.

[2] Thomas Humberston, M.P. for Brackley.

[3] Grace Carteret, wife of fourth Earl of Dysart, and daughter of Earl Granville.

[4] Passage omitted.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine. Your poor Cliquetis[5] is still a banished man. I have a scheme for bringing him back, but can get Mrs. Tisiphone into no kind of terms; and without tying her up from running him into new debts, it is in vain to recover him.

I believe the declaration of war has been stopped at the Custom House, for one hears nothing of it. You see I am very paragraphical, and in reality have nothing to say; so good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

435. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, August 4, 1755, between 11 and 12 at night.

I came from London to-day, and am just come from supping at Mrs. Clive's, to write to you by the fire-side. We have been exceedingly troubled for some time with St. Swithin's diabetes, and have not a dry thread in any walk about us. I am not apt to complain of this malady, nor do I: it keeps us green at present, and will make our shades very thick, against we are fourscore, and fit to enjoy them. I brought with me your two letters of July 30 and August 1; a sight I have not seen a long time!—But, my dear Sir, you have been hurt at my late letters. Do let me say thus much in excuse for myself. You know how much I value, and what real and great satisfaction I have in your drawings. Instead of pleasing me with so little trouble to yourself, do you think it was no mortification to receive everything but your drawings? to find you full of projects, and, I will not say, with some imprudences?—But I have done on this subject—my friendship will always be the same for you; it will only act with more or less cheerfulness, as you use your common sense, or your disposition to

[5] Richard Bentley.

chimerical schemes and carelessness. To give you all the present satisfaction in my power, I will tell you . . .[1]

I think your good-nature means to reproach me with having dropped any hint of finding amusement in contemplating a war. When one would not do anything to promote it, when one would do anything to put a period to it, when one is too insignificant to contribute to either, I must own I see no blame in thinking an active age more agreeable to live in, than a soporific one.—But, my dear Sir, I must adopt *your* patriotism—Is not it laudable to be revived with the revival of British glory? Can I be an indifferent spectator of the triumphs of my country? Can I help feeling a tattoo at my heart, when the Duke of Newcastle makes as great a figure in history as Burleigh or Godolphin—nay, as Queen Bess herself?—She gained no battles in person; she was only the actuating genius. You seem to have heard of a proclamation of war, of which we have not heard; and not to have come to the knowledge of taking of Beau Séjour[2] by Colonel Monckton[3]. In short, the French and we seem to have crossed over and figured in, in politics. Mirepoix complained grievously that the Duke of Newcastle had overreached him—but he is to be forgiven in so good a cause! It is the first person he ever deceived!—I am preparing a new folio for heads of the heroes that are to bloom in mezzotinto from this war. At present my chief study is West Indian history. You would not think me very ill-natured if you knew all I feel at the cruelty and villainy of European settlers: but this very morning I found that part of the purchase of Maryland

LETTER 435.—[1] So in 4to (1798) ed. of Walpole's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

[2] Fort Beau Séjour on the Bay of Fundy, taken on June 16, 1755.

[3] Hon. Robert Monckton (1726–1782), second son of first Viscount Galway; entered the army, 1741; was present at the battle of Dettingen; second in command of the expedition against Quebec, 1759; commanded at capture of Martinique, 1762 Lieutenant-General, 1770.

from the savage proprietors (for *we* do not massacre, *we* are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews'-harps!

Indeed, if I pleased, I might have another study; it is my fault if I am not a commentator and a corrector of the press. The Marquis de St. Simon, whom I mentioned to you, at a very first visit proposed to me to look over a translation he had made of *The Tale of a Tub*: the proposal was soon followed by a folio, and a letter of three sides, to press me seriously to revise it. You shall judge of my scholar's competence. He translates 'L'Estrange[4], Dryden, and others,' *l'étrange Dryden*, &c. Then in the description of the tailor as an idol, and his goose as the symbol; he says in a note, that the *goose* means the dove, and is a concealed satire on the Holy Ghost. It put me in mind of the Dane, who talking of orders to a Frenchman, said, 'Notre St. Esprit est un éléphant.'

Don't think, because I prefer your drawings to everything in the world, that I am such a churl as to refuse Mrs. Bentley's partridges: I shall thank her very much for them. You must excuse me, if I am vain enough to be so convinced of my own taste, that all the neglect that has been thrown upon your designs cannot make me think I have overvalued them. I must think that the States of Jersey who execute your town-house, have much more judgement than all our connoisseurs. When I every day see Greek, and Roman, and Italian, and Chinese, and Gothic architecture embroidered and inlaid upon one another, or called by each other's names, I can't help thinking that the grace and simplicity and truth of your taste, in whichever you undertake, is real taste. I go farther: I wish you would know in what you excel, and not be hunting after twenty things unworthy your genius. If flattery is my turn, believe this to be so.

[4] Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knight (1616–1704), journalist and fabulist.

Mr. Müntz is at the Vine, and has been some time. I want to know more of this history of the German: I do assure you, that I like both his painting and behaviour; but if any history of any kind is to accompany him, I shall be most willing to part with him. However I may divert myself as a spectator of broils, believe me I am thoroughly sick of having anything to do in any. Those in a neighbouring island are likely to subside—and, contrary to custom, the *priest* himself to be the *sacrifice*.

I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour[5]. He affects to study my taste: I lay it all upon you—he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare: I offered him this motto: 'Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo tuum est!' Don't be surprised if you should hear of me as a gentleman coming upon the stage next winter for my diversion.—The truth is, I make the most of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Cliveden*—you understand the conundrum, *Clive's den*.

Adieu, my dear Sir! Need I repeat assurances? If I need, believe that nothing that can tend to your recovery has been or shall be neglected by me. You may trust me to the utmost of my power—beyond that, what can I do? Once more, adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

436. To Richard Bentley.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, August 15, 1755.

Though I wrote to you so lately, and have certainly nothing new to tell you, I can't help scribbling a line to you to-night, as I am going to Mr. Rigby's for a week or ten days, and must thank you first for the three pictures. One

[5] At Hampton.

of them charms me, the Mount Orgueil, which is absolutely fine; the sea, and shadow upon it, are masterly. The other two I don't, at least won't, take for finished. If you please, Elizabeth Castle shall be Mr. Müntz's performance: indeed I see nothing of you in it. I do reconnoitre you in the Hercules and Nessus; but in both, your colours are dirty, carelessly dirty: in your distant hills you are improved, and not hard. The figures are too large—I don't mean in the Elizabeth Castle, for there they are neat; but the centaur, though he dies as well as Garrick can, is outrageous. Hercules and Deianira are by no means so: he is sentimental, and she most improperly sorrowful. However, I am pleased enough to beg you would continue. As soon as Mr. Müntz returns from the Vine, you shall have a supply of colours. In the mean time why give up the good old trade of drawing? Have you no Indian ink, no soot-water, no snuff, no coat of onion, no juice of anything? If you love me, draw: you would if you knew the real pleasure you can give me. I have been studying all your drawings; and next to architecture and trees, I determine that you succeed in nothing better than animals. Now (as the newspapers say) the late ingenious Mr. Seymour[1] is dead, I would recommend horses and greyhounds to you. I should think you capable of a landscape or two with delicious bits of architecture. I have known you execute the light of a torch or lanthorn so well, that if it was called Schalken[2], a housekeeper at Hampton Court or Windsor, or a Catherine at Strawberry Hill, would show it, and say it cost ten thousand pounds. Nay, if I could believe that you would ever execute any more designs I proposed to you, I would give you a hint for a picture that struck me t'other day in Péréfixe's[3] *Life of Henry IV.* He says, the king was often

Letter 436.—[1] James Seymour (1702–1752), animal painter.

[2] Godfrey Schalken (1643–1706), famous for painting effects of artificial light.

[3] Hardouin de Beaumont de Péré-

seen lying upon a common straw-bed among the soldiers, with a piece of brown bread in one hand, and a bit of charcoal in t'other, to draw an encampment, or town that he was besieging. If this is not character and a picture, I don't know what is.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holdernesse, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole; and the wife of a Secretary of State. This is being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you.—I like her exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too. I don't know how, he does not improve so fast upon me: there is a great deal of parts, and vivacity, and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burlesque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me abundantly; but unluckily I know it. I was accustomed to it enough when my father was first minister: on his fall I lost it all at once: and since that I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir Charles Williams, who has no time from flattering himself; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me; with Mr. Conway, who is all sincerity; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. I don't know how, but I think I like all this as well—I beg his pardon, Mr. Raftor [4] does flatter me; but I should be a cormorant for praise, if I could swallow it whole as he gives it me.

Sir William Yonge [5], who has been extinct so long, is at last dead; and the war, which began with such a flirt of

fixe (1605–1670), Archbishop of Paris and tutor of Louis XIV.

[4] James Raftor, brother of Mrs. Clive.

[5] Sir William Yonge, fourth Baronet, sometime M.P. for Honiton and Secretary at War.

vivacity, is I think gone to sleep. General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus. But why should I take pains to show you in how many ways I know nothing?—Why; I can tell it you in one word—why, Mr. Cambridge knows nothing!—I wish you good night! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

437. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR, Mistley, August 21, 1755.

I hear by an express that Mr. Swinburn died last night. I can't defer a minute to give myself the pleasure of offering you to succeed him[1], not only according to my promise, but according to my inclination. You know, I believe, that I had some strong suspicions that the poor man who is gone, did not do me all the justice he might have done. In putting my affairs into the hands of a friend, those suspicions will be entirely removed; and I think it almost unnecessary to tell you, that within this month I was offered first five hundred pounds, and then whatever I would ask, for the reversion of Mr. Swinburn's place. No offer certainly would have made me break my promise to you; but without pretending to that merit, I must own that I am persuaded my interest will be much more promoted in your hands than it could be by any one I might have accepted for the place. I shall be in town on Tuesday night, and hope to see you in Arlington Street on Wednesday morning, till when I beg nobody but Mrs. Bedford, to whom I desire my compliments, may know a word of this business. I am, dear Sir,

Ever yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER 437.—[1] As Horace Walpole's Deputy in the Exchequer.

438. To Sir Horace Mann.

Mistley[1], August 21, 1755.

I shall laugh at you for taking so seriously what I said to you about my Lady Orford. Do you think, my dear Sir, that at this time I can want to learn your zeal for us? or can you imagine that I did not approve for your own sake your keeping fair terms with the Countess? If I do not much forget, I even recommended it to you—but let us talk no more of her; she has engrossed more paragraphs in our letters than she deserves.

I promised you a brisk war: we have done our part, but can I help it, if the French will not declare it?—if they are backward, and cautious, and timorous; if they are afraid of provoking too far so great a power as England, who threatens the liberties of Europe?—I laugh, but how not to laugh at such a world as this? Do you remember the language of last war? What were our apprehensions? Nay, at the conclusion of the peace, nothing was laid down for a maxim but the impossibility of our engaging in another war: that our national debt was at its *ne plus ultra*, and that on the very next discussion France must swallow us up! Now we are all insolent, alert, and triumphant: nay, the French talk of nothing but guarding against our piracies, and travel Europe to give the alarm against such an overbearing power as we are. On their coasts they are alarmed—I mean the common people; I scarce believe that they who know anything, are in real dread of invasion from us! Whatever be the reason, they don't declare war: some think they wait for the arrival of their Martinico fleet.—You will ask why we should not attack that too? They tell one, that if we began hostilities in

Letter 438.—[1] Seat of Richard Rigby, Esq., in Essex. *Walpole.*

Europe, Spain would join the French. Some believe that the latter are not ready: certain it is, Mirepoix[2] gave them no notice nor suspicion of our flippancy; and he is rather under a cloud—indeed this has much undeceived me in one point: I took him for the *ostensible* minister; but little thought that they had not some secret agent of better head, some priest, some Scotch or Irish Papist—or perhaps some English Protestant, to give them better intelligence.

But don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions? The Duke[3], who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the Duke has found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines 'To die is landing on some silent shore[4],' &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, 'Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced *to tuck herself up!*[5]' But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his *Covent-Garden Tragedy*, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton,

[2] Marquis de Mirepoix, Ambassador from France. *Walpole.*

[3] Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[4] Garth, *The Dispensary*, Canto iii. 225.

[5] Miss Fanny Braddock hanged herself at Bath on Sept. 8, 1731. (See *Gent. Mag.* 1731, p. 397, also Goldsmith's *Life of Beau Nash*, where she is referred to as 'Miss Sylvia S——'.)

who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and showed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, 'Let me see that.' Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, 'Damn you for a bitch! Did you mean to cheat me?' and never went near her more:—now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

We have some royal negotiations proceeding in Germany, which are not likely to give quite so much satisfaction to the Parliament of next winter, as our French triumphs give to the City, where nothing is so popular as the Duke of Newcastle. There is a certain Hessian treaty, said to be eighteen years long, which is arrived—at the Treasury, Legge[6] refused peremptorily to sign it—you did not expect patriotism from thence? It will not make *him* popular; there is not a mob in England now capable of being the dupe of patriotism; the late body of that denomination have really so discredited it, that a minister must go great lengths indeed before the people would dread him half so much as a patriot! On the contrary, I believe nothing would make any man so popular, or conciliate so much affection to his ministry, as to assure the people that he never had nor ever would pretend to love his country. Legge has been frowned upon by the Duke of Newcastle ever since he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by him, and would have been turned out long ago if Sir George Lee[7] would have accepted the post.

I am sorry that just when Tuscany is at war with Algiers, your countrymen should lie under the odour of piracy too; it will give Richcourt opportunities of saying

[6] Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[7] Sir George Lee, a civilian, attached to the late Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

very severe things to you!—Barbarossa our Dey is not returned yet—we fear he is going to set his grandson[8] up in a seraglio; as we have not, among other Mahometan customs, copied the use of the bowstring for repressing the luxuriancy of the royal branches, we shall be quite overrun with young Sultans! Adieu!

439. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

My last letter to you could not be got out of England, before I might have added a melancholy supplement. Accounts of a total defeat[1] of Braddock and his forces are arrived from America; the purport is, that the General having arrived within a few miles of Fort du Quesne (I hope you are perfect in your American geography?), sent an advanced party, under Lord Gage's[2] brother[3]: they were fired upon, invisibly, as they entered a wood; Braddock heard guns, and sent another party to support the former; but the first fell back in confusion on the second, and the second on the main body. The whole was in disorder, and it is said, the General himself, though exceedingly brave, did not retain all the *sang-froid* that was necessary. The common soldiers in general fled; the officers stood heroically and were massacred: our Indians were not surprised, and behaved gallantly. The General had five horses shot under him, no bad symptom of his spirit, and at last was brought off by two Americans, no English daring, though Captain Orme[4], his aide-de-camp, who is

[8] The King had a mind to marry the Prince of Wales to a Princess of Brunswick. *Walpole.*

Letter 439.—[1] On July 9, 1755.

[2] William Hall Gage (1718–1791), second Viscount Gage; Paymaster of the Pensions, 1766.

[3] Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. Thomas Gage (1721–1787), second son of first Viscount Gage; Commander-in-Chief in North America, 1763–72; 1775; Governor of Massachusetts, 1774; General, 1782.

[4] He married the sister of George,

wounded too, and has made some noise here by an affair of gallantry, offered sixty guineas to have him conveyed away. We have lost twenty-six officers, besides many wounded, and ten pieces of artillery. Braddock lived four days, in great torment. What makes the rout more shameful is, that instead of a great pursuit, and a barbarous massacre by the Indians, which is always to be feared in these rencontres, not a black or white soul followed our troops, but we had leisure two days afterwards to fetch off our dead. In short, our American laurels are strangely blighted! We intended to be in great alarms for Carolina and Virginia, but the small number of our enemies had reduced this affair to a panic. We pretend to be comforted on the French deserting Fort St. John [5], and on the hopes we have from two other expeditions which are on foot in that part of the world—but it is a great drawback on English heroism! I pity you who represent the very flower of British courage ingrafted on a Brunswick stock!

I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few more words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's [6] brother, who had been his great friend: as they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good-humour and wit (Braddock had the latter), said, 'Braddock, you are a poor dog! here take my purse; if you kill me you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you.' Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any governor was endured before. Adieu! Pray don't let any detachment from Pannoni's [7] be sent against us—we should run away!

Lord Townshend, without the consent of her family. *Walpole.*

[5] On Lake Champlain.

[6] Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pultney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

[7] Pannoni's coffee-house of the

440. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

Our piratic laurels, with which the French have so much reproached us, have been exceedingly pruned! Braddock is defeated and killed, by a handful of Indians and by the baseness of his own troops, who sacrificed him and his gallant officers. Indeed, there is some suspicion that cowardice was not the motive, but resentment at having been draughted from Irish regiments. Were such a desertion universal, could one but commend it? Could one blame men who should refuse to be knocked on the head for sixpence a day, and for the advantage and dignity of a few ambitious? But in this case one pities the brave young officers, who cannot so easily disfranchise themselves from the prejudices of glory! Our disappointment is greater than our loss: six-and-twenty officers are killed, who, I suppose, have not left a vast many fatherless and *widowless*, as an old woman told me to-day with great tribulation. The ministry have a much more serious affair on their hands—Lord L.[1] and Lord A.[2] have had a dreadful quarrel! *Coquus teterrima belli causa!* When Lord Mountford shot himself, Lord L. said, 'Well, I am very sorry for poor Mountford! but it is the part of a wise man to make the best of every misfortune—I shall now have the best cook in England.' This was uttered before Lord A. Joras[3], who is a man of extreme punctilio, as cooks and officers ought to be, would not be hired till he knew whether this Lord Mountford[4] would retain him. When it was decided that he would

Florentine nobility, not famous for their courage of late. *Walpole.*

Letter 440.—[1] Lord Lincoln.

[2] Probably Lord Anson, although Walpole farther on, doubtless by a slip, calls him an earl.

[3] The name of the cook in question. *Walpole.*

[4] Thomas Bromley (1733–1799), second Baron Mountford or Montford.

not, Lord L. proposed to hire Joras. Lord A. had already engaged him. Such a breach of friendship was soon followed by an expostulation (there was jealousy of the Duke of Newcastle's favour already under the coals): in short, the nephew earl called the favourite earl such gross names, that it was well they were ministers! otherwise, as Mincing[5] says, 'I vow, I believe they must have fit.' The public, that is half a dozen toad-eaters, have great hopes that the present unfavourable posture of affairs in America will tend to cement this breach, and that *we* shall all unite hand and heart against the common enemy.

I returned the night before last from my peregrination. It is very unlucky for me that no crown of martyrdom is entailed on zeal for antiquities; I should be a rubric martyr of the first class. After visiting the new salt-water baths at Harwich (which, next to horse-racing, grows the most fashionable resource for people *who want to get out of town, and who love the country and retirement!*), I went to see Orford Castle[6], and Lord Hertford's at Sudborn. The one is a ruin, and the other ought to be so. Returning in a one-horse chair over a wild vast heath, I went out of the road to see the remains of Buttley Abbey; which however I could not see: for, as the keys of Orford Castle were at Sudborn, so the keys of Buttley were at Orford! By this time it was night; we lost our way, were in excessive rain for above two hours, and only found our way to be overturned into the mire the next morning going into Ipswich. Since that I went to see an old house[7] built by Secretary Naunton[8]. His descendant, who is a strange retired creature, was unwilling to let us see it; but we did, and little in it worth seeing. The house never was fine, and is now

[5] The lady's-maid in Congreve's *Way of the World.*

[6] Orford, Sudborne, and Butley are close together in Suffolk.

[7] At Letheringham, near Wickham Market.

[8] Sir Robert Naunton, Master of the Court of Wards. He wrote anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth and her favourites. *Walpole.*

out of repair; has a bed with ivory pillars and loose rings, presented to the secretary by some German prince or German artist; and a small gallery of indifferent portraits, among which there are scarce any worth notice but of the Earl of Northumberland [9] (Anna Bullen's lover), and of Sir Antony Wingfield, who having his hand tucked into his girdle, the housekeeper told us, had had his fingers cut off by Harry VIII. But Harry VIII was not a man *pour s'arrêter à ces minuties-là!* While we waited for leave to see the house, I strolled into the churchyard, and was struck with a little door open into the chancel, through the arch of which I discovered cross-legged knights and painted tombs! In short, there are no less than eight considerable monuments, very perfect, of Wingfields, Nauntons, and a Sir John Boynet and his wife, as old as Richard the Second's time. But what charmed me still more, were two figures of Secretary Naunton's father and mother in the window in painted glass, near two feet high, and by far the finest painting on glass I ever saw. His figure, in a puffed doublet, breeches and bonnet, and cloak of scarlet and yellow, is absolutely perfect: her shoulder is damaged. This church, which is scarce bigger than a large chapel, is very ruinous, though containing such treasures! Besides these, there are brasses on the pavement, with a succession of all the wonderful head-dresses which our *plain virtuous* grandmothers invented to tempt our rude and simple ancestors.—I don't know what our nobles might be, but I am sure the milliners three or four hundred years ago must have been more accomplished in the arts, as Prynne calls them, of crisping, curling, frizzling, and frouncing, than all the tirewomen of Babylon, modern Paris, or modern Pall Mall. Dame Winifred Boynet, whom I mentioned above, is accoutred with the coiffure called

[9] Henry Percy (circ. 1502-1537), sixth Earl of Northumberland.

piked horns, which, if there were any signs in Lothbury and Eastcheap, must have brushed them about strangely, as their ladyships rode behind their gentlemen ushers! Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

441. To RICHARD BENTLEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, September 18, 1755.

After an expectation of six weeks, I have received a letter from you, dated August 23d. Indeed I did not impute any neglect to you; I knew it arose from the war; but Mr. S—— tells me the packets will now be more regular. —Mr. S—— tells me;—What, has he been in town, or at Strawberry?—No; but I have been at Southampton: I was at the Vine; and on the arrival of a few fine days, the first we have had this summer, after a deluge, Mr. Chute persuaded me to take a jaunt to Winchester and Netley Abbey, with the latter of which he is very justly enchanted.

I was disappointed in Winchester: it is a paltry town, and small: King Charles the Second's house[1] is the worst thing I ever saw of Sir Christopher Wren, a mixture of a town-hall and an hospital; not to mention the bad choice of the situation in such a country; it is all *ups* that should be *downs*. I talk to you as supposing that you never have been at Winchester, though I suspect you have, for the entrance of the cathedral is the very idea of that of Mabland. I like the smugness of the cathedral, and the profusion of the most beautiful Gothic tombs. That of Cardinal Beaufort is in a style more free and of more taste than anything I have seen of the kind. His figure confirms me in my opinion that I have struck out the true history of the

LETTER 441.—[1] The palace begun from Wren's design, but left unfinished on the King's death.

picture I bought of Robinson: and which I take for the marriage of Henry VI. Besides the monuments of the Saxon kings, of Lucius, William Rufus, his brother, &c., there are those of six such great or considerable men as Beaufort, William of Wickham, him of Wainfleet, the Bishops Fox and Gardiner, and my Lord Treasurer Portland[2].—How much power and ambition under half a dozen stones! I own, I grow to look on tombs as lasting mansions, instead of observing them for curious pieces of architecture!—Going into Southampton, I passed Bevismount, where my Lord Peterborough

Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate[3];

but General Mordaunt was there, and we could not see it. We walked long by moonlight on the terrace along the beach—Guess, if we talked of and wished for you! The town is crowded; sea-baths are established there too. But how shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you, that it is the spot in the world for which Mr. Chute and I wish. The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy—many trees are sprouted up amongst the walls, and only want to be increased with cypresses! A hill rises above the Abbey, encircled with wood: the fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels; on one

[2] Richard Weston (1577–1635), first Earl of Portland; Lord Treasurer, 1628–35.

[3] 'Our Generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates.'
—Pope, *Sat.* iii. 3.
These lines were supposed to allude to a gate at Bevismount.

side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle ; and the Isle of Wight rising above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. —Oh ! the purple abbots [4], what a spot had they chosen to slumber in ! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have *retired into* the world.

I know nothing of the war, but that we catch little French ships like crawfish. They have taken one of ours with Governor Lyttelton [5] going to South Carolina. He is a very worthy young man, but so stiffened with Sir George's old fustian, that I am persuaded he is at this minute in the citadel of Nantes comparing himself to Regulus.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an ode, which, if he finishes equally, will, I think, inspirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I putting to death the Welsh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Rosa, and Nicolò Poussin, can paint up to the expressive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you ; all I would say is, that now the two latter are dead, you must of necessity be Gray's painter. In order to keep your talent alive, I shall next week send you flake white, brushes, oil, and the enclosed directions from Mr. Müntz, who is still at the Vine, and whom, for want of you, we labour hard to form. I shall put up in the parcel two or three prints of my eagle, which, as you never would draw it, is very moderately performed ; and yet the drawing was much better than the engraving. I shall send you a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, which is done with copper-plates.

[4] 'Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines.'
—*Dunciad*, iv. 302.

[5] William Henry Lyttelton (1724–1808), sixth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet ; cr. (1776) Baron Westcote of Ballymore, Co. Longford ; cr. Aug. 13, 1794, Baron Lyttelton of Frankley, Worcestershire ; Governor of South Carolina, 1755–60 ; Governor of Jamaica, 1760–66 ; Envoy to Lisbon, 1766–71 ; Lord of the Treasury, 1777–82.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine, where I cannot say any works go on in proportion to my impatience. I have left him an *inventionary* of all I want to have done there; but I believe it may be bound up with the century of projects of that foolish Marquis of Worcester, who printed a catalogue of titles of things, which he gave no directions to execute, nor I believe could. Adieu! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

442. To George Montagu.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Sept. 20, [1755].

I have been roving about Hampshire with Mr. Chute, and did not receive your kind note till yesterday, or I should certainly not have deferred a moment to thank you for it, and to express my great concern for Miss Montagu's bad health. You do me justice when you reckon on my feeling most sincerely for you—but let me ask why you will not bring her to town? She might not only have more variety of assistance, but it would be some relief to you: it must be dreadful, with your tenderness and feeling, to have nobody to share and divert your uneasiness!

I did not, till on the road the day before yesterday, hear the catastrophe of poor Sir John Bland, with the execrable villainy, or, what our ancestors would have called, the *humours* of Taaffe. I am extremely sorry for Bland! he was very good-natured and generous, and well-bred; but never was such infatuation; I can call it by no term but *flirting* away his fortune and his life; he seemed to have no passion for play, while he did it, nor sensibility when it ruined him; but I fear he had both! What judgements the good people in the city (I mean the *good* in their own style, *monied*), will construe upon White's, when two of the most remarkable members have dispatched themselves in nine months!

I shall be most sincerely glad to receive another letter to tell me that Miss Montagu mends: you have both my most hearty wishes! Yours ever,

H. W.

443. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1755.

Never make me excuses for a letter that tells me so many agreeable things as your last; that you are got well to Dublin[1]; that you are all well, and that you have accommodated all your politics to your satisfaction—and I may be allowed to say, greatly to your credit. What could you tell me that would please me so much?

When I have indulged a little my joy for your success and honour, it is natural to consider the circumstances you have told me; and you will easily excuse me if I am not quite as much satisfied with the conduct of your late antagonists, as I am with yours. You have tranquillized a nation, have repaired your master's honour, and secured the peace of your administration!—but what shall one say to the Speaker, Mr. Malone[2], and the others? Don't they confess that they have gone the greatest lengths, and risked the safety of their country on a mere personal pique? If they did not contend for profit, like our Patriots (and you don't tell me that they have made any lucrative stipulations), yet it is plain that their ambition had been wounded, and that they resented their power being crossed. But I, who am a Whig to the backbone, indeed in the strictest sense of the word, feel hurt in a tenderer point, and which you, who are a minister, must not allow me: I am offended at their agreeing to an address that avows

Letter 443.—[1] Mr. Conway was now Secretary of State to the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. *Walpole.*

[2] Anthony Malone (1700–1776), Irish politician and lawyer, uncle of the better-known Edmond Malone.

such deference for prerogative, and that is to protest so deeply against having intended to attack it. However rebel this may sound at court, my Gothic spirit is hurt; I do not love such loyal expressions from a Parliament. I do not so much consider myself writing to Dublin Castle, as from Strawberry Castle, where you know how I love to enjoy my liberty. I give myself the airs, in my nutshell, of an old baron, and am tempted almost to say with an old Earl of Norfolk, who was a very free speaker at least, if he was not an excellent poet,

> When I am in my castle of Bungey,
> Situate upon the river Waveney,
> I ne care for the King of Cockney.

I have been roving about Hampshire, have been at Winchester and Southampton and twenty places, and have been but one day in London—consequently know as little news as if I had been shut up in Bungey Castle. Rumours there are of great bickerings and uneasiness; but I don't believe there will be any bloodshed of places, except Legge's [3], which nobody seems willing to take—I mean as a sinecure. His Majesty of Cockney is returned exceedingly well, but grown a little out of humour at finding that we are not so much pleased with all the Russians and Hessians that he has hired to recover the Ohio [4]. We are an ungrateful people!

Make a great many compliments for me to my Lady Ailesbury. I own I am in pain about Missy [5]. As my lady is a little coquette herself, and loves crowds and admiration and a court life, it will be very difficult for her to keep a strict eye upon Missy. The Irish are very forward and bold:—I say no more; but it would hurt you both

[3] Henry Bilson Legge, second son of William, Earl of Dartmouth; he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[4] During his absence the King had negotiated treaties with Hesse and Russia, by which, in the event of war, troops were to be provided for the defence of Hanover.

[5] Anne Seymour Conway, only child of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, then an infant. *Walpole.*

extremely to have her marry herself idly ; and I think my Lord Chancellor has not extended his matrimonial foresight to Ireland. However, I have much confidence in Mrs. Elizabeth Jones[6] : I am sure, when they were here, she would never let Missy whisper with a boy that was old enough to speak.

Adieu ! As the winter advances, and plots thicken, I will write you letters that shall have a little more in them than this. In the mean time I am going to the Bath, not for my health, you know I never am ill, but for my amusement. I never was there, and at present there are several of my acquaintance. The French Academy has chosen my Lord Chesterfield, and he has written them a letter of thanks, that is the finest composition in the world ; indeed, I was told so by those who have not seen it ; but they would have told me so if they had seen it, whether it was the finest or the worst ; suffices it to be his !

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

444. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

It is not I that am perjured for not writing to you oftener, as I promised ; the war is forsworn. We do all we can ; we take, from men-of-war and Domingo-men, down to colliers and cock-boats, and from California into the very Bay of Calais. The French have taken but one ship from us, the *Blandford*, and that they have restored—but I don't like this drowsy civil lion ; it will put out a talon and give us a cursed scratch before we are aware. Monsieur de Seychelles[1], who grows into power, is labouring at their

[6] Miss Conway's nurse. *Walpole.*

Letter 444.—[1] Jean Moreau de Sechelles or Seychelles (1690–1760) ; Controller of the Finances, 1754–56.

finances and marine: they have struck off their *sous-fermiers*, and by a reform in what they call the King's pleasures, have already saved 1,200,000*l.* sterling a year. Don't go and imagine that 1,200,000*l.* was all sunk in the gulf of Madame Pompadour, or even in suppers and hunting; under the word the King's pleasures, they really comprehended his civil list; and in that light I don't know why our civil list might not be called *another King's pleasures*[2] too, though it is not all entirely squandered. In short, the single article of coffee for the Mesdames[3] amounted to 3,000*l.* sterling a year—to what must their rouge have amounted?—but it is high time to tell you of other wars, than the old story of France and England. You must know, not in your ministerial capacity, for I suppose that is directed by such old geographers as Sanson[4] and De Lisle[5], who imagined that Herenhausen was a town in Germany, but according to the latest discoveries, there is such a county in England as Hanover, which lying very much exposed to the incursions of the French and Prussians (the latter are certain hussars in the French army), it has been thought necessary to hire Russians, and Hessians, and all the troops that lie nearest to the aforesaid weak part of Great Britain called Hanover, in order to cover this frontier from any invasion. The expedience of this measure was obvious; yet many people who could not get over the prejudice of education, or who having got over those prejudices have for certain reasons returned to them, these Ptolemaic geographers will not be persuaded that there is any such county in England as Hanover, and not finding it in their old maps, or having burnt their new ones in a passion—(Mr. Legge, indeed, tore his at the very

[2] Alluding to the King's love of money. *Walpole.*

[3] Louis XV's daughters.

[4] Nicolas Sanson (d. 1667).

[5] Guillaume Delisle (1675-1726).

Treasury board the day that the warrant for the Hessian subsidy came hither)—they determined that England had no occasion for these mercenaries. Besides Legge, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker [6], Sir George Lee, and one Mr. William Pitt, a man formerly remarkable for disputing the new geography, declared strongly against the system of treaties. Copernicus no sooner returned from Germany, than the Duke of Newcastle, who had taken the alarm, frightened him out of his wits. In short, they found that they should have no professor to defend the new system in Parliament. Everybody was tried—when everybody had refused, and the Duke of Newcastle was ready to throw up the cards, he determined to try Fox [7], who, by the mediation of Lord Granville, has accepted the seals, is to be Secretary of State, is to have the conduct of the House of Commons, and is, I think, very soon to be first minister—or, what one has known happen to some who of very late years have joined to support a tottering administration, is to be ruined. Indeed, he seems sensible of the alternative, professes no cordiality to Duke Trinculo, who is viceroy over him, but is 'listing Bedfords, and whoever will 'list with him, as fast as he can. One who has been his predecessor in suffering by such an alliance, my Lord Chesterfield, told him, 'Well, the Duke of Newcastle has turned out everybody else, and now he has turned out himself.' Sir Thomas Robinson is to return to the Great Wardrobe, with an additional pension on Ireland of 2,000*l.* a year. This is turning a cipher into figures indeed! Lord Barrington is to be Secretary at War. This change, however, is not to take place till after the Parliament is met, which is not till the 13th of next month, because Mr. Fox is to preside at the Cock-pit the night before the House opens.

[6] Arthur Onslow. *Walpole.*

[7] Henry Fox, brother of the Earl of Ilchester, and afterwards created Lord Holland. *Walpole.*

How Mr. Legge will take this deposition is not known. He has determined not to resign, but to be turned out; I should think this would satisfy his scruples, even if he had made a vow against resigning.

As England grows turbulent again, Ireland grows calm again. Mr. Conway, who has gone thither secretary to Lord Hartington, has with great prudence and skill pacified that kingdom: you may imagine that I am not a little happy at his acquiring renown. The Primate[8] is to be the peace-offering.

If there were any private news, as there are none, I could not possibly to-day step out of my high historical pantoufles to tell it you. Adieu! You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and *Knaves* of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent whatever is trumps!

445. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

I should not answer your letter *so soon, as you write so often*, if I had not something particular to tell you. Mr. Fox is to be Secretary of State. The history of this event, in short, is this: George Elector of Hanover, and Thomas King of England, have been exceedingly alarmed. By some misapprehension, the Russian and Hessian treaties, the greatest blessings that were ever calculated for this country, have been totally, and almost universally disapproved. Mr. Legge grew *conscientious* about them; the Speaker, constitutional; Mr. Pitt, patriot; Sir George Lee, scrupulous; Lord Egmont, uncertain; the Duke of Devonshire, something that he meant for some of these; and my uncle, I suppose, *frugal*—how you know. Let a Parliament be ever so ready to vote

[8] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

for anything, yet if everybody in both Houses is against a thing, why the Parliament itself can't carry a point against both Houses. This made such a dilemma, that, after trying everybody else, and being ready to fling up themselves, King Thomas and his Chancellor offered Mr. Fox the honour of defending and saving them. He, who is all Christian charity, and forgiving everybody but himself and those who dissuaded him, for not taking the seals before, consented to undertake the cause of the treaties, and is to have the management of the House of Commons as long as he can keep it. In the mean time, to give his new friends all the assistance he can, he is endeavouring to bring the Bedfords to court; and if any other person in the world hates King Thomas, why Mr. Fox is very willing to bring them to court too. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt is scouring his old Hanoverian trumpet and Mr. Legge is to accompany him with his hurdy-gurdy.

Mr. Mann did not tell me a word of his intending you a visit. The reason the Dacres have not been with you is, they have been at court; and as at present there are as many royal hands to kiss as a Japanese idol has, it takes some time to slobber through the whole ceremony.

I have some thoughts of going to Bath for a week; though I don't know whether my love for my country, while my country is in a quandary, may not detain me hereabouts. When Mr. Müntz has done, you will be so good as to packet him up, and send him to Strawberry. I rather wish you would bring him yourself; I am impatient for the drawing you announced to me. A commission has passed the seals, I mean of secrecy (for I don't know whether they must not be stole), to get you some swans; and as in this age one ought not to despair of anything where robbery is concerned, I have some hopes of succeeding. If you should want any French ships for your water,

there are great numbers to be had cheap, and small enough! Adieu!

446. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Sept. 30, 1755.

Solomon says somewhere or other, I think it is in Castelvetro's, or Castelnuovo's edition—is there not such a one?—that the infatuation of a nation for a foolish minister is like that of a lover for an ugly woman: when once he opens his eyes, he wonders what the devil bewitched him. This is the text to the present sermon in politics, which I shall not divide under three heads, but tell you at once, that no minister was ever nearer the precipice than ours has been. I did tell you, I believe, that Legge had refused to sign the warrant for the Hessian subsidy: in short, he heartily resented the quick coldness that followed his exaltation, waited for an opportunity of revenge, found this; and, to be sure, no vengeance ever took speedier strides. All the world revolted against subsidiary treaties; nobody was left to defend them but Murray, and he did not care to venture. Offers of graciousness, of cabinet councillor, of Chancellor of the Exchequer, were made to right and left. Dr. Lee was conscientious: Mr. Pitt might be brought, in compliment to his Majesty, to digest one—but a system of subsidies—impossible! In short, the very first ministership was offered to be made over to my Lord Granville. He begged to be excused—he was not fit for it. Well, you laugh—all this is fact. At last we were forced to strike sail to Mr. Fox: he is named for Secretary of State, with not only the lead, but the power of the House of Commons. You ask, in the room of which secretary? What signifies of which? Why, I think, of Sir Thomas Robinson, who returns to his Wardrobe; and Lord Barrington comes into the War Office. This is the present state of things in this grave reasonable island:

the union hug like two cats over a string; the rest are arming for opposition. But I will not promise any more warlike winters; I remember how soon the campaign of the last was addled.

In Ireland, Mr. Conway has pacified all things: the Irish are to get as drunk as ever to the glorious and immortal memory of King George, and the prerogative is to be exalted as high as ever, by being obliged to give up the Primate. There! I think I have told you volumes: yet I know you will not be content, you will want to know something of the war, and of America; but, I assure you, it is not the *bon ton* to talk of either this week. We think not of the former, and of the latter we should think to very little purpose, for we have not heard a syllable more; Braddock's defeat still remains in the situation of the longest battle that ever was fought with nobody. Content your English spirit with knowing that there are very near three thousand French prisoners in England, taken out of several ships.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

447. To George Montagu.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, Oct. 7, 1755.

Nobody living feels more for you than I do: nobody knows better either the goodness and tenderness of your heart, or the real value of the person you have lost[1]. I cannot flatter myself that anything I could say would comfort you under an affliction so well founded; but I should have set out, and endeavoured to share your concern, if Mrs. Trevor had not told me that you was going into Cheshire. I will only say, that if you think change of place can contribute at all to divert your melancholy, you know

LETTER 447.—[1] Miss Harriet Montagu, sister of George Montagu.

where you would be most welcome; and whenever you will come to Strawberry Hill, you will, at least, if you do not find a comforter, find a most sincere friend that pities your distress, and would do anything upon earth to alleviate your misfortune. If you can listen yet to any advice, let me recommend to you to give up all thoughts of Great-worth; you will never be able to support life there any more: let me look out for some little box for you in my neighbourhood. You can live nowhere where you will be more beloved; and you will there always have it in your power to enjoy company or solitude, as you like. I have long wished to get you so far back into the world, and now it is become absolutely necessary for your health and peace. I will say no more, lest too long a letter should be either troublesome or make you think it necessary to answer; but don't, till you find it more agreeable to vent your grief this way than in any other. I am, my good Sir,

With hearty concern and affection,

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

448. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1755.

Do you love royal quarrels? You may be served—I know you don't love an invasion—nay, that even passes my taste; *it will make too much party.* In short, the Lady Dowager Prudence[1] begins to step a little over the threshold of that discretion which she has always hitherto so sanctimoniously observed. She is suspected of strange whims; so strange, as neither to like more German subsidies or more German matches. A strong faction, professedly against the treaties, openly against Mr. Fox, and covertly under the banners of

Letter 448.—[1] The Princess of Wales.

the aforesaid *Lady Prudence*, arm from all quarters against the opening of the session. Her Ladyship's eldest boy declares violently against being *bewolfenbuttled*[2]—a word which I do not pretend to understand, as it is not in Mr. Johnson's new *Dictionary*[3]. There! now I have been as enigmatic as ever I have accused you of being; and hoping you will not be able to expound my German hieroglyphics, I proceed to tell you in plain English that we are going to be invaded. I have within this day or two seen grandees of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds a year, who are in a mortal fright; consequently, it would be impertinent in much less folk to tremble, and accordingly they don't. At court there is no doubt but an attempt will be made before Christmas. I find valour is like virtue: impregnable as they boast themselves, it is discovered that on the first attack both lie strangely open! They are raising more men, camps are to be formed in Kent and Sussex, the Duke of Newcastle is frightened out of his wits, which, though he has lost so often, you know he always recovers, and as fresh as ever. Lord Egmont despairs of the commonwealth; and I am going to fortify my castle of Strawberry, according to an old charter I should have had for embattling and making a deep ditch. But here am I laughing when I really ought to cry, both with my public eye and my private one. I have told you what I think ought to sluice my public eye; and your private eye too will moisten, when I tell you that poor Miss Harriet Montagu is dead. She died about a fortnight ago; but having nothing else to tell you, I would not

[2] The King wished the Prince to marry a Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, whose 'cheerful, modest, and sensible behaviour' had charmed him in Germany. The Princess of Wales, considering that the influence of a clever and attractive wife would weaken her own power with her son, so misrepresented the character of the Princess, and the King's motives, that the Prince declined to entertain the idea of the marriage. (See Waldegrave, *Memoirs*, p. 39.)

[3] The *Dictionary* was published on April 15, 1755.

send a letter so far with only such melancholy news—and so, you will say, I stayed till I could tell still more bad news. The truth is, I have for some time had two letters of yours to answer: it is three weeks since I wrote to you, and one begins to doubt whether one shall ever be to write again. I will hope all my best hopes; for I have no sort of intention at this time of day of finishing either as a martyr or a hero. I rather intend to live and record both those professions, if need be; and I have no inclination to scuttle barefoot after a Duke of Wolfenbuttle's army, as Philip de Comines says he saw their Graces of Exeter and Somerset trudge after the Duke of Burgundy's[4]. The invasion, though not much in fashion yet, begins, like Moses's rod, to swallow other news, both political and *suicidical*. Our politics I have sketched out to you, and can only add, that Mr. Fox's ministry does not as yet promise to be of long duration. When it was first thought that he had got the better of the Duke of Newcastle, Charles Townshend said admirably, that he was sure the Duchess, like the old Cavaliers, would make a vow not to shave her beard till the Restoration.

I can't recollect the least morsel of a fess or chevron of the Boynets: they did not happen to enter into any extinct genealogy for whose welfare I interest myself. I sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is still under his own vine: Mr. Müntz is still with him, recovering of a violent fever. Adieu! If memoirs don't grow too memorable, I think this season will produce a large crop.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] Henry Holland (1430–1473), second Duke of Exeter, and Henry Beaufort (1436–1464), second Duke of Somerset. They were attainted after the battle of Towton, and fled to France. Commines says, 'J'ay veu un Duc de Cestre aller à pied sans chausses, après le train dudit duc [de Bourgogne], pourchassant sa vie de maison en maison sans se nommer. . . . Ceulx de Sombreset et autres, y estoient.' (*Mémoires*, Livre III. ch. iv.)

P.S. I believe I scarce ever mentioned to you last winter the follies of the Opera: the impertinences of a great singer were too old and too common a topic. I must mention them now, when they rise to any improvement in the character of national folly. The Mingotti, a noble figure, a great mistress of music, and a most incomparable actress, surpassed anything I ever saw for the extravagance of her humours. She never sung above one night in three, from a fever upon her temper: and never would act at all when Ricciarelli, the first man, was to be in dialogue with her. Her fevers grew so high, that the audience caught them, and hissed her more than once: she herself once turned and hissed again—Tit pro tat geminat τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβομένη. —Well, among the treaties which a Secretary of State has negotiated this summer, he has contracted for a *succedaneum* to the Mingotti. In short, there is a woman hired to sing when the other shall be out of humour!

Here is a *World*[5] by Lord Chesterfield: the first part is very pretty, till it runs into witticism. I have marked the passages I particularly like.

You will not draw Henry IV at a siege for me: pray don't draw Louis XV[6].

449. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Oct. 20, 1755.

You know, my dear Sir, that I do not love to have you taken unprepared: the last visit I announced to you was of the Lord Dacre of the South and of the Lady Baroness, his spouse: the next company you may expect will be composed of the Prince of Soubise[1] and twelve thousand

[5] Number 146, of the fifth volume. *Walpole.*

[6] Alluding to the subject Mr. Walpole had proposed to him for a picture (in the letter of August 15) and to the then expected invasion of England by Louis XV. *Walpole.*

Letter 449.—[1] Charles de Rohan

French; though, as winter is coming on, they will scarce stay in the country, but hasten to London. I need not protest to you I believe, that I am serious, and that an invasion before Christmas will certainly be attempted; you will believe me at the first word. It is a little hard, however! they need not envy us General Braddock's laurels; they were not in such quantity!

Parliamentary and subsidiary politics are in great ferment. I could tell you much if I saw you; but I will not while you stay there—yet, as I am a true friend and not to be changed by prosperity, I can't neglect offering you my services when I am *censé* to be well with a minister. It is so long since I was, and I believe so little a while that I shall be so (to be sure, I mean that he will be minister), that I must *faire valoir* my interest, while I have any—in short, shall I get you one of these new independent companies?—Hush! don't tell Mr. Müntz how powerful I am: his warlike spirit will want to coincide with my ministerial one; and it would be very inconvenient to the Lords Castlecomers[2] to have him knocked on the head before he had finished all the strawberries and vines that we lust after.

I had a note from Gray, who is still at Stoke; and he desires I would tell you that he has continued pretty well. Do come. Adieu!

Lottery tickets rise: subsidiary treaties under par—I don't say, no price. Lord Robert Bertie, with a company of the Guards, has thrown himself into Dover Castle; don't they sound very war-full?

(1715–1787), Prince de Soubise; Maréchal de France, 1758. His favour with Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour procured him a command in Germany in 1757 (when he was defeated at Rosbach), and a place in the ministry in 1759.

[2] Horace Walpole explains this 'Strawberry proverb' in his letter to Miss Berry of Aug. 20, 1789:—'There was an old Lady Castlecomer, who had an only son, and he had a tutor called Roberts, who happened to break his leg. A visitant lamented the accident to her Ladyship. The old Rock replied, "Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer!"'

450. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1755.

When the newspapers swarm with our military preparations at home, with encampments, fire-ships, floating castles at the mouths of the great rivers, &c., in short, when we expect an invasion, you would chide, or be disposed to chide me, if I were quite silent—and yet, what can I tell you more than that an invasion is threatened? that sixteen thousand men are about Dunkirk, and that they are assembling great quantities of flat-bottomed boats! Perhaps they will attempt some landing; they are certainly full of resentment; they broke the peace, took our forts and built others on our boundaries; we did not bear it patiently; we retook two forts, attacked or have been going to attack others, and have taken vast numbers of their ships: this is the state of the provocation—what is more provoking, for once we have not sent twenty or thirty thousand men to Flanders on whom they might vent their revenge. Well! then they must come here, and perhaps invite the Pretender to be of the party; not in a very popular light for him, to be brought by the French in revenge of a national war. You will ask me, if we are alarmed? the people not at all so: a minister or two, who are subject to alarms, are—and that is no bad circumstance. We are as much an island as ever, and I think a much less exposed one than we have been for many years. Our fleet is vast; our army at home, and ready, and two-thirds stronger than when we were threatened in 1744; the season has been the wettest that ever has been known, consequently the roads not very invadable: and there is the additional little circumstance of the late rebellion defeated; I believe I may reckon too, Marshal Saxe dead[1].

Letter 450.—[1] Saxe died on Nov. 30, 1750.

You see our situation is not desperate: in short, we escaped in '44, and when the rebels were at Derby in '45; we must have bad luck indeed, if we fall now!

Our Parliament meets in a fortnight; if no French come, our campaign there will be warm; nay, and uncommon, the opposition will be chiefly composed of men in place. You know we always refine; it used to be an imputation on our senators, that they opposed to get places. They now oppose to get better places! We are a comical nation (I speak with all due regard to our gravity!)—it were a pity we should be destroyed, if it were only for the sake of posterity; we shall not be half so droll, if we were either a province to France, or under an absolute prince of our own.

I am sorry you are losing my Lord Cork[2]; you must balance the loss with that of Miss Pitt[3], who is a dangerous inmate. You ask me if I have seen Lord Northumberland's Triumph of Bacchus[4]; I have not: you know I never approved the thought of those copies, and I have adjourned my curiosity till the gallery is thrown open with the first masquerade. Adieu! my dear Sir.

451. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Oct. 31, 1755.

As the invasion is not ready, we are forced to take up with a victory. An account came yesterday, that General

[2] Earl of Cork and Orrery, author of a translation of Pliny's Letters, Life of Swift, &c.

[3] Elizabeth Pitt, sister of the famous Lord Chatham. She had been Maid of Honour to Augusta, Princess of Wales; then lived openly with Lord Talbot as his mistress; went to Italy, turned Catholic, and married; came back, wrote against her brother, and a trifling pamphlet recommending magazines of corn, and called herself Clara Villiers Pitt. *Walpole.*

[4] Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, bespoke at a great price five copies of capital pictures in Italy, by Mentz, Pompeo Battoni, &c., for his gallery at Northumberland House, in the Strand. *Walpole.*

Letter 451.—Cunningham, by an oversight, dates this letter March 21, 1755, and gives Mann as the addressee.

Johnson[1] had defeated the French near the lake St. Sacrement[2], had killed one thousand, and taken the lieutenant-general who commanded them prisoner; his name is Dieskau[3], a Saxon, an esteemed *élève* of Marshal Saxe. By the printed account, which I enclose, Johnson showed great generalship and bravery. As the whole business was done by irregulars, it does not lessen the faults of Braddock, and the panic of his troops. If I were so disposed, I could conceive that there are heroes in the world who are not quite pleased with this extra-martinette success[4]—but we won't blame those Alexanders, till they have beaten the French in Kent! You know it will be time enough to abuse them, when they have done all the service they can! The other enclosed paper is another *World*[5], by my Lord Chesterfield; not so pretty, I think, as the last; yet it has merit. While England and France are at war, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt going to war, his lordship is coolly amusing himself at picquet at Bath with a Moravian baron, who would be in prison, if his creditors did not occasionally release him to play with and cheat my Lord Chesterfield, as the only chance they have for recovering their money!

We expect the Parliament to be thronged, and great animosities. I will not send you one of the eggs that are laid; for so many political ones have been addled of late

[1] Major-General William Johnson (1715–1774). On this occasion he received the thanks of Parliament, and the sum of £5,000, and was created a Baronet. As a reward for subsequent services he received a large grant of land in Canada. He also held various offices which brought him into contact with the Indians, with whom he had great influence. In 1772 he published (in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society) a treatise on the *Languages, Customs, and Manners of the Indian Six Nations.*

[2] Renamed by Johnson Lake George.

[3] Lieutenant-General Baron Ludwig August von Dieskau (1701–1767), formerly a cavalry commander under Saxe. He was sent as a prisoner to England, where he remained some time. He never recovered from the wounds received on this occasion.

[4] Alluding to the Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] Number 148, of the fifth volume. *Walpole.*

years, that I believe all the state game-cocks in the world are impotent.

I did not doubt but that you would be struck with the death of poor Bland[6]. I, t'other night, at White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book: 'Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash[7] outlives Cibber!' How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well: ''Faith,' said he, 'it is very well that I look at all!'—I shall thank you for the Ormer shells and roots; and shall desire your permission to finish my letter already. As the Parliament is to meet so soon, you are likely to be overpowered with my dispatches.—I have been thinning my wood of trees, and planting them out more into the field: I am fitting up the old kitchen for a china-room: I am building a bedchamber for myself over the old blue-room, in which I intend to die, though not yet; and some trifles of this kind, which I do not specify to you, because I intend to reserve a little to be quite new to you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

452. To George Montagu.

My dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1755.

You oblige me extremely by giving me this commission; and though I am exceedingly unlike Solomon in everything else, I will at least resemble him in remembering you to the Hiram from whom I obtained my cedars of Libanus. He is

[6] Sir John Bland, seventh Baronet.
[7] Richard Nash (1674–1762), known as 'Beau Nash.'

by men called Christopher Gray, nurseryman at Fulham. I mention cedars first, because they are the most beautiful of the evergreen race, and because they are the dearest; half a guinea apiece, in baskets. The arbutus are scarce, and a crown apiece, but they are very beautiful. The lignum vitæ I would not recommend to you; they stink abominably if you touch them, and never make a handsome tree: the Chinese arbor vitæ is very beautiful. I have a small nursery myself, scarce bigger than *one of those pleasant gardens* which Solomon describes, and which if his *fair one* meant *the church,* I suppose must have meant the *churchyard.* Well, out of this little *parsley-bed* of mine, I can furnish you with a few plants, particularly three Chinese arbor vitæs, a dozen of the New England or Lord Weymouth's pine[1], which is that beautiful tree that we have so much admired at the Duke of Argyle's for its clean straight stem, the lightness of its hairy green, and for being feathered quite to the ground: they should stand in a moist soil, and care must be taken every year to clear away all plants and trees around them, that they may have free air and room to expand themselves. Besides these I shall send you twelve stone or Italian pines, twelve pinasters, twelve black spruce firs, two Caroline cherries, thirty evergreen cytisus, a pretty shrub that grows very fast, and may be cut down as you please, fifty Spanish brooms, and six acacias, the genteelest tree of all, but you must take care to plant them in a first row, and where they will be well sheltered, for the least wind tears and breaks them to pieces. All these are ready, whenever you will give me directions how and where to send them. They are exceedingly small, as I have but

LETTER 452. — [1] *Pinus strobus,* otherwise known as the White Pine, introduced into England about 1705, and largely planted at Longleat by Thomas Thynne (circ. 1640–1714), first Viscount Weymouth, President of the Board of Trade and Foreign Plantations, 1702–7. (See *Notes and Queries,* Dec. 17, 1898.)

lately taken to propagate myself; but then they will travel more safely, will be more sure of living, and will grow faster than larger. Other sorts of evergreens that you must have, are silver and Scotch firs; Virginia cedars, which should stand forwards and have nothing touch them; and above all cypresses, which, I think, are my chief passion; there is nothing so picturesque, where they stand two or three in a clump, upon a little hillock, or rising above low shrubs, and particularly near buildings. There is another bit of picture of which I am fond, and that is, a larch or a spruce fir planted behind a weeping willow, and shooting upwards as the willow depends. I think for courts about a house, or winter gardens, almond trees mixed with evergreens, particularly with Scotch firs, have a pretty effect, before anything else comes out; whereas almond trees, being generally planted among other trees, and being in bloom before other trees have leaves, have no ground to show the beauty of their blossoms. Gray at Fulham sells cypresses in pots at half a crown apiece; you turn them out of the pot with all their mould, and they never fail. I think this is all you mean; if you have any more garden-questions or commissions, you know you command my little knowledge.

I am grieved that you have still any complaints left. Dissipation, in my opinion, will be the best receipt, and I don't speak merely for my own sake, when I tell you how much I wish to have you keep your resolution of coming to town before Christmas. I am still more pleased with the promise you make to Strawberry, which you have never seen in its green coat since it cut its teeth. I am here all alone, and shall stay till Tuesday, the day after the Birthday. On Thursday begins our warfare, and, if we may believe signs and tokens, our winter will be warlike: I mean at home; I have not much faith in the invasion. Her

Royal Highness and His Royal Highness, whose nicknames are Pitt and Fox, are likely to come to an open rupture. His Grace of Newcastle, who, I think, has gone under every nickname, waits I believe to see to which he will cling.

There have been two *Worlds* by my Lord Chesterfield lately, very pretty, the rest very indifferent.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Whetenhall, and am with great wishes for your health and tranquillity,

Yours most sincerely,

H. W.

453. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1755.

I promised you histories, and there are many people that take care I should have it in my power to keep my word. To begin in order, I should tell you, that there were 289 members at the Cockpit meeting, the greatest number ever known there: but Mr. Pitt, who is too great a general to regard numbers, especially when there was a probability of no great harmony between the commanders, did not, however, postpone giving battle. The engagement was not more decisive than long: we sat till within a quarter of five in the morning; an uninterrupted serious debate from before two. Lord Hillsborough moved the Address, and very injudiciously supposed an opposition. Martin, Legge's secretary, moved to omit in the Address the indirect approbation of the treaties, and the direct assurances of protection to Hanover. These questions were at length divided; and against Pitt's inclination, the last, which was the least unpopular, was first decided by a majority of 311 against 105. Many then went away; and on the next division the numbers were 290 to 89. These are the general outlines. The detail of the speeches, which were very long, and some

extremely fine, it would be impossible to give you in any compass. On the side of the opposition (which I must tell you by the way, though it set out decently, seems extremely resolved) the speakers (I name them in their order) were: the third Colebrook[1], Martin[2], Northey[3], Sir Richard Lyttelton, Dodington, George Grenville, Sir F. Dashwood, Beckford, Sir G. Lee, Legge, Potter, Dr. Hay[4], George Townshend, Lord Egmont, Pitt, and Admiral Vernon: on the other side were, Lord Hillsborough, O'Brien, young Stanhope[5], Hamilton, Alstone[6], Ellis[7], Lord Barrington, Sir G. Lyttelton[8], Nugent, Murray, Sir T. Robinson, my uncle, and Mr. Fox. As short as I can, I will give you an account of them. Sir Richard, Beckford, Potter, G. Townshend, the Admiral of course, Martin, Stanhope, and Ellis, were very bad: Dodington was well, but very *acceding*: Dr. Hay by no means answers his reputation; it was easy, but not striking. Lord Egmont was doubling, absurd, and obscure. Sir G. Lee and Lord Barrington were much disliked; I don't think, so deservedly. Poor Alstone was mad, and spoke ten times to order. Sir George, our friend, was

Letter 453.—[1] George Colebroke (d. 1809), M.P. for Arundel; succeeded his brother as second Baronet in 1761; Chairman of the East India Company, 1769.

[2] Samuel Martin, M.P. for Camelford, and subsequently Secretary to the Treasury. In 1763 he fought a duel with Wilkes, and in the same year he procured the reversion of one of Horace Walpole's offices. His solicitude during Walpole's illnesses caused the latter considerable amusement.

[3] William Northey, M.P. for Calne; Groom of the Bedchamber to George III.

[4] Dr. George Hay (1715–1778), knighted in 1773; M.P. for Stockbridge, and Chancellor of the diocese of Worcester. Lord of the Admiralty, 1756–65; Dean of the Arches, Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and Chancellor of the diocese of London, 1764; Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, 1773.

[5] Philip Stanhope (1732 – 1768), natural son of fourth Earl of Chesterfield, who addressed to him the famous *Letters*; M.P. for Liskeard. Resident at Hamburg, 1756; Envoy to Ratisbon, 1763; Minister at Dresden, 1764. The speech mentioned above was his first and only effort in the House of Commons.

[6] Thomas Alstone, succeeded his father as fifth Baronet, 1759; M.P. for Bedfordshire; d. 1774.

[7] Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip.

[8] Sir George Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

dull and timid. Legge was the latter. Nugent roared, and Sir Thomas rumbled. My uncle did justice to himself, and was as wretched and dirty as his whole behaviour for his coronet has been. Mr. Fox was extremely fatigued, and did little. Geo. Grenville's was very fine and much beyond himself, and very pathetic. The Attorney-General[9] in the same style, and very artful, was still finer. Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton[10] who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection: his speech was set, and full of antithesis, but those antitheses were full of argument: indeed his speech was the most argumentative of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides: he ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir George, terrified the Attorney, lashed my Lord Granville, painted my Lord of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke[11]. A few of the Scotch were in the minority, and most of the Princess's people, not all: all the Duke of Bedford's in the majority.

[9] William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. *Walpole.*

[10] William Gerard Hamilton (1729–1796), M.P. for Petersfield. Lord of Trade, 1756–61; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1761–64; Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, 1763. His brilliant speech on this occasion caused him to be known as 'Single-speech Hamilton,' although he spoke on subsequent occasions both in the English and Irish Parliaments.

[11] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

He himself spoke in the other House for the Address (though professing incertainty about the treaties[12] themselves), against my Lord Temple and Lord Halifax, without a division. My Lord Talbot was neuter; he and I were of a party: my opinion was strongly with the opposition; I could not vote for the treaties; I would not vote against Mr. Fox. It is ridiculous perhaps, at the end of such a debate, to give an account of my own silence; and as it is of very little consequence what I did, so it is very unlike me to justify myself. You know how much I hate *professions* of integrity; and my pride is generally too great to care what the generality of people say of me: but your heart is good enough to make me wish you should think well of mine.

You will want to know what is to be the fate of the ministry in opposition: but that I can't tell you. I don't believe they have determined what to do, more than oppose, nor that it is determined what to do with them. Though it is clear that it is very humiliating to leave them in place, you may conceive several reasons why it is not eligible to dismiss them. *You* know where you are, how easy it is to buy an opposition who have not places; but tell us what to do with an opposition that has places? If you say, Turn them out; I answer, That is not the way to quiet any opposition, or a ministry so constituted as ours at present. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

454. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

Never was poor invulnerable immortality so soon brought to shame! Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain

[12] Treaties of subsidy with the Landgrave of Hesse and the Empress of Russia for the defence of Hanover. *Walpole.*

have persuaded myself that it was a sprain; and, then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry Hill: but none of my evasions will do! I was, certainly, lame for two days; and though I repelled it—first, by getting wet-shod, and then by spirits of camphire; and though I have since tamed it more rationally by leaving off the little wine I drank, I still know where to look for it whenever I have an occasion for a political illness.—Come, my constitution is not very much broken, when, in four days after such a mortifying attack, I could sit in the House of Commons, full as possible, from two at noon till past five in the morning, as we did but last Thursday. The new opposition attacked the Address.—Who are the new opposition?—Why, the old opposition: Pitt and the Grenvilles; indeed, with Legge instead of Sir George Lyttelton. Judge how entertaining it was to me to hear Lyttelton answer Grenville, and Pitt Lyttelton! The debate, long and uninterrupted as it was, was a great deal of it extremely fine: the numbers did not answer to the merit: the new friends, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, had 311 to 105. The *bon mot* in fashion is, that the staff was very good, but they wanted private men. Pitt surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured, cabinet orations, make *vis-à-vis* his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence: the most admired part was a comparison he drew of the two parts of the new administration, to the conflux of the Rhône and the Saône; 'the latter a gentle, feeble, languid stream, languid but not deep; the other a boisterous and overbearing torrent; but they join at last; and long may they continue united,

to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and happiness of this nation!' I hope you are not mean-spirited enough to dread an invasion, when the senatorial contests are reviving in the temple of Concord.—*But will it make a party?* Yes, truly; I never saw so promising a prospect. Would not it be cruel, at such a period to be laid up?

I have only had a note from you to promise me a letter; but it is not arrived:—but the partridges are, and well; and I thank you.

England seems *returning*: for those who are not in Parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury Lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being Opera night, the galleries were victorious.

Montagu writes me many kind things for you: he is in Cheshire, but comes to town this winter. Adieu! I have so much to say, that I have time to say but very little.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. George Selwyn hearing much talk of a sea-war or a continent, said, 'I am for a sea-war and a *continent* admiral.'

455. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

I have received a letter from you of Oct. 25th, full of expectation of the invasion I announced to you—but we have got two new parties erected, and if you imagine that the invasion is attended to, any more than as it is played off by both those parties, you know little of England. The Parliament met three days ago: we have been so un-English lately as to have no parties at all, have now got what never was seen before, an opposition in administration. Mr. Pitt,

Mr. Legge, and their adherents, no great number, have declared open and unrelenting war with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox; and on the Address, which hinted approbation of the late treaties, and promised direct support of Hanover, we sat till five the next morning. If eloquence could convince, Mr. Pitt would have had more than 105 against 311; but it is long since the arts of persuasion were artful enough to persuade—rhetoric was invented before places and commissions! The expectation of the world is suspended, to see whether these gentlemen will resign or be dismissed: perhaps neither; perhaps they may continue in place and opposition; perhaps they may continue in place and not oppose. Bossuet wrote *L'Histoire des Variations de l'Église*—I think I could make as entertaining a history, though not so well written, *des Variations de l'État*: I mean of changes and counter-changes of party. The Duke of Newcastle thought himself undone, beat up all quarters for support, and finds himself stronger than ever. Mr. Fox was thought so unpopular, that his support was thought as dangerous as want of defence; everything bows to him. The Tories hate both him and Pitt so much, that they sit still to see them worry one another; they don't seem to have yet found out that while there are parts and ambition, they will be obliged to follow and to hate by turns every man who has both.

I don't at all understand my Lady Orford's politics; but that is no wonder, when I am sure she does not understand ours. Nobody knows what to make of the French inactivity: if they intend some great stroke, the very delay and forbearance tells us to prepare for it, and a surprise prepared for loses much of its value. For my own part, I have not prophetic sagacity enough to foresee what will be even the probable event either of our warlike or domestic politics. I desired your brother to write you an account

of General Johnson's[1] victory; the only great circumstance in our favour that has happened yet. The greatest mystery of all is the conduct of Admiral Boscawen; since he left England, though they write private letters to their friends, he and all his officers have not sent a single line to the Admiralty; after great pain and uncertainty about him, a notion prevailed yesterday, how well founded I know not, that without any orders he is gone to attack Louisbourgh—considering all I have mentioned, he ought to be very sure of success. Adieu! my dear Sir, I have told you the heads of all I know, and have not time to be more particular.

P.S. I am glad to be able to contradict an untruth, before I send it away: Admiral Boscawen and his fleet are arrived, and have brought along with them a French man-of-war of seventy-four guns.

456. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1755.

I have been so hurried since I came to town, and so enclosed in the House of Commons, that I have not been able to write a line sooner. I now write, to notify that your plants will set out according to your direction next Monday, and are ordered to be left at Namptwich.

I differ with the doctors about planting evergreens in spring; if it happens to be wet weather, it may be better than exposing them to a first winter; but the cold dry winds that generally prevail in spring, are ten times more pernicious. In my own opinion, the end of September is the best season, for then they shoot before the hard weather comes. But the plants I send you are so very small, that they are equally secure in any season, and would bear

Letter 455.—[1] Afterwards Sir William Johnson, an American. *Walpole.*

removing in the middle of summer; a handful of dung will clothe them all for the whole winter.

There is a most dreadful account of an earthquake in Lisbon[1], but several people will not believe it. There have been lately such earthquakes and waterquakes, and rocks rent, and other strange phenomena, that one would think the world exceedingly out of repair. I am not prophet enough to believe that such convulsions relate solely to the struggles between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, or even portend any between the Georges and James's. You have already heard, I suppose, that Pitt, Legge, and Geo. Grenville are dismissed[2], and that Sir George Lyttelton is Chancellor of the Exchequer. My Lord Temple says that Sir George Lyttelton said he would quit his place when they did, and that he has kept his word! The world expects your cousin[3] to resign, but I believe all efforts are used to retain him. *Joan, the Fair Maid of Saxe-Gotha*[4] did not speak to Mr. Fox or Sir George when they kissed her hand last Sunday. No more places are vacated or filled up yet.

It is an age since I have heard from Mr. Bentley; the war or the weather have interrupted all communication. Adieu! let me know, at your leisure, when one is likely to see you.

Yours ever,

H. W.

457. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 4, 1755.

Long before you receive this, my dear Sir, you will have learned general, if not particular accounts of the dreadful

Letter 456.—[1] On Nov. 1, 1755.

[2] They were respectively Paymaster-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Treasurer of the Navy.

[3] The Earl of Halifax, President of the Board of Trade.

[4] The Princess of Wales, widow of the heir-apparent, as Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, was widow of the Black Prince.

desolation at Lisbon: the particulars indeed are not yet come hither; all we have heard hitherto is from France, and from Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid. The catastrophe is greater than ever happened even in your neighbourhood, Naples. Our share is very considerable, and by some reckoned at four millions. We are dispatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want everything. There have been Kings of Spain who would have profited of such a calamity; but the present monarch has only acted as if he had a title to Portugal, by showing himself a father to that people [1].

We are settled, politically, into a regular opposition. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and George Grenville have received their dismissions, and oppose regularly. Sir George Lyttelton, who last year broke with that connection, is made Chancellor of the Exchequer. As the subsidies are not yet voted, and as the opposition, though weak in numbers, are very strong in speakers, no other places will be given away till Christmas, that the re-elections may be made in the holidays.

There are flying reports that General Johnson, our only hero at present, has taken Crown Point, but the report is entirely unconfirmed by any good authority. The invasion that I announced to you is very equivocal; there is some suspicion that it was only called in as an ally to the subsidiary treaties: many that come from France say that on their coasts they are dreading an invasion from us. Nothing is certain but their forbearance and good-breeding—the meaning of that is very uncertain.

Shall I send away a letter with only these three paragraphs? I must, if I write at all. There are no private

LETTER 457. —[1] The Spanish monarch did not long preserve that spirit of justice. *Walpole.*

news at all; the earthquake, the opposition, and the war, are the only topics; each of those topics will be very fruitful, and you shall hear of their offspring—at present, good night!

458. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17, 1755.

After an immense interval, I have at last received a long letter from you, of a very old date (November 5th), which amply indemnifies my patience; nay, almost makes me amends for your blindness; for I think, unless you had totally lost your eyes, you would not refuse me a pleasure so easy to yourself as now and then sending me a drawing. I can't call it laziness; one may be too idle to amuse one's self, but sure one is never so fond of idleness as to prefer it to the power of obliging a person one loves! And yet I own your letter has made me amends, the wit of your pen recompenses the stupidity of your pencil; the *cæstus* you have taken up supplies a little the *artem* you have relinquished. I could quote twenty passages that have charmed me; the picture of Lady Prudence and her family; your idol that gave you hail when you prayed for sunshine; misfortune the teacher of superstition; unmarried people being the fashion in heaven; the *Spectator-hacked* phrases; Mr. Spence's blindness to Pope's mortality; and, above all, the criticism on the Queen in *Hamlet* is most delightful. There never was so good a ridicule of all the formal commentators on Shakspeare, nor so artful a banter on him himself for so improperly making her Majesty deal in *double-entendres* at a funeral. In short, I never heard as much wit, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate t'other day on the treaties. His antagonists endeavoured to disarm him, but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better; I never suspected him of

such an universal armoury—I knew he had a Gorgon's head, composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate on these famous treaties, last Wednesday, Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt (and hereafter perhaps against Fox), attacked the former for *eternal invectives*. Oh! since the last philippic of Billingsgate memory you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned—Hume Campbell was annihilated! Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think how charming a ridicule must that be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half! Some day or other, perhaps you will see some of the glittering splinters that I gathered up. I have written under his print these lines, which are not only full as just as the original, but have not the tautology of *loftiness* and *majesty*:

> Three orators in distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
> The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
> The next in language, but in both the last:
> The power of Nature could no farther go;
> To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Indeed, we have wanted such an entertainment to enliven and make the fatigue supportable. We sat on Wednesday till ten at night; on Friday till past three in the morning; on Monday till between nine and ten. We have profusion of orators, and many very great, which is surprising so soon after the leaden age of the late Right Honourable Henry Saturnus[1]! The majorities are as great as in Saturnus's *golden* age.

Letter 458.—[1] Mr. Pelham. *Walpole.*

Our changes are begun; but not being made at once, our very changes change. Lord Duplin and Lord Darlington are made joint Paymasters: George Selwyn says, that no act ever showed so much the Duke of Newcastle's absolute power as his being able to make Lord Darlington *a paymaster*. That so often *repatrioted* and *reprostituted* prostitute Dodington is again to be Treasurer of the Navy; and he again drags out Harry Furnese into the Treasury. The Duke of Leeds is to be Cofferer, and Lord Sandwich emerges so far as to be Chief Justice in Eyre[2]. The other parts by the comedians; I don't repeat their names, because perhaps the fellow that to-day is designed to act Guildenstern, may to-morrow be destined to play *half* the part of the second grave-digger. However, they are all to kiss hands on Saturday. Mr. Pitt told me to-day that he should not go to Bath till next week. 'I fancy,' said I, 'you scarce stay to kiss hands.'

With regard to the invasion, which you are so glad to be allowed to fear, I must tell you that it is quite gone out of fashion again, and I really believe was dressed up for a vehicle (as the apothecaries call it) to make us swallow the treaties. All along the coast of France they are much more afraid of an invasion than we are.

As obliging as you are in sending me plants, I am determined to thank you for nothing but drawings. I am not to be bribed to silence, when you really disoblige me. Mr. Müntz has ordered more cloths for you. I even shall send you books unwillingly; and, indeed, why should I? As you are stone-blind, what can you do with them? The few I shall send you, for there are scarce any new, will be a pretty dialogue by Crébillon; a strange imperfect poem[3],

[2] Lord Sandys, not Lord Sandwich, became Chief Justice in Eyre; see p. 381.

[3] *La Pucelle*, published without the author's knowledge towards the end of 1755.

written by Voltaire when he was very young, which with some charming strokes has a great deal of humour *manquée* and of impiety *estropiée*; and an historical romance, by him too, of the last war, in which is so outrageous a lying anecdote of old Marlborough, as would have convinced her, that when poets write history they stick as little to truth in prose as in verse[4]. Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

459. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1755.

I AM very much pleased that you are content with what are to be trees a thousand years hence; though they were the best my Libanus afforded, I was afraid you would think I had sent you a bundle of picktooths, instead of pines and firs; may you live to chat under their shade! I am still more pleased to hear that you are to be happy in some good fortune to the Colonel; he deserves it, but, alas! what a claim is that! Whatever makes him happy, makes you so, and consequently me.

A regular opposition, composed of immense abilities, has entertained us for this month. George Grenville, Legge, a Dr. Hay, a Mr. Elliot[1], have shone; Charles Townshend has lightened; Pitt has rode in the whirlwind, and directed the storm with abilities beyond the common reach of the genie of a tempest. As soon as that storm has a little spent its fury, the dew of preferments begins to fall and fatten the land. Moses and Aaron differ indeed a little in which

[4] She left five hundred pounds each to Glover and Mallet as payment for writing her husband's Life, none of which was to be in verse.

LETTER 459. — [1] Gilbert Elliot (1722–1777), M.P. for Selkirkshire, son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second Baronet, of Minto, whom he succeeded in 1766; Lord of the Admiralty, 1756; Treasurer of the Chambers, 1762; Keeper of the Signet in Scotland, 1767; Treasurer of the Navy, 1770. He subsequently left Pitt and the Grenvilles, and attached himself to Lord Bute. Latterly he became the confidante and adviser of George III.

shall dispense the manna, and both struggle for their separate tribes. Earl Gower is Privy Seal, the Lords Darlington and Duplin joint Paymasters, Lord Gage Paymaster of the Pensions, Mr. O'Brien in the Treasury. That old rag of a dishclout ministry, Harry Furnese, is to be the other lord. Lord Bateman[2] and Dick Edgecumbe are the new admirals; Rigby, Soame Jennings[3], and Talbot[4], the Welsh judge, to your amazement and mine (for it seems as odd as if my Lord Chancellor were to turn Groom of the Chambers to my Lady Fitzroy), Lords of Trade. The Duke of Leeds Cofferer, Lord Sandwich scrambles into Chief Justice in Eyre[5], Ellis and Lord Sandys (*autre* dishclout) divide the half of the Treasury of Ireland, George Selwyn Paymaster of the Board of Works, Arundel is to have a pension in Ireland, and Lord Hilsborough succeeds him as Treasurer of the Chambers, though I thought he was as fond of his white staff as my Lord Hobart will be, who is to have it.—There, if you love new politics!—You understand, to make these vacancies, that Charles Townshend[6] and John Pitt[7] are added to the dismissed and dead.

My Lord Townshend[8] is dying; the young Lord Pembroke[9] marries the charming Lady Betty Spencer. The French are thought to have *passed eldest* as to England, and to intend *to take in* Hanover. I know an old potentate who had rather have the gout in his stomach than in that little toe. Adieu! I have sent your letter; make my compliments, and come to town. Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] John Bateman (d. 1802), second Viscount Bateman.

[3] Soame Jenyns (1704–1787), M.P. for Dunwich. He wrote both in prose and verse. His *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757) was severely criticized by Johnson in the *Literary Magazine*

[4] Hon. John Talbot, third son of first Baron Talbot.

[5] See p. 377, note 2.

[6] Lord of the Admiralty.

[7] Lord of Trade, and M.P. for Dorchester.

[8] Third Viscount Townshend; he lived till 1764.

[9] Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke.

460. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1755.

I am glad, my dear Sir, that you have not wasted many alarms on the invasion; it does not seem to have been ever intended by the French. Our ministers, who are not apt to have any intelligence, have now only had bad: they spread the idea; it took for some days, but is vanished. I believe we tremble more really for Hanover; I can't say I do; for while we have that to tremble for, we shall always be to tremble. Great expectations of a peace prevail; as it is not likely to be good, it is not a season for venturing a bad one. The opposition, though not numerous, is now composed of very determined and very great men; more united than the ministry, and at least as able. The resistance to the treaties has been made with immense capacity: Mr. Pitt has shone beyond the greatest horizon of his former lustre. The holidays are arrived, and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deserters, old cashiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition. The Duke of Newcastle and his coadjutor Mr. Fox squabble twice for agreeing once: as I wish so well to the latter, I lament what he must wade through to real power, if ever he should arrive there. Underneath I shall catalogue the alterations, with an additional letter to each name, to particularize the corps to which each belongs.

		In the room of
Sir George Lyttelton, N.	Chancellor of the Exchequer.	Mr. Legge, dismissed.
Duke of Leeds, N.	Cofferer.	Sir George Lyttelton.
Mr. J. Brudenell, N.	Deputy.	Mr. Clare.
Mr. Dodington, F.	Treasurer of the Navy.	Mr. G. Grenville, dismissed.
Lords Darlington, N. and Duplin, N.	Joint Paymasters.	Mr. Pitt, dismissed.
Duke of Marlborough, F.	Master of the Ordnance.	Long vacant.
Earl Gower, F.	Lord Privy Seal.	Duke of Marlborough.

		In the room of
Lord Gage, N.	Paymaster of the Pensions.	Mr. Compton, dead.
Mr. O'Brien, N. Mr. Henry Furnese.	Lords of the Treasury.	Lord Darlington. Lord Duplin.
Lord Bateman, F. Mr. Edgcumbe, F.	Lords of the Admiralty.	Mr. C. Townshend, dismissed. Mr. Ellis.
Judge Talbot. Mr. S. Jenyns, N. Mr. Rigby, F.	Lords of Trade.	Mr. J. Grenville, resigd. Mr. J. Pitt, dismissed. Mr. Edgcumbe.
Mr. Arundel, N.	Pension on Ireland.	
Lord Hillsborough, F.	Treasurer of the Chambers.	Mr. Arundel.
Lord Hobart, N.	Comptroller of the Household.	Lord Hillsborough.
Mr. George Selwyn, F.	Paymaster of the Board of Works.	Mr. Denzil Onslow.
Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Sandwich, F. Mr. Ellis, F.	who had half before. To divide Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.	Sir W. Yonge, deceased.
Lord Berkeley of Stratton, F.	Treasurer of the Household.	Lord Fitzwalter, dying.
Lord Sandys, N.	Chief Justice in Eyre.	Duke of Leeds.

As numerous as these changes are, they are not so extraordinary as the number of times that each designation has been changed. The four last have not yet kissed hands, so I do not give you them for certain. You will smile at seeing Dodington again revolved to the court, and Lord Sandys and Harry Furnese, two of the most ridiculous objects in the succession to my father's ministry, again dragged out upon the stage: perhaps it may not give you too high an idea of the stability or dignity of the new arrangement; but as the Duke of Newcastle has so often turned in and out all men in England, he *must* employ some of the same dupes over again. In short, I don't know whether all this will make your ministerial gravity smile, but it makes me laugh out. Adieu!

P.S. I must mention the case of my Lord Fitzwalter, which all the faculty say exceeds anything known in their practice: he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce ever more sense than he has at present; he has lived

many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four-and-twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week. What will Dr. Cocchi[1], with his *Vitto Pittagorico*, say to this?

461. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1755.

As I know how much you are my friend and take part in my joy, I can't help communicating to you an incident that has given much pleasure. You know how much I love Mr. Mann[1]—well, I won't enter into that, nor into a detail of many hardships that he has suffered lately, which made me still more eager to serve him. As some regiments have been just given away, I cast my eyes about to see if I could not help him to clothing. Among the rest there was one new colonel, whom I could not assume enough to call my friend, but who is much connected with one that is so. As the time pressed, I did not stay to go round about, but addressed myself directly to the person himself—but I was disappointed—the disaster was, that he had left his quarters and was come to town. Though I immediately gave it up in my own mind, knew how incessantly he would be pressed from much more powerful quarters, and concluded he would be engaged, I wrote again—that letter was as useless as the first—and from what reason do you think!—Why this person, in spite of all solicitations, nay, previous to any, had already thought of Mr. Mann, had recollected it would oblige me and my friend in the country, and had actually given his clothing to Mr. Mann, before he received either of my letters. Judge how agreeably I have been surprised,

Letter 460.—[1] A learned physician and author at Florence, who wrote a book with that title recommending abstinence. *Walpole.*

Letter 461.—[1] Galfridus Mann, who was an army clothier.

and how much the manner has added to my obligation! You will be still more pleased when you hear the character of this officer, which I tell you willingly, because I know you country gentlemen are apt to contract prejudices, and to fancy that no virtues grow out of your own shire. Yet by this one sample, you will find them connected with several circumstances that are apt to nip their growth. He is of as good a family as any in England, yet in this whole transaction he has treated me with as much humility as if I was of as good a family, and as if I had obliged him, not he me. In the next place, I have no power to oblige him: then, though he is young, and in the army, he is as good, as temperate, as meek, as if he was a curate on preferment; and yet with all these meek virtues, nobody has distinguished themselves by more personal bravery—and what is still more to his praise, though he has so greatly established his courage, he is as regular in his duty, and submits as patiently to all the tedious exiles and fatigues of it, as if he had no merit at all—but I will say no more, lest you imagine that the present warmth of my gratitude makes me exaggerate—no, you will not, when you know that all I have said relates to your own brother, Colonel Charles Montagu[2]. I did not think he could have added still to my satisfaction, but he has, by giving me hopes of seeing you in town next week—till then, adieu!

Yours as entirely as is consistent with my devotedness to your brother,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I must not forget to thank you much for your pork.

[2] He had been appointed 'Lieutenant-Colonel of General Bockland's.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1755, p. 572.)

462. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 6, 1756.

I am quite angry with you; you write me letters so entertaining that they make me almost forgive your not drawing: now, you know, next to being disagreeable, there is nothing so shocking as being too agreeable. However, as I am a true philosopher, and can resist anything I like, when it is to obtain anything I like better, I declare, that if you don't coin the vast ingot of colours and cloth that I have sent you, I will burn your letters unopened.

Thank you for all your concern about my gout, but I shall not mind you; it shall appear in my stomach before I attempt to keep it out of it by a fortification of wine: I only drank a little two days after being very much fatigued in the House, and the worthy pioneer began to cry *swear* from my foot the next day. However, though I am determined to feel young still, I grow to take the hints age gives me: I come hither oftener, I leave the town to the young; and though the busy turn that the world has taken draws me back into it, I excuse it to myself, and call it retiring into politics. From hence I must retire, or I shall be drowned; my cellars are four feet under water, the Thames gives itself Rhône airs, and the meadows are more flooded than when you first saw this place and thought it so dreary. We seem to have taken out our earthquake in rain: since the third week in June, there have not been five days together of dry weather. They tell us that at Colnbrook and Staines they are forced to live in the first floor. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, but I don't expect to hear from him: no post but a dove can get from thence. Every post brings new earthquakes; they have felt them in France, Sweden, and Germany: what a convulsion there has been in nature! Sir Isaac Newton,

somewhere in his works, has this beautiful expression, 'The globe will want *manum emendatricem*.'

I have been here this week with only Mr. Müntz; from whence you may conclude I have been employed—memoires[1] thrive apace. He seems to wonder (for he has not a little of your indolence, I am not surprised you took to him) that I am continually occupied every minute of the day, reading, writing, forming plans: in short, you know me. He is an inoffensive, good creature, but had rather ponder over a foreign gazette than a pallet.

I expect to find George Montagu in town to-morrow: his brother has at last got a regiment. Not content with having deserved it, before he got it, by distinguished bravery and indefatigable duty, he persists in meriting it still. He immediately, unasked, gave the chaplainship (which others always sell advantageously) to his brother's parson at Greatworth. I am almost afraid it will make my commendation of this really handsome action look interested, when I add, that he has obliged me in the same way by making Mr. Mann his clothier, before I had time to apply for it. Adieu! I find no news in town.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

463. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1756.

As my Lady Ailesbury is so taken up with turnpike bills, Popish recusants, and Irish politics, and you are the only idle person in the family (for Missy I find is engaged too), I must return to correspond with you. But my letters will

LETTER 462.—[1] His own *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*

LETTER 463.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

not be quite so lively as they have been: the opposition, like schoolboys, don't know how to settle to their books again after the holidays. We have not had a division; nay, not a debate. Those that like it, are amusing themselves with the Appleby election. Now and then we draggle on a little militia. The recess has not produced even a pamphlet. In short, there are none but great outlines of politics: a memorial in French Billingsgate has been transmitted hither, which has been answered very laconically. More agreeable is the guarantee[1] signed with Prussia: M. Mechell[2] is as fashionable as ever General Wall was. The Duke of Cumberland has kept his bed with a sore leg, but is better. Oh! I forgot, Sir Harry Erskine is dismissed from the army[3], and if you will suffer so low a pun as upon his face, is a rubric martyr for his country: bad as it is, this is the best *bon mot* I have to send you: Ireland, which one did not suspect, is become the staple of wit, and, I find, coins *bons mots* for our greatest men. I might well not send you Mr. Fox's repartee, for I never heard it, nor has anybody here: as you have, pray send it me. Charles Townshend t'other night hearing somebody say, that my Lady Falmouth[4], who had a great many diamonds on, had a very fine stomach, replied, 'By God! my Lord has a better.' You will be entertained with the riot Charles makes in the sober house of Argyll: t'other night, on the Duchess's[5] bawling to my Lady Suffolk, he in the very same tone cried out, 'Large stewing oysters!' When he takes such liberties with his new

[1] 'In January, 1756, the Kings of England and Prussia concluded a convention, by which they reciprocally bound themselves, during the troubles in America, not to suffer foreign troops of any nation whatever to enter or pass through Germany.' (Stanhope, *Hist. of England*, ed. 1853, vol. iv. p. 78.)

[2] The Prussian Chargé d'Affaires. *Walpole.*—His name was Michel.

[3] Apparently on account of his opposition to the subsidiary treaties.

[4] Hannah Catherine Maria (d. 1786), daughter of Thomas Smith, of Worplesdon, widow of Richard Russell; m. (1736) Hugh Boscawen, second Viscount Falmouth.

[5] The Dowager Duchess of Argyle, his mother-in-law.

parent, you may judge how little decency he observes with his wife: last week at dinner at Lord Strafford's, on my Lady Dalkeith's mentioning some dish that she loved, he replied before all the servants, 'Yes, my Lady Dalkeith, you love it better than anything but one!' I thread gossiping stories, for want of something better to tell you: my Lady Coventry has been at Woburn; after dinner, the Duchess, my Lady Gower, and six and twenty people at table, the Duke asked my Lady Coventry for her toast—she gave, *The Best.* Rigby said, 'Who says we can't drink my Lady Coventry's health before her face?'

We were to have had a masquerade to-night, but the bishops, who you know have always persisted in God's hating dominoes, have made an earthquake point of it, and postponed it till after the fast.

Your brother has got a sixth infanta[6]; at the christening t'other night, Mr. Trail[7] had got through two prayers before anybody found out that the child was not brought downstairs. You see by my *pauvreté* how little I have to say. Do accept the enclosed *World* in part of payment for the remainder of a letter. I must conclude this with telling you, that though I know her but little, I admire my Lady Kildare as much as you do. She has writ volumes to Lady Caroline Fox in praise of you and your Countess: you are a good soul—I can't say so much for Lady Aylesbury. As to Missy, I am afraid I must resign my claim: I never was very proper to contest with an Hibernian hero; and I don't know how, but I think my merit does not improve. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

[6] Lady Isabel Rachel Conway; m. (1785) George Hatton.

[7] Rev. James Trail (d. 1783), Chaplain to Lord Hertford, and afterwards (1765) Bishop of Down and Connor.

464. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1756.

Oh! Sir, I shall take care how I ever ask favours of you again! It was with great reluctance that I brought myself to ask this: you took no notice of my request; and I flattered myself that I was punished for having applied to you so much against my inclination. Just as I grew confirmed in the pride of being mortified, I hear that you have outgone my application, and in the kindest manner in the world have given the young man a pair of colours. It would have been unpleasant enough to be refused; but to obtain more than one asked is the most provoking thing in the world! I was prepared to be very grateful if you had done just what I desired: but I declare I have no thanks ready for a work of supererogation. If there ever was a saint that went to heaven for mere gratitude, which I am persuaded is a much more uncommon qualification than martyrdom, I must draw upon his hoard of merit to acquit myself. You will at least get thus much by this charming manner of obliging me: I look upon myself as doubly obliged; and when it cost me so much to ask one favour, and I find myself in debt for two, I shall scarce run in tick for a third.

What adds to my vexation is, that I wrote to you but the night before last. Unless I could return your kindness with equal grace, it would not be very decent to imitate you by beginning to take no notice of it; and therefore you must away with this letter upon the back of the former.

We had yesterday some history in the House: Beckford produced an accusation in form against Admiral Knowles [1]

Letter 464.—[1] After an examination by the whole House Knowles' conduct was justified.

on his way to an impeachment. Governor Verres was a puny culprit in comparison! Jamaica indeed has not quite so many costly temples and ivory statues, &c., as Sicily had: but what Knowles could not or had not a propensity to commit in rapine and petty larceny, he has made up in tyranny. The papers are granted, and we are all going to turn jurymen. The rest of the day was spent in a kind of avoirdupois war. Our friend Sir George Lyttelton opened the Budget; well enough in general, but was strangely bewildered in the figures; he stumbled over millions, and dwelt pompously upon farthings. Pitt attacked him pretty warmly on mortgaging the sinking fund: Sir George kept up his spirit, and returned the attack on [his] eloquence. It was entertaining enough, but ended in high compliments; and the division was 231 to 56.

Your friend Lady Caroline Petersham, not to let the town quite lapse into politics, has entertained it with a new scene. She was t'other night at the play with her court; viz., Miss Ashe, Lord Barnard, M. St. Simon, and her favourite footman Richard, whom, under pretence of keeping places, she always keeps in her box the whole time to see the play at his ease. Mr. Stanley, Colonel Vernon, and Mr. Vaughan[2] arrived at the very end of the farce, and could find no room, but a row and a half in Lady Caroline's box. Richard denied them entrance very impertinently. Mr. Stanley took him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the passage, and thrashed him. The heroine was outrageous—the heroes not at all so. She sent Richard to Fielding for a warrant. He would not grant it—and so it ended—And so must I, for here is company. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Probably the Hon. Wilmot Vaughan (1728–1800), succeeded his father as fourth Viscount Lisburne, 1766; cr. Earl of Lisburne, 1776.

My letter would have been *much cleverer*, but George Montagu has been chattering by me the whole time, and insists on my making you his compliments.

465. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 25, 1756.

I am troubled to think what anxiety you have undergone! yet your brother Gal[1] assures me that he has never missed writing one week since he began to be ill. Indeed, had I in the least foreseen that his disorder would have lasted a quarter of the time it has, I should have given you an account of it; but the distance between us is so great, that I could not endure to make you begin to be uneasy, when, in all probability, the cause would be removed before my letter reached you. This tenderness for you has deceived me: your brother, as his complaint is of the asthmatic kind, has continued all the time at Richmond. Our attendance in Parliament has been so unrelaxed, the weather has been so bad, and the roads so impracticable by astonishing and continued deluges of rain, that, as I heard from him constantly three or four times a week, and saw your brother James, who went to him every week, I went to see him but twice; and the last time, about a fortnight ago, I thought him extremely mended: he wrote me two very comfortable notes this week of his mending, and this morning Mr. Chute and I went to see him, and to scold him for not having writ oftener to you, which he protests he has done constantly. I cannot flatter you, my dear child, so much as to say I think him mended; his shortness of breath continues to be very uneasy to him, and his long confinement has wasted him a good deal. I fear his case is more consumptive than asthmatic; he begins a course of quicksilver to-morrow for

Letter 465.—[1] Galfridus, twin-brother of Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

the obstruction in his breast. I shall go to him again the day after to-morrow, and pray as fervently as you yourself do, my dear Sir, for his recovery. You have not more obligations to him, nor adore him more than I do. As my tenderness and friendship is so strong for you both, you may depend on hearing from me constantly; but a declining constitution, you know, will not admit of very rapid recovery. Though he is fallen away, he looks well in the face, and his eyes are very lively: the weather is very warm, he wants no advice, and I assure you no solicitude for his health; no man ever was so beloved, and so deservedly! Besides Dr. Baker, the physician of Richmond, who is much esteemed, he has consulted Dr. Pringle[2], who is in the first repute, and who is strongly for the quicksilver. I enter into these particulars, because, when one is anxious, one loves to know the most minute. Nothing is capable of making me so happy, as being able soon to send you a better account.

Our politics wear a serener face than they have done of late: you will have heard that our nephew of Prussia—I was going to say, has asked blessing—begging our dignity's pardon, I fear he has given blessing! In short, he guarantees the empire with us from all foreign troops. It is pleasant to think, that at least we shall be to fight for ourselves. Fight we must, France says; but when she said so last, she knew nothing of our cordiality with the court of Berlin. Monsieur Rouillé[3] very lately wrote to Mr. Fox, by the way of Monsieur Bonac in Holland, to say his master ordered the accompanying Mémoire to be transmitted to his Britannic Majesty in person; it is addressed to nobody, but after professing great disposition to peace, and complaining in harsh terms of our *brigandages* and *pirateries*, it says, that if we

[2] Dr. John Pringle (1707–1782), physician-in-ordinary to the Duke of Cumberland; cr. a Baronet, 1766.

[3] Antoine Louis Rouillé du Coudray (1689–1761), Comte de Jouy; Minister of Marine, 1749–57.

will restore their ships, goods, &c.. they shall *then* be ready to treat. We have returned a squab answer retorting the infraction of treaties, professing a desire of peace too, but declare we cannot determine upon restitution *comme préliminaire.* If we do not, the Mémoire says, they shall look upon it *comme déclaration de guerre la plus authentique.* Yet, in my own opinion, they will not declare it; especially since the King of Prussia has been Russianed out of their alliance. They will probably attempt some stroke; I think not succeed in it, and then lie by for an opportunity when they shall be stronger. They can only go to Holland, attempt these islands, or some great *coup* in America. Holland they may swallow when they will; yet, why should they, when we don't attempt to hinder them? and it would be madness if we did. For coming hither, our fleet is superior; say, but equal: our army and preparations greater than ever—if an invasion were still easy, should we be yet to conquer, when we have been so long much more exposed? In America we are much stronger than they, and have still more chances of preventing their performing any action of consequence.

The opposition is nibbling, but is not popular, nor have yet got hold of any clue of consequence. There is not the vivacity that broke forth before the holidays.

I condole with you for Madame Antinori[4], and Madame Grifoni; but I know, my dear child, how much too seriously your mind will be occupied about your dear brother, to think that romantic grief will any longer disquiet you. Pray Heaven! I may send you better and better news. Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to thank you for your history of the war with Lucca in your last but one.

[4] A Florentine lady, whom Sir Horace admired, and who was just dead: she was sister of Madame Grifoni. *Walpole.*

466. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 5, 1756.

I think I can give you a little better account of your brother, who is so dear to both of us; I put myself on a foot with you, for nothing can love him better than I do. I have been a week at Strawberry Hill, in order to watch and see him every day. The Duke's physician, Dr. Pringle, who now attends him, has certainly relieved him much: his cough is in a manner gone, his fever much abated, his breath better. His strength is not yet increased; and his stitches, which they impute to wind, are not removed. But both his physicians swear that his lungs are not touched. His worst symptom is what they cannot, but *I* must and will remove: in short, his wife is killing him, I can scarce say slowly. Her temper is beyond imagination, her avarice monstrous, her madness about what she calls cleanliness to a degree of distraction; if I had not first, and then made your brother Ned interpose in form, she would once or twice a week have the very closet *washed* in which your brother sleeps after dinner. It is certainly very impertinent to interfere in so delicate a case, but your brother's life makes me blind to every consideration: in short, we have made Dr. Pringle declare that the moment the weather is a little warmer, and he can be moved, change of air is absolutely necessary, and I am to take him to Strawberry Hill, where you may imagine he will neither be teased nor neglected: the physicians are strong for his going abroad, but I find that will be a very difficult point to carry even with himself. His affairs are so extensive, that as yet he will not hear of leaving them. Then the exclusion of correspondence by the war with France would be another great objection with him to going thither; and to send him to Naples by

sea, if we could persuade him, would hardly be advisable in the heat of such hostilities. I think by this account you will judge perfectly of your brother's situation: you may depend upon it, it is not desperate, and yet it is what makes me very unhappy. Dr. Pringle says, that in his life he never knew a person for whom so many people were concerned. I go to him again to-morrow.

The war is reckoned inevitable, nay begun, though France does not proceed to a formal declaration, but contents herself with Monsieur Rouillé's conditional declaration. All intercourse is stopped. We, who two months ago were in terrors about a war on the continent, are now more frightened about having it at home. Hessians and Dutch are said to be, and, I believe, are sent for. I have known the time when we were much less prepared and much less alarmed. Lord Ravensworth moved yesterday to send *par préférence* for Hanoverians, but nobody seconded him. The opposition cavil, but are not strong enough to be said to oppose. This is exactly our situation.

I must beg, my dear Sir, that you will do a little for my sake, what I know and hear you have already done from natural goodness. Mr. Dick, the consul at Leghorn, is particularly attached to my old and great friend Lady Harry Beauclerc[1], whom you have often heard me mention; she was Miss Lovelace: it will please me vastly if you will throw in a few civilities more at my request.

Adieu! Pray for your brother: I need not say talk him over and over with Dr. Cocchi, and hope the best of the war.

LETTER 466.—[1] Hon. Martha Lovelace, sister and heiress of Nevil Lovelace, sixth Baron Lovelace of Hurley; m. (1738) Lord Henry Beauclerk (d. 1761), fourth son of first Duke of St. Albans.

467. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Feb. 12, 1756.

I will not write to my Lady Ailesbury to-night, nor pretend to answer the prettiest letter in the world, when I am out of spirits. I am very unhappy about poor Mr. Mann, who I fear is in a deep consumption: the doctors do not give him over, and the symptoms are certainly a little mended this week; but you know how fallacious that distemper is, and how unwise it would be to trust to it! As he is at Richmond, I pass a great deal of my time out of town to be near him, and so may have missed some news; but I will tell you all I know.

The House of Commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox—one even begins to want Admiral Vernon again for variety. Sometimes it is a little *piquant*; in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. These three or four last days we have been solely upon the Pennsylvanian regiment[1], bickering, and but once dividing, 165 to 57. We are got but past the first reading yet. We want the French to put a little vivacity into us. The Duke of Newcastle has expected them every hour: he was terribly alarmed t'other night; on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words, *Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day.* It was plainly some secret friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the servants, ransacked the whole house to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensberry to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord Charles Douglas[2]. Don't it put you

Letter 467.—[1] A plan for raising four battalions of Swiss and German settlers to serve in North America. [2] Charles Douglas (1726 - 1756),

in mind of my Lord Treasurer Portland in Clarendon, *Remember Cæsar*[3]!

The French have promised letters of *noblesse* to whoever fits out even a little privateer. I could not help a melancholy smile when my Lady Ailesbury talked of coming over soon. I fear major-general *you* will scarce be permitted to return to your plough at Park Place, when we grudge every man that is left at the plough. Between the French and the earthquakes[4], you have no notion how good we are grown; nobody makes a suit of clothes now but of sackcloth turned up with ashes. The fast was kept so devoutly, that Dick Edgecumbe[5], finding a very lean hazard at White's, said with a sigh, 'Lord, how the times are degenerated! Formerly a fast would have brought everybody hither; now it keeps everybody away!' A few nights before, two men walking up the Strand, one said to t'other, 'Look how red the sky is! Well, thank God! there is to be no masquerade!'

My Lord Ashburnham does not keep a fast; he is going to marry one of the plump Crawleys[6]:—they call him the noble lord upon the woolsack.

The Duchess of Norfolk has opened her new house: all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would you could

Earl of Drumlanrig, second but only surviving son of third Duke of Queensberry, whom he predeceased.

[3] See Clarendon's *History*, Book I.

[4] The dreadful earthquake which had taken place at Lisbon towards the end of the preceding year. *Walpole.*

[5] Richard Edgcumbe, second Lord Edgcumbe. *Walpole.*

[6] Elizabeth (d. 1781), daughter and co-heir of Ambrose Crawley, Alderman of London; m. (1756) John Ashburnham, second Earl of Ashburnham.

be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's what was there? He said, 'Oh! there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company.'—It was not a bad picture.

My Lady Ailesbury flatters me extremely about my *World*, but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute[7] *Sir Eustace*[8]. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the Princess in a former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it: I mentioned it one night to my Lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed.

I beg you will tell my Lady Ailesbury, that I am sorry she could not discover any *wit* in Mrs. Hussey's making a septleva. I know I never was so vain of any wit in my life as in winning a thousand leva and two five hundred levas.

You would laugh if you saw in the midst of what trumpery I am writing. Two porters have just brought home my purchases from Mrs. Kennon the midwife's sale: Brobdignag combs, old broken pots, pans, and pipkins, a lantern of scraped oyster-shells, scimitars, Turkish pipes, Chinese

[7] John Stuart (1713–1792), third Earl of Bute; Lord of the Bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, 1750–51; Groom of the Stole to George III, as Prince of Wales and as King, 1756–60, 1760–61; Secretary of State, 1761–62; K.G., 1762; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1762–63.

[8] Sir Eustace Drawbridgecourt. See *World*, No. 160, 5th vol. *Walpole.*—The real name of Walpole's hero was D'Abrichecourt. (See *Complete Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 351.)

baskets, &c. &c. My servants think my head is turned: I hope not: it is all to be called the personal estate and movables of my great-great-grandmother, and to be reposited at Strawberry. I believe you think my letter as strange a miscellany as my purchases.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I forgot that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

468. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1756.

I CAN tell you with as much truth as pleasure that your brother assuredly mends, and that his physician, Dr. Pringle, who is the Duke's, has told his Royal Highness, who expresses great concern, that he now will live. He goes out to take the air every day; that is not very bad: Mr. Chute and I went to see him yesterday, and saw a real and satisfactory alteration. I don't say this to flatter you; on the contrary, I must bid you, my dear child, not be too sanguine, for Dr. Cocchi will tell you that there is nothing more fallacious than a consumptive case; don't mistake me, it is not a consumption, though it is a consumptive disposition. His spirits are evidently better.

You will have heard, before you receive this, that the King of France and Madame Pompadour are gone into devotion. Some say, that D'Argenson, finding how much her inclinations for peace with us fell in with the monarch's humanity (and which indeed is the only rational account one can give of their inactivity), employed the Cardinal de la Rochfoucault[1] and the Confessor to threaten the Most

LETTER 468.—[1] Cardinal Frédéric Jérôme de Roye de la Rochefoucauld; d. 1757.

Christian King with an earthquake if he did not communicate at Easter; and that his Majesty accordingly made over his mistress to his wife, by appointing the former *dame du palais*: others, who refine more, pretend that Madame Pompadour, perceiving how much the King's disposition veered to devotion, artfully took the turn of humouring it, desired to be only his soul's concubine, and actually sent to ask pardon of her husband, and to offer to return to him, from which he begged to be excused—the point in dispute is whether she has or has not left off rouge. In our present hostile state we cannot arrive at any certainty on this important question; though our fate seems to depend on it!

We have had nothing in Parliament but most tedious and long debates on a West Indian regiment, to be partly composed of Swiss and Germans settled in Pennsylvania, with some Dutch officers. The opposition neither increase in numbers or eloquence; the want of the former seems to have damped the fire of the latter. The reigning fashion is expectation of an invasion; I can't say I am fashionable; nor do I expect the earthquake, though they say it is *landed* at Dover.

The most curious history that I have to tell you, is a malicious, pretty successful, and yet most clumsy plot executed by the Papists, in which number you will not be surprised at my including some Protestant divines, against the famous Bower, author of the *History of the Popes*. Rumours were spread of his being discovered in correspondence with the Jesuits: some even said the correspondence was treasonable, and that he was actually in the hands of a messenger. I went to Sir George Lyttelton, his great friend, to learn the truth; he told me the story: that Sir Harry Bedingfield[2], whom I know for a most bigoted Papist in Norfolk, pretended to have six letters from Bower

[2] Third Baronet, of Oxburgh, Norfolk; d. 1760.

(signed A. B.) in his hands, addressed to one Father Sheldon, a Jesuit, under another name, in which A. B. affected great contrition and desires of reconciliation to that church, lamenting his living in fornication with a woman, by whom he had a child, and from whom he had got fifteen hundred pounds, which he had put into Sheldon's hands, and which he affirmed he must have again if he broke off the commerce, for that the woman insisted on having either him or her money; and offering all manner of submission to holy church, and to be sent wherever she should please; for *non mea voluntas sed tua fiat*:—the last letter grieved at not being able to get his money, and to be forced to continue in sin, and concluded with telling the Jesuit that something would happen soon which would put an end to their correspondence—this is supposed to allude to his History. The similitude of hands is very great—but you know how little that can weigh! I know that Mr. Conway and my Lady Ailesbury write so alike, that I never receive a letter from either of them that I am not forced to look at the name to see from which it comes; the only difference is that she writes legibly, and he does not. These letters were shown about privately, and with injunctions of secrecy: it seems Hooke, the Roman historian, a convert to Popery, and who governs my Lord Bath and that family, is deep in this plot. At last it got to the ears of Dr. Birch[3], a zealous but simple man, and of Millar the bookseller, angry at Bower for not being his printer—they trumpeted the story all over the town. Lord Pulteney was one who told it me, and added, 'a Popish gentleman and an English clergyman[4] are upon the scent;' he told me Sir H. Bedingfield's name, but would

[3] Thomas Birch, D.D. (1705–1766), historian and biographer; Secretary to the Royal Society, 1752–65. He was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole.

[4] John Douglas (1721–1807), Bishop of Carlisle, 1787; Dean of Windsor, 1788; Bishop of Salisbury, 1791. In a pamphlet published on this occasion he proved that the letters were genuine.

not the clergyman's. I replied, 'Then your Lordship must give me leave to say, as I don't know his name, that I suppose our Doctor is as angry as Sir Harry at Bower for having written against the church of Rome.' Sir G. Lyttelton went to Sir Harry, and demanded to see the letters, and asked for copies, which were promised. He soon observed twenty falsehoods and inconsistencies, particularly the mention of a patent for a place, which Sir George obtained for him, but never thought of asking till a year and a half after the date of this letter; to say nothing of the inconsistence of his taking a place as a Protestant, at the same time he was offering to go whithersoever the Jesuits would send him; and the still more glaring improbability of his risking himself again under their power! Sir George desired the woman might be produced—Sir Harry shuffled, and at last said he believed it was a lie of Bower. When he was beaten out of every point, he said, he would put it on this single fact, 'Ask Mr. Bower if he was not reconciled to the church of Rome in the year '44.' The whole foundation proves to be this: Bower, who is a very child in worldly matters, was weak enough, for good interest, to put fifteen hundred pounds into the hands of one Brown, a Jesuit here in London, and from that correspondence they have forged his hand; and finding the minds of men alarmed and foolish about the invasion and the earthquake, they thought the train would take like wildfire. I told Bower, that though this trusting a Jesuit did great honour to his simplicity, yet it certainly did none to his judgement. Sir George begged I would advise them what to do—they were afraid to enter into a controversy, which Hooke might manage. I told him at once that their best way would be to advertize a great reward for discovery of the forgery, and to communicate their intention to Sir H. Bedingfield. Sir George was pleased with the thought—and indeed it

succeeded beyond expectation. Sir Harry sent word that he approved the investigation of truth, be the persons concerned of what profession they would; that he was obliged to go out of town next day for his health, but hoped at his return Sir George would give him leave to cultivate an acquaintance which this *little affair* had renewed. Sir George answered with great propriety and spirit, that he should be very proud of his acquaintance, but must beg leave to differ with him in calling *a little affair* what tended to murder a man's character, but he was glad to see that it was the best way that Rome had of answering Mr. Bower's book. You see, Sir Harry is forced to let the forgery rest on himself, rather than put a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the scent after priests! He has even hesitated upon giving Bower copies of the letters.

Since I began my letter, we hear that France is determined to try a numerous invasion in several places in England and Ireland, *coûte que coûte*, and knowing how difficult it is. We are well prepared and strong; they have given us time. If it were easy to invade us, we should not have waited for an attack till the year 1756. I hope to give you a good account both of England and your brother. Adieu!

469. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Dear Harry, Arlington Street, March 4, 1756.

I have received so kind and so long a letter from you, and so kind too because so long, that I feel I shall remain much in your debt, at least for length. I won't allow that I am in your debt for warmth of friendship. I have nothing worth telling you; we are hitherto conquered only in threat: for my part, I have so little expectation of an invasion, that I have not buried a single enamel, nor bought

a pane of painted glass the less: of the two panics in fashion, the French and the earthquake, I have not even made my option yet. The opposition get ground as little as either: Mr. Pitt talks by Shrewsbury clock, and is grown almost as little heard as that is at Westminster. We have had full eight days on the Pennsylvanian regiment. The young Hamilton has spoken and shone again; but nothing is luminous compared with Charles Townshend:—he drops down dead in a fit, has a resurrection, thunders in the Capitol, confounds the Treasury bench, laughs at his own party, is laid up the next day, and overwhelms the Duchess [1] and the good women that go to nurse him! His brother's Militia Bill [2] does not come on till next week: in the mean time, he adorns the shutters, walls, and napkins of every tavern in Pall Mall with caricatures of the Duke [3] and Sir George Lyttelton, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox. Your friend Legge has distinguished himself exceedingly on the supplies and taxes, and retains all the dignity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. I think I never heard so complete a scene of ignorance as yesterday on the new duties! Except Legge, you would not have thought there was a man in the House had learned troy weight: Murray quibbled—at Hume Campbell the House groaned! Pitt and Fox were lamentable; poor Sir George never knew prices from duties, nor drawbacks from premiums! The three taxes proposed were on plate, on bricks and tiles, on cards and dice. The earthquake has made us so good, that the ministry might have burned the latter in Smithfield if they had pleased. The bricks they were forced to give up, and consented graciously to accept 70,000*l.* on ale-houses, instead of 30,000*l.* on bricks. They

Letter 469.—[1] The Duchess of Argyll, his mother-in-law.

[2] A bill for the new modelling of a national militia. It was passed by the Commons in 1756, and by the Lords in 1757.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

had nearly been forced to extend the duty on plate beyond 10*l.*, carrying the restriction by a majority of only two.

An embargo is laid on the shipping, to get sailors. The young court lords were going to raise troops of light horse, but my Lord Gower (I suppose by direction of the Duke) proposed to the King that they should rather employ their personal interest to recruit the army; which scheme takes place, and, as George Townshend said in the House, they are all turning recruiting sergeants. But notwithstanding we so much expect a storm from France, I am told that in France they think much more of their own internal storms than of us. Madame Pompadour wears devotion, whether forced or artful is not certain: the disputes between the King and the Parliament run very high, and the Duke of Orléans and the Prince of Conti have set themselves at the head of the latter. Old Nugent came fuddled to the Opera last week, and jostled an ancient Lord Irwin[4], and then called him fool for being in his way: they were going to fight; but my Lord Talbot, professing that he did not care if they were both hanged, advised them to go back and not expose themselves. You will stare perhaps at my calling Nugent *old*: it is not merely to distinguish him from his son[5]; but he is such a champion and such a lover, that it is impossible not to laugh at him as if he was a Methuselah! He is *en affaire réglée* with the young Lady Essex. At a supper there a few nights ago of two-and-twenty people, they were talking of his going to Cashiobury to direct some alterations: Mrs. Nugent in the softest infantine voice called out, 'My Lady Essex, don't let him do anything out of doors; but you will find him delightful within!'

I think I have nothing else to tell you but a *bon mot* or two; with that sort of news I think I take care to supply

[4] Henry Ingram (circ. 1691–1761), seventh Viscount Irvine.

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Craggs-Nugent; d. unmarried, 1771.

George Augustus Selwyn
from a pastel by Hamilton.

you duly. I send you constantly the best that London affords. Dick Edgecumbe has said that his last child was born on *All-gamesters'-day*; Twelfth-night.

This chapter shall conclude with an epigram; the thought was George Selwyn's, who, you know, serves all the epigram-makers in town with wit. It is on Miss Chudleigh crying in the drawing-room on the death of her mother:—

> What filial piety! what mournful grace,
> For a lost parent, sits on Chudleigh's face!
> Fair virgin, weep no more, your anguish smother!
> You in this town can never want a mother.

I have told poor Mr. Mann how kind you are to him: indeed I have been exceedingly frightened and troubled for him, and thought him in immediate danger. He is certainly much mended, though I still fear a consumption for him: he has not been able to move from Richmond this whole winter: I never fail to visit him twice or thrice a week. I heartily pity the fatigue and dullness of your life; nor can I flatter you with pretending to believe it will end soon: I hope you will not be forced to gain as much reputation in the camp as you have in the cabinet!—You see I must finish.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

470. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 18, 1756.

I AM not surprised to find by your letters of 21st and 28th of February how much you have been alarmed for your brother. You have not felt more than I have: but I have the satisfaction of seeing him mend, while you undergo the terrible suspense of waiting for posts. He has been much pulled back by the operation of his quicksilver,

which flung him into a severe looseness and kind of salivation: it weakened him much and kept him from the air; but it brought off a great load of black stuff from his stomach, and his spirits are exceedingly better. He is to go to the Bath as soon as he is able. Would to Heaven I could prevail for his going to Italy, but he will not listen to it. You may be confident that I do not stop at mere decency in checking his domestic torment—it is terrible; but when I saw him in so much danger, I kept no measures—I went lengths that would be inexcusable in any other situation. No description can paint the madness (and when I call it madness I know I flatter), the preposterous unreasonableness and infernal temper of that little white fiend! His temper, which is equal to yours, bears him up under it. I am with him two or three mornings every week, and think I shall yet preserve him for you. The physicians are positive that his lungs are not touched.

We proceed fiercely in armaments—yet in my own opinion, and I believe the ministry think so too, the great danger is for Port Mahon. Admiral Byng[1] sails directly for the Mediterranean. The Brest fleet that slipped away is thought on its progress to Nova Scotia. The Dutch have excused sending us their troops on the imminence of their own danger. The parliamentary campaign is almost over; you know I persist in believing that we shall not have any other here.

Thank you much for your kindness to Mr. Dick; I will repay you on your brother, though I don't know how to place him to any account but my own. If I could be more anxious than I am about him, it would be, my dear child,

LETTER 470.—[1] Admiral Hon. John Byng (1704–1757), fourth son of first Viscount Torrington; shot on March 14, 1757, on board the *Monarque*, at Portsmouth. He was now dispatched with a squadron for the defence of Minorca.

on what you say to me on yourself; but be comforted, all will yet be well.

Mr. Chute's picture is not yet arrived; when it comes, he shall thank you himself. I must now give you a new commission, and for no less a minister than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir George Lyttelton desires you will send him for his hall the jesses of the Venus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo Medicis (I think there is a cast of it), the Mercury, and some other female statue, at your choice: he desires besides three pair of Volterra vases, of the size to place on tables, and different patterns. Consign the whole to me, and draw the bill of lading on me.

I have nothing more to tell you but a *naïveté* of my Lady Coventry[2]; the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are no masquerades this year—(for you must know we have sacrificed them to the idol earthquake)—she said, no, she was tired of them; she was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see—and that was a Coronation! The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good-humour. Adieu! my dear child.

471. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1756.

Instead of being sorry, as I certainly ought to be, when your letters are short, I feel quite glad; I rejoice that I am not much in your debt, when I have not wherewithal to pay. Nothing happens worth telling you: we have had some long days in the House, but unentertaining; Mr. Pitt has got the gout in his oratory, I mean in his head, and does not come out: we are sunk quite into argument—but you

[2] The celebrated beauty, Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry. *Walpole.*

Letter 471.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

know, when anything is as it should be, it is not worth talking of. The plate-tax has made some noise; the ministry carried one question on it but by nine. The Duke of Newcastle, who reserves all his heroism for the war, grew frightened, and would have given up the tax; but Mr. Fox bolstered up his courage and mustered their forces, and by that and softening the tax till it was scarce worth retaining, they carried the next question by an hundred. The day before yesterday the King notified the invasion to both Houses, and his having sent for Hessians. There were some dislikes expressed to the latter; but, in general, fear preponderated so much, that the cry was for Hanoverians too. Lord George Sackville, in a very artful speech, a little maliciously even proposed them and noblemen's regiments; which the Duke had rejected. Lord Ravensworth, in the other House, moved in form for Hanoverians; the Duke of Newcastle desired a few days to consider it, and they are to go upon it in the Lords to-morrow. The militia, which had been dropped for next year, is sprouted up again out of all this, and comes on to-day. But we should not be English, if we were not still more intent on a very trifle: we are. A new road through Paddington has been proposed to avoid the stones: the Duke of Bedford, who is never in town in summer, objects to the dust it will make behind Bedford House, and to some buildings proposed, though, if he was in town, he is too short-sighted to see the prospect. The Duke of Grafton heads the other side—you may imagine how high this is carried! *you* can imagine it—you could compose the difference! *you*, grand corrupter, you who can bribe pomp and patriotism, virtue and a *Speaker*[1], you that have pursued uprightness even to the last foot of land on the globe, and have disarmed Whiggism almost on the banks of its own Boyne—don't you return hither, we shall

[1] The Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. *Walpole.*

have you attempt to debauch even Mr. Onslow, who has preserved his chastity, while all the band of chosen youths, while every Pulteney, Pitt, and Lyttelton have fallen around him. I could not help laughing at the picture of Malone bribed out of his virtue and mobbed into it again!

Now I am in a serious strain, I will finish my letter with the only other serious history I know. My Lady Lincoln has given a prodigious assembly to show the Exchequer House[2]. She sent to the porter to send cards to all she visited: he replied he could easily do that, for his lady visited nobody but Lady Jane Scott[3]. As she has really neglected everybody, many refusals were returned. The Duchess of Bedford was not invited, and made a little opposition supper, which was foolish enough. As the latter had refused to return my Lady Falmouth's visit, my Lady Lincoln singled her out, visited and invited her. The dignity of the assembly was great: Westminster Hall was illuminated for chairs; the passage from it hung with green baize and lamps, and matted. The cloister was the prettiest sight in the world, lighted with lamps and Volterra vases. The great apartment is magnificent. Sir Thomas Robinson, the Long, who you know is always propriety itself, told me how much the house was improved since it was my brother's. The Duchess of Norfolk gives a great ball next week to the Duke: so you see that she does not expect the Pretender, at least this fortnight. Last night, at my Lady Hervey's, Mrs. Dives was expressing great panic about the French: my Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said with great softness, 'I don't know: I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of.' Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[2] Her husband was Auditor of the Exchequer.

[3] Eldest daughter of second Duke of Buccleuch; d. unmarried, 1779.

472. To Horatio Walpole [1].

Arlington Street, April 13, 1756.

My Lord Orford having sent me a copy of a paper which it seems you call *a Mutual Entail*, but which in reality is an act to set aside your brother's grandchildren and daughter[2], and finding my name inserted in it (a strong presumption of how little you think there is of substantial on your part of the transaction), I must desire my name may be omitted; and this, without supposing, or pretending to suppose, that I sacrifice the least prospect of interest; but I cannot suffer my name to stand with my consent as accessory to a deed so prejudicial to my nephews and to my sister, and so entirely annulling the will of my father, that great man to whom you and I, Sir, owe all we have, and without whom I fear we had all remained in obscurity!

If this is denied me, I shall immediately execute the strongest act the law can invent or allow (and I don't know what the law cannot invent, and I do know that what it can invent it will allow), to debar myself from ever receiving any benefit from your fortune, if the most improbable of all events should happen, its coming to our line; and as a record of my disapprobation of this compact.

However, Sir, as no interest of my own is concerned, as I plead for those who are nearest and most dear to me, and as I think it so serious a thing lightly and without any reason to set aside the will of the dead—and of what dead! I will, notwithstanding all our differences, still act the part of a relation, and even of a friend towards you, and as such, I most solemnly entreat and recommend to you to be content with all the obligations you received from

Letter 472.—[1] Afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton.
[2] Lady Mary Churchill.

my father, and not exclude his grandchildren and his daughter from his estate. At least, I will not be a party to setting aside the disposition which he made of a fortune (acquired by himself) in favour of his own posterity.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

473. To Horatio Walpole.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1756.

I SHOULD not think a letter with so little solidity in it as yours required any reply, if I could not answer it by a plain matter of fact, which you seem totally to have forgot, but of which many living witnesses can put you in mind. The reason you constantly gave my father for not accepting the Mutual Entail was, sometimes that you yourself would not pass over your own daughters, sometimes that your wife would not let her estate go from her own daughters. As to that plausible reason, as you think, that this Lord Orford might have cut off the entail, it is easy to observe how you confound terms; you say, your sons could not have cut off your entail; but would not your grandson, as well as your brother's grandson, have such a power? You are forced to destroy the parallel, before you can produce a semblance.

As to Lord Orford's approving what you say to me, it surprises me a little; for in the last conversation I had with him, he owned he was sensible that the compact he had inconsiderately made with you was very prejudicial to himself, for this reason, that, considering the great difference of your ages, if you should die in a year, he would in honour remain tied up not to alter his will, and consequently had given away from himself the propriety of his estate; he thanked me for what I said to him, and his

last words to me were,—'Sir, I will see you again in two days, and by that time I will have dissolved the bargain.'

With regard to your taking upon you to decide what was my father's great object, I am not casuist enough to interpret between the act and the will of the dead. Were I to advise in this case, you had better rest the whole upon the power the law gives you; that, perhaps, will not be disputed. Of the equity and gratitude the world will judge, as they will of your professions, which must be tried by your actions.

I am, &c.
H. W.

474. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, April 16, 1756.

You wrong me very much in thinking I omit writing because I don't hear from you as often as you have a mind I should: you are kinder to me in that respect than I have reason, considering your numerous occupations, to expect: the real and whole truth is, that I have had nothing to tell you; for I could not tire either you or myself with all the details relating to this foolish road bill [1], which has engrossed the whole attention of everybody lately. I have entered into it less than anybody. What will you say when you are told that proxies have been sent for to Scotland? that my Lord Harrington has been dragged into the House of Lords from his coffin, and Lord Arran [2] carried thither to take the oaths, who I believe has not appeared there since the Revolution? In short, it has become quite a trial for

Letter 474.—[1] The Paddington or New Road, which the Duke of Bedford opposed as making a dust behind Bedford House, and from some intended buildings being likely to interrupt his prospect. The Duke of Grafton warmly espoused the other side of the question. *Walpole.*

[2] Charles Butler (d. 1758), Earl of Arran, Chancellor of Oxford University, 1715–1758.

power; and though the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford have lent their names and their vehemence, you will guess what has been the engine behind the curtain.

The French are so obliging as to wait till we have done with these important squabbles: the House of Commons takes care too not to draw off the attention of the nation. The Militia Bill has passed through that solitude, but I hear will be stopped in the House of Lords. I have lived lately in a round of great disagreeable suppers, which you know are always called for my Lady Yarmouth, as if the poor woman loved nothing but cramming: I suppose it will so much become the etiquette, that in the next reign there will be nothing but suppers for my Lord Bute. I am now come hither to keep *my* Newmarket, but the weather is cold and damp: it is uncertain whether the Duke makes that campaign, or against the French. As the road bill extinguished the violence about the two operas of next year, and they made the invasion forgot, and the invasion the earthquake, I foresee—and I go almost upon as sure grounds as prophets that take care to let the event precede the prediction—I foresee that the Hanoverians will swallow up all: they have already a general named, who ranks before any one of ours; and there are to be two Hanoverian *aide-de-camps*!

You will hear by this post of the death of Sir William Lowther[3], whose vast succession falls to Sir James, and makes him Crœsus: he may hire the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough for led captains. I am sorry for this young man, though I did not know him; but it is hard to be cut off so young and so rich: old rich men seldom deserve to live, but he did a thousand generous acts. You will be diverted with a speech of Lord Shelburne, one of those second-rate fortunes who have not above five-and-thirty

[3] Sir William Lowther, third Baronet, of Marske, Yorkshire.

thousand pounds a year. He says everybody may attain some one point if they give all their attention to it; for his part, he knows he has no great capacity, he could not make a figure by his parts; he shall content himself with being one of the richest men in England! I literally saw him t'other day buying pictures for two-and-twenty shillings, that I would not hang in my garret; while I, who certainly have not made riches my sole point of view, was throwing away guineas, and piquing myself for old tombstones against your father-in-law the General[4]. I hope Lady Ailesbury will forgive my zeal for Strawberry against Combe Bank[5]. Are you ever to see your Strawberry Hill again? Lord Duncannon flatters us that we shall see you in May. If I did not hope it, I would send you the only two new fashionable pieces; a comic elegy[6] by Richard Owen Cambridge, and a wonderful book by a more wonderful author, Greville[7]. It is called *Maxims and Characters*: several of the former are pretty: all the latter so absurd, that one in particular, which at the beginning you take for the character of a man, turns out to be the character of a post-chaise.

You never tell me now any of Missy's *bons mots*. I hope she has not resided in Ireland till they are degenerated into bulls! Adieu! Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

475. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 18, 1756.

I WISH I could send you accounts of your brother's amendment in proportion to your impatience, and to my

[4] General John Campbell, who, upon the death of Archibald, Duke of Argyll, succeeded to that title. *Walpole.*—He succeeded as fourth Duke in 1761, and died in 1770.

[5] General Campbell's seat in Kent.

[6] *An Elegy written in an empty Bath Assembly-Room.*

[7] Fulke Greville, Esq. *Walpole.*

own: he does mend certainly, but it is slowly: he takes the air every day, and they talk of his riding, though I don't think him strong enough yet to sit a horse; when he has rid a little he is to go to the Bath. I wish it much; for though he is at Richmond, there is no keeping him from doing too much business. Dr. Cocchi has showed his usual sagacity; the case is pronounced entirely asthmatic. As they have acquitted him of a consumption, I feel easy, though the complaint he has is so uneasy to himself. You must not be discouraged by my accounts; for I see your brother so very often, that it is not possible for me to discern the progress of alteration in him.

You will not believe how little we have thought of the French lately! We are engaged in a civil war—not between St. James's and Leicester House, but between the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, about a new turnpike road on the back of the town: as you may imagine, it grows politics; and if it is not compromised during the recess, the French may march deep into the kingdom before *they* become greater politics.

We think them not ready for Minorca, and that we shall be prepared to receive them there[1]. The Hessians are expected immediately; and soon after them, the Hanoverians; and soon after them, many jealousies and uneasinesses.

These are all the politics I can tell you; and I have as little else to tell you. Poor Lady Drumlanrig[2], whose lord perished so unfortunately about a year and a half ago, is dead of a consumption from that shock; and Sir William Lowther, one of the two heirs of old Sir James[3], died two days ago of a fever. He was not above six-and-twenty, master of above twenty thousand pounds a year; sixteen

Letter 475.—[1] The French fleet appeared off Minorca on April 18, Byng not until May 19.

[2] Daughter of the Earl of Hopton. Her lord shot himself. *Walpole.*

[3] Sir James Lowther, fourth Baronet, of Whitehaven; d. 1755.

of which comes to young Sir James, who was equally rich: think what a fortune is here assembled—will any Florentine believe this when reduced to sequins or scudi?

I receive such packets of thanks from Lady Harry Beauclerc, transmitted to her from Mr. Dick, that you must bear to have some of them returned to you. I know you enough to believe that you will be still better pleased with new trouble than with my gratitude, therefore I will immediately flounce into more recommendation; but while I do recommend, I must send a bill of discount at the same time: in short, I have been pressed to mention a Sir Robert Davers to you; but as I have never seen him, I will not desire much more than your usual civility for him; sure, he may be content with that! I remember Sir William Maynard [4], and am cautious.

Since I began this, I receive yours of April 2nd, full of uneasiness for your brother's quicksilver and its effects. I did not mention it to you, because, though it put him back, his physicians were persuaded that he would not suffer, and he has not. As to reasoning with them, my dear child, it is impossible: I am more ignorant in physic than a child of six years old; if it were not for reverence for Dr. Cocchi, and out of gratitude to Dr. Pringle, who has been of such service to your brother, I should say, I am as ignorant as a physician. I am really so sensible of the good your brother has received from this doctor, that I myself am arrived so far towards being ill, that I now know, if I was to be ill, who should be my physician. The weather has been so wet and cold that your brother has received very little benefit from it: he talked to me again this morning of riding, but I don't yet think him able; if you had seen him as I saw him the day I wrote my first letter to you,

[4] Whom Mr. W. recommended to Sir H. Mann, to whom Sir William, who was a Jacobite, behaved very impertinently. *Walpole.*

you would be as happy as I am now; without that, I fear you would be shocked to see how he is emaciated; but his eyes, his spirits, his attention, give me great hopes, though I absolutely think it a tedious asthmatic case. Adieu! my dear child; be in better spirits, and don't expect either sudden amendment or worse change.

476. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1756.

Your steward called on me just as I was going to keep my Newmarket at Strawberry Hill; he promised to leave me the direction to the statuary[1], but as I have not heard from him, I wish you would send it me.

The cold and the wet have driven me back to London, empty London! where we are more afraid of the deluge than the invasion. The French are said to be sailed for Minorca, which I hold to be a good omen of their not coming hither, for if they took England, Port Mahon, I should think, would scarcely hold out.

Pray don't die, like a country body, because it is the fashion for gentlefolks to die in London: it is the *bon ton* now to die; one can't show one's face without being a death's head. Mrs. Bethel and I are come strangely into fashion; but true critics in mode object to our having under jaws, and maintain that we are not dead *comme il faut*. The young Lady Exeter[2] died almost suddenly, and has handsomely confirmed her father's will, by leaving her money to her lord only for his life, and then to Th. Townshend[3]. Sir William Lowther has made a charming will,

Letter 476.—[1] Montagu was about to erect a monument to the memory of his sister, Miss Harriet Montagu.

[2] Letitia, daughter and heir of Hon. Horatio Townshend; m. (1748) Brownlow Cecil, ninth Earl of Exeter; d. April 17, 1756.

[3] Hon. Thomas Townshend (1701–1780), second son of second Viscount Townshend by his first wife; M.P. for Cambridge University; Teller of the Exchequer, 1727–80.

and been as generous at his death as he was in his short life; he has left thirteen legacies of five thousand pound each to friends, of which you know by sight, Reynolds[4], Mrs. Brudenel's son[5], and young Turner. He has given seventeen hundred pound a year, that is, I suppose. seventeen hundred pound, to old Mrs. Lowther[6].—What an odd circumstance! a woman passing an hundred years to receive a legacy from a man of twenty-seven! After her it goes to Lord George Cavendish[7]. Six hundred pound per year he gives to another Mrs. Lowther, to be divided afterwards between Lord Frederick[8] and Lord John[9]. Lord Charles[10], his uncle, is residuary legatee. But what do you think of young Sir James Lowther, who, not of age, becomes master of one or two and forty thousand pounds a year. England will become a Heptarchy, the property of six or seven people! The Duke of Bedford is fallen to be not above the fourth rich man in the island.

Poor Lord Digby is likely to escape happily at last, after being cut for the stone, and bearing the preparation and execution with such heroism, that waking with the noise of the surgeons, he asked if that was to be the day? 'Yes.'—'How soon will they be ready?'—'Not for some time.'—'Then let me sleep till they are.' He was cut by

[4] Francis Reynolds (d. 1773) of Strangeways, near Manchester, father of the second and third Barons Ducie.

[5] Susan, daughter of Bartholomew Burton, and widow of Hon. James Brudenell. Her son was George Bridges Brudenell, Equerry to George II.

[6] Hannah, fifth daughter of Alderman Robert Lowther. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Mary and Queen Anne. She died unmarried (aged one hundred and three), in January, 1757.

[7] Second son of third Duke of Devonshire; M.P. for Derbyshire; Comptroller of the Household, 1761; d. 1794.

[8] Lord Frederick Cavendish, third son of third Duke of Devonshire.

[9] Lord John Cavendish (1732–1796), fourth son of third Duke of Devonshire; M.P. for Weymouth; Lord of the Treasury, 1765–66; Chancellor of the Exchequer, March–July, 1782, April–Dec., 1783. He was a prominent member of the Rockingham party. Lords George, Frederick, and John Cavendish were first cousins of Sir William Lowther.

[10] Lord Charles Cavendish, third son of second Duke of Devonshire.

a new instrument of Hawkins[11], which reduces an age of torture to but one minute.

The Duke had appeared in form on the causeway in Hyde Park with my Lady Coventry; it is the new office, where all lovers now are entered. How happy she must be with Billy and Bully[12]! I hope she will not mistake, and call the former by the nickname of the latter! At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if she was not the best-humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry; she said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be *muckibus*.—'Lord!' said Lady Mary Coke, 'what is that!'—'Oh! it is Irish for *sentimental*.'

There is a new Morocco ambassador, who declares for Lady Caroline Petersham, preferably to Lady Coventry. Lady Caroline Fox says he is the best bred of all the foreign ministers, and at one dinner said more obliging things than Mirepoix did during his whole embassy. He is so fashionable that George Selwyn says he is sure my Lady Winchelsea[13] will ogle him instead of Haslang.

I shall send you soon the fruits of my last party to Strawberry; Dick Edgecumbe, George Selwyn, and Williams were with me; we composed a coat of arms for the two clubs at White's, which is actually engraving from a very pretty painting of Edgecumbe, whom Mr. Chute, as Strawberry King-at-Arms, has appointed our chief herald painter; here is the blazon:

Vert (for card-table), between three parolis proper on a chevron table (for hazard-table) two rouleaus in saltire between two dice, proper; in a canton, sable, a white ball (for election) argent.

[11] Cæsar Hawkins, the surgeon.

[12] The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Bolingbroke.

[13] Mary (d. 1757), daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Palmer, fourth Baronet, of Wingham, Kent; m. (1738) Daniel Finch, eighth Earl of Winchilsea.

Supporters. An old knave of *clubs* on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side, both accoutred, proper.

Crest. Issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington's) an arm, shaking a dice-box, all proper.

Motto (alluding to the crest), *Cogit* amor nummi.

The arms encircled by a claret bottle ticket, by way of order.

By the time I hope to see you at Strawberry Hill, there will be a second volume of the Horatiana ready for the press; or A full and true account of the bloody civil wars of the house of Walpole, being a narrative of the unhappy differences between Horatio and Horace Walpoles; in short, the old wretch, who aspires to be one of the Heptarchy, and who I think will live as long as old Mrs. Lowther, has accomplished such a scene of abominable avarice and dirt, that I, notwithstanding my desire to veil the miscarriages of my race, have been obliged to drag him and all his doings into light—but I won't anticipate. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

477. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 4, as they call it, but
the weather and the almanack
of my feelings affirm it is
December.

I will answer your questions as well as I can, though I must do it shortly, for I write in a sort of hurry.

Osborn could not find Lord Cuts[1], but I have discovered

Letter 477.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1755. (See *Academy*, Dec. 26, 1895.)

[1] John Cutts (1661-1707), Baron Cutts. He took a prominent part in Marlborough's campaigns, and was third in command at Blenheim. Montagu's interest in Lord Cutts was due to the fact that the latter was the third husband of his maternal grandmother, Elizabeth (*née* Clark), widow of John Trevor, of Plas Teg, Flint.

another in an auction for which I shall bid for you. Mr. Müntz has been at Strawberry these three weeks, tight at work, so your picture is little advanced, but as soon as he returns it shall be finished. I have chosen the marbles for your tomb; but you told me you had agreed on the price, which your steward now says I was to settle. Mr. Bentley still waits the conclusion of the session, before he can come amongst us again. Everything has passed with great secrecy: one would think the devil was afraid of being tried for his life, for he has not even directed Madam Bentley to the Old Bailey. Mr. Mann does not mend, but how should he in such weather?

We wait with impatience for news from Minorca. Here is a Prince of Nassau Welbourg, who wants to marry Princess Caroline of Orange: he is well-looking enough, but a little too tame to cope with such blood. He is established at the Duke of Richmond's[2], with a large train, for two months. He was last night at a great ball at my Lady Townshend's, whose Audrey[3] will certainly get Lord George Lenox[4]. George Selwyn t'other night, seeing Lady Euston with Lady

[2] Charles Lennox (1735–1806), third Duke of Richmond, Duke of Aubigny in France; entered the army, 1753; saw active service during the Seven Years' War, and was present at the battle of Minden. He was Ambassador at Paris, 1765–66; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, May–July, 1766; Master-General of the Ordnance, 1782; Field-Marshal, 1796. The Duke was a prominent member of the Rockingham party. He strongly opposed the government policy with regard to the American colonies. It was while attempting to reply to Richmond's speech relative to the withdrawal of troops from America, that Chatham was seized with his fatal illness. Richmond was in favour of parliamentary reform and of Catholic Emancipation. His advocacy of the latter made him peculiarly obnoxious to the mob at the time of the Gordon Riots. His marriage to Lady Mary Bruce (daughter of Conway's wife, the Countess of Ailesbury, by her first marriage) brought him into friendly relations with Horace Walpole, who had a great regard for him, and a great affection for the Duchess.

[3] Hon. Audrey (or Ethelreda) Townshend, only daughter of third Viscount Townshend; m. Captain Robert Orme.

[4] Lord George Henry Lennox (1737–1805), second surviving son of second Duke of Richmond. He entered the army, 1754; was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland, 1757; General, 1793.

Caroline Petersham, said, 'There's my Lady Eus*ton*[5], and my Lady us'd *to't*.'

Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

I enclose a print of the arms.

I forgot another *bon mot* of G. Selwyn's; somebody said they should not dislike Mrs. Deering; 'Ah!' said he, 'if you was to see *la petite* Guildford!'

478. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1756.

You will hear with great satisfaction that your brother rides out every day, and bears it pretty well. I sent to him yesterday morning, and my Swiss boy told me with great joy at his return, that he saw your brother's servant cutting a plate of bread and butter for him, 'big enough,' said he, 'for you, Sir, and Mr. Bentley[1], and Mr. Müntz'—who is a Swiss painter that I keep in the house—you perceive I deal much in Swiss. I saw your brother this morning myself; he does not mend so fast as I wish, but I still attribute it to the weather. I mentioned to him Dr. Cocchi's desire of seeing his case and regimen in writing by Dr. Pringle, but I found he did not care for it; and you may imagine I

[5] Hon. Anne Liddell (d. 1804), daughter of first Baron Ravensworth; m. 1. (1756) Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston (succeeded his grandfather as third Duke of Grafton in 1757), from whom she was separated in 1765, and divorced in 1769; 2. (1769) John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory. She was the object of Horace Walpole's admiration and interest as Duchess of Grafton. After her divorce and marriage to Lord Ossory (whom Walpole greatly esteemed) their friendship continued, and she became one of Walpole's regular correspondents. The first of his letters to her was written in 1769, and to her is addressed the last of his printed letters, dated Jan. 15, 1797, a few weeks before his death.

Letter 478.—[1] Richard Bentley, son of the famous Dr. Bentley, lived much with Mr. W. at that time. *Walpole.*

would not press it. I sifted Dr. Pringle himself, but he would not give me a positive answer; I fear he still thinks that it is not totally an asthma. If you had seen him so much worse, as I have, you would be tolerably comforted now. Lord Malpas[2] saw him to-day for the first time, and told me alone that he found him much better than he expected. His spirits and attention to everything are just as good as ever, which was far from being the case three months ago.

I read the necessary part of your letter to Sir George Lyttelton, who thinks himself much obliged, and leaves the vases entirely to your taste, and will be fully content with the five jesses you name.

We have nothing new; the Parliament rises the 25th; all our attention is pointed to Minorca, of which you must be much better and sooner informed than we can. Great dissatisfactions arise about the defenceless state in which it was left: it is said, some account arrived from Commodore Edgecumbe[3] the night before last, but it is kept very secret, which at least specifies the denomination of it. I hope to find Mr. Conway in town to-morrow night, whither he is just returned from Ireland; he has pacified that country to the standard of his own tranquillity.

I have read the poem you mention, the *Pucelle*, and am by no means popular, for I by no means like it—it is as tiresome as if it was really an heroic poem. The four first cantos are by much the best, and throughout there are many

[2] George, eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir R. Walpole: he died before his father, and was father of George, the fourth Earl. *Walpole.*

[3] George, second son of Richard, Lord Edgcumbe; succeeded his brother in the title, and was by George III created Viscount Mount Edgcumbe. *Walpole.*—Treasurer of the Household, 1765–66; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1770–72, 1784–93; Admiral of the White, 1782; and was created Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, 1789; d. 1795. Edgcumbe was off Mahon with a small squadron when the French fleet approached, and was obliged to retire to Gibraltar.

vivacities; but so absurd, perplexed a story is intolerable; the humour often missed, and even the parts that give most offence, I think very harmless.—I don't see that he attacks beyond the outworks! As to your asking why nobody writes against the impudence of the Bishop of London's[4] affected bigotry, I answer, they would be mad if they did: of all martyrs, sure those to irreligion are the most ridiculous—what signifies what species of prevailing folly you combat? Some there will be always.—Did Calvin make the world much amends, when he pulled down St. Francis, and burned Servetus? But even in this country, where there happen to be more eyes open than in others, it is ruin, at least perpetual odium and persecution, to attack any reigning superstition—nay, there is a better reason against it; the priesthood has so little credit, that they can attract few followers, but when they have an opportunity of hallooing them upon an heretic. And for my own part I had rather any dowager of my acquaintance should lump an earthquake under the chapter of miracles, than be forced to explain to her the natural process of it. I am sure she will not talk half so much nonsense upon it in a religious style, as she would in a philosophic one.—I have known the time when I am sure you and I should have wished that my Lady Orford and my Lady Pomfret had studied St. Chrysostom instead of Sir Isaac Newton. Adieu, my dear Sir.

P.S. We are to declare war this week; I suppose, in order to make peace[5], as we cannot make peace till we have made war.

[4] Dr. Thomas Sherlock.
[5] War was declared against France on May 18, 1756.

479. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1756.

Nothing will be more agreeable to me than to see you at Strawberry Hill; the weather does not seem to be of my mind, and will not invite you—I believe the French have taken the sun. Among other captures, I hear the King has taken another English mistress, a Mrs. Pope, who took her degrees in gallantry some years ago. She went to Versailles with the famous Mrs. Quon; the King took notice of them; he was told they were not so rigid as *all* other English women are—mind, I don't give you any part of this history for authentic; you know we can have no news from France but what we run. I have rambled so that I forgot what I intended to say; if ever we can have spring, it must be soon; I propose to expect you any day you please after Sunday se'nnight, the 30th; let me know your resolution,—and pray tell me in what magazine is the Strawberry ballad! I should have proposed an earlier day to you, but next week the Prince of Nassau is to breakfast at Strawberry Hill, and I know your aversion to clashing with grandeurs.

As I have already told you one mob story of a King, I will tell you another; *they say*, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* sent, that is, *a King* sent for his German cook, and said, 'Get me a very good supper; get me all de rarities; I don't mind expense.'

I tremble lest his Hanoverians should be encamped at Hounslow; Strawberry would become an inn, all the Misses would breakfast there, to go and see the camp!

My Lord Denbigh[1] is going to marry a fortune, I forget

Letter 479. — [1] Basil Fielding (1719–1800), sixth Earl of Denbigh; Master of the Fox-hounds, 1761–82. He married (1757) Mary, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bruce Cotton, sixth Baronet.

her name: my Lord Gower asked him how long the honeymoon would last! He replied, 'Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvest moon with me.' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

480. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 27, 1756.

Your brother is determined to go to Bristol in ten days: our summer, which nobody but the almanack has the confidence to say is not winter, is so cold that he does not advance at all. If his temper was at all in the power of accidents, it would be affected enough just now to affect his health! What a figure he would make in a catalogue of philosophers or martyrs! His wife's aunt, Mrs. Forth, who has always promised him the half of her fortune, which is at least thirty thousand pounds, is dead, and has left him only two thousand pounds. He sent for your brother Ned this morning to talk to him upon some other business, and it was with such unaffected cheerfulness, that your eldest brother concluded he was reserving the notification of a legacy of at least ten thousand pounds for the *bonne bouche*; but he can bear his wife, and then what are disappointments? Pray, my dear child, be humble, and don't imagine that yours is the *only best* temper in the world. I pretend so little to a good one, that it is no merit in me to be out of all patience.

My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at last; he is a peer[1]. Lord Chief Justice Ryder, who was to have kissed hands with him on Monday, was too ill, and died on Tuesday; but I believe his son will save the peerage.

We know nothing yet of Minorca, and seem to think so

Letter 480.—[1] Horatio Walpole, the elder, was created (June 4, 1756) Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

little of our war, that to pass away his time, Mars is turned *impresario*; in short, the Duke has taken the Opera House for the ensuing season. There has been a contest between the manager Vanneschi and the singers Mingotti and Ricciarelli; the Duke patronizes the Mingotti, and lists under her standard. She is a fine singer, an admirable actress; I cannot say her temper is entirely so sweet as your brother's.

May 30th, Arlington Street.

See what a country gentleman I am! One cannot stir ten miles from London without beginning to believe what one hears, and without supposing that whatever *should* be done, will be done. The Opera House is still in dispute between Signor Guglielmo and Signor Vanneschi—and Mr. Ryder[2] will not get the peerage; for coronets are not forfeited by worthlessness, but by misfortune. My Lord Chief Justice misses one by only dying, my uncle gets one by living!

I this moment receive your letter of the 15th. We had picked up by scrambling accounts pretty much what you tell me of Minorca; but hitherto we only live on comparing dates.

I can add nothing to what I have said in the article of your brother. I am going to send the papers to Lord Macclesfield. Adieu!

P.S. It is uncertain who will be Chief Justice; Murray could have no competitor, but the Duke of Newcastle cannot part with him from the House of Commons[3].

[2] Mr. Ryder did obtain a barony in the next reign. *Walpole.*—Nathaniel Ryder (1735–1804), cr. Baron Harrowby, 1776.

[3] Murray became Lord Chief Justice.

481. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1756.

I am not sorry to be paving my way to Wentworth Castle[1] by a letter, where I suppose you are by this time, and for which I waited: it is not that I stayed so long before I executed my embassy *auprès de Milord* Tylney. He has but one pair of gold pheasants at present, but promises my Lady Strafford the first fruits of their loves. He gave me hopes of some pied peacocks sooner, for which I asked directly, as one must wait for the lying-in of the pheasants. If I go on *negotiating* so successfully, I may hope to arrive at a peerage a little sooner than my uncle has.

As your Lordship, I know, is so good as to interest yourself in the calamities of your friends, I will, as shortly as I can, describe and grieve your heart with a catastrophe that has happened to two of them. My Lady Ailesbury, Mr. Conway, and Miss Rich passed two days last week at Strawberry Hill. We were returning from Mrs. Clive's through the long field, and had got over the high stile that comes into the road; that is, three of us. It had rained, and the stile was wet. I could not let Miss Rich straddle across so damp a palfrey, but took her in my arms to lift her over. At that instant I saw a coach and six come thundering down the hill from my house; and hurrying to set down my charge, and stepping backwards, I missed the first step, came down headlong with the nymph in my arms; but turning quite round as we rushed to the ground, the first thing that touched the earth was Miss Rich's head. You must guess in how improper a situation we fell; and you must not tell my Lady Strafford[2] before anybody that

Letter 481. — [1] Lord Strafford's seat, near Barnsley, in Yorkshire.

[2] Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter and co-heir of second Duke

every petticoat, &c. in the world were canted—high enough indeed! The coach came on, and never stopped. The apprehension that it would run over my Chloe made me lie where I was, holding out my arm to keep off the horses, which narrowly missed trampling us to death. The ladies, who were Lady Holdernesse, Miss Pelham, and your sister Lady Mary Coke, stared with astonishment at the theatre which they thought I had chosen to celebrate our loves; the footmen laughed; and you may imagine the astonishment of Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury, who did not see the fall, but turned and saw our attitude. It was these spectators that amazed Miss Pelham, who described the adventure to Mrs. Pitt, and said, 'What was most amazing, there were Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury looking on!' I shall be vexed to have told you this long story, if Lady Mary has writ it already; only tell me honestly if she has described it as decently as I have.

If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame Maintenon[3], I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious, and some very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion; and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné. I am quite glad to find that they do *not* continue equally agreeable. The extreme misery to which France was reduced at the end of Queen Anne's war is more striking than one could conceive. I hope it is a debt that they are not going to pay, though the news that

of Argyll; m. (1741) second Earl of Strafford. Her death (in 1785) was due to injuries received by falling into the fire during an attack of epilepsy, from which she had suffered throughout her life.

[3] The Letters in nine volumes, 12mo, and the Memoirs in six volumes, 12mo, the first edited, the second compiled, by La Beaumelle.

arrived on Wednesday have but a black aspect. The consternation on the behaviour of Byng[4], and on the amazing council of war at Gibraltar[5], is extreme: many think both next to impossibilities. In the mean time we fear the loss of Minorca. I could not help smiling t'other day at two passages in Madame Maintenon's Letters relating to the Duc de Richelieu[6], when he first came into the world: 'Jamais homme n'a mieux réussi à la cour, la première fois qu'il y a paru: c'est réellement une très-jolie créature!' Again:—'C'est la plus aimable poupée qu'on puisse voir.' How mortifying that this 'jolie poupée' should be the avenger of the Valoises!

Adieu, my Lord. I don't believe that a daughter of the Duke of Argyll[7] will think that the present I have announced in the first part of my letter balances the inglorious article in the end. I wish you would both renew the breed of heroes, which seems scarcer than that of gold pheasants! Your most faithful servant, HOR. WALPOLE.

482. To JOHN CHUTE.

MY DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, June 8, 1756.

Pray have a thousand masses said in your divine chapel *à l'intention* of your poor country. I believe the occasion

[4] On May 20, Byng fought an indecisive action with the French off Mahon. Four days afterwards he returned to Gibraltar, and abandoned Minorca to its fate.

[5] 'Admiral Byng . . . arriving at Gibraltar on the 2nd of May, had, according to his orders, demanded of General Fowke, the governor, a battalion to be transported to Minorca, but . . . the governor, instead of obeying these directions, had called a council of war, where, in pursuance of the opinion of engineers whom they consulted, it was determined to be impracticable to fling succours into St. Philip's, and that it would be weakening the garrison of Gibraltar to part with so much force, which accordingly was refused.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 56.)

[6] Richelieu was in command of the French force at Minorca.

[7] Lady Strafford was the youngest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*—She was the second daughter; her younger sisters were Lady Betty Mackenzie and Lady Mary Coke.

will disturb the founder[1] of it, and make him shudder in his shroud for the ignominy of his countrymen. By all one learns, Byng, Fowke, and all the officers at Gibraltar, were infatuated! They figured Port Mahon lost, and Gibraltar a-going! a-going! Lord Effingham, Cornwallis, Lord Robert Bertie, all, all signed the council of war, and are in as bad odour as possible. The King says it will be his death, and that he neither eats or sleeps—all our trust is in Hanoverians.

The Prince[2] has desired to be excused living at Kensington, but accepts 40,000*l.* a year; 5,000*l.* is given to Prince Edward[3], and an establishment is settling; but that too will meet with difficulties. I will be more circumstantial when we meet.

My uncle has chose no motto nor supporters yet: one would think there were fees to pay for them! Mr. Fox said to him, 'Why don't you take your family motto[4]?' He replied, 'Because my *nephew* would say, I think I speak as well as my brother.' *I believe he means me.* I like his awe. The Duke of Richmond, taking me for his son, reproached himself to Lady Caroline Fox for not wishing me joy. She is so sorry she undeceived him! Charles Townshend has turned his artillery upon his own court: he says, 'Silly fellow for silly fellow, I don't see why it is not as well to be governed by my uncle[5] with a blue riband, as by my cousin[6] with a green one.'

I have passed to-day one of the most agreeable days of my life; your righteous spirit will be offended with me—but I must tell you: my Lord and Lady Bath carried my Lady Hervey and me to dine with my Lady Allen at

LETTER 482.—[1] William Sandys (d. 1542), first Baron Sandys de Vyne.

[2] The Prince of Wales, who was just of age.

[3] Afterwards Duke of York.

[4] 'Fari quae sentiat.'

[5] The Duke of Newcastle, half-brother of Townshend's grandmother.

[6] Lord Bute, first cousin of Townshend's wife, the Countess of Dalkeith.

Blackheath. What added to the oddness of the company in which I found myself was her sister Mrs. Cleveland[7], whose bitterness against my father and uncle for turning out her husband you have heard—but she is very agreeable. I had a little private satisfaction in very naturally telling my Lord Bath how happy I have made his old printer, Franklyn. The Earl was in extreme good-humour, repeated epigrams, ballads, anecdotes, stories, which, as Madame Sévigné says, puts one in mind 'de sa défunte veine.' The Countess was not in extreme good-humour, but in the best-humoured ill-humour in the world: contested everything with great drollery, and combated Mrs. Cleveland on Madame Maintenon's character, with as much satire and knowledge of the world as ever I heard in my life. I told my Lord Bath General Wall's foolish vain motto, 'Aut Caesar aut nihil.' He replied, 'He is an impudent fellow: he should have taken "Murus aheneus."' Dodington has translated well the motto on the caps of the Hanoverians, 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum'—*They never mean to go back again.*

Saunders[8], the new admiral, told the King yesterday in a very odd phrase, that they *should screw his heart out*, if Byng is not now in the harbour of Mahon. The world condemns extremely the rashness of superseding admirals on no information but from our enemies. The ministry tremble for Thursday se'nnight (*inter alia*), when the King is to desire the Parliament to adjourn again. I believe altogether it will make a party. Adieu!

[7] Widow of William Cleland (d. 1741), known as a friend of Pope. Cleland was dismissed from his post of Surveyor of the Land Tax in July, 1741.

[8] Rear-Admiral Charles Saunders (d. 1775), afterwards Admiral and K.B.; Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, 1754; Comptroller of the Navy, 1755; Lord of the Admiralty, 1765–66; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1766. He accompanied Anson on his voyage round the world, took part in Hawke's great victory in 1747, and, in command of the fleet in the St. Lawrence, greatly contributed to the capture of Quebec (1759).

483. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1756.

Our affairs have taken a strange turn, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you last at the end of May; we have been all confusion, consternation, and resentment! At this moment we are all perplexity! When we were expecting every instant that Byng would send home Marshal Richelieu's head to be placed upon Temple Bar, we were exceedingly astonished to hear that the governor[1] and garrison of Gibraltar had taken a panic for themselves, had called a council of war, and in direct disobedience to a positive command, had refused Byng a battalion from thence. This council was attended, and their resolution signed, by all the chief officers there, among whom are some particular favourites, and some men of the first quality. Instead of being shocked at this disappointment, Byng accompanied it with some wonderfully placid letters, in which he notified his intention of retiring under the cannon of Gibraltar, in case he found it dangerous to attempt the relief of Minorca! These letters had scarce struck their damp here, before D'Abreu, the Spanish minister, received an account from France, that Galissonière[2] had sent word that the English fleet had been peeping about him, with exceeding caution, for two or three days; that on the 20th of May they had scuffled for about three hours, that night had separated them, and that to his great astonishment, the English fleet, of which he had not taken one vessel, had disappeared in the morning. If the world was scandalized at this history, it was nothing to the exasperation of the court, who, on

Letter 483.—[1] General Fowke. [2] Rolland Michel Bassin (1693–1756), Marquis de la Galissonière, in command of the French fleet at Mahon.

no other foundation than an enemy's report, immediately ordered Admiral Hawke and Saunders (created an admiral on purpose) to bridle and saddle the first ship at hand, and to post away to Gibraltar, and to hang and drown Byng and West [3], and then to send them home to be tried for their lives: and not to be too partial to the land, and to be as severe upon good grounds as they were upon scarce any, they dispatched Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure upon the like errand over the Generals Fowke and Stuart. This expedition had so far a good effect, that the mob itself could not accuse the ministry of want of rashness; and luckily for the latter, in three days more the same canal confirmed the disappearance of the English fleet for four days after the engagement—but behold! we had scarce had time to jumble together our sorrow for our situation, and our satisfaction for the dispatch we had used to repair it, when yesterday threw us into a new puzzle. Our spies, the French, have sent us intelligence that Galissonière is disgraced, recalled, and La Motte [4] sent to replace him, and that Byng has reinforced the garrison of St. Philip with—150 men! You, who are nearer the spot, may be able, perhaps, to unriddle or unravel all this confusion; but you have no notion how it has put all our politics aground!

This is not our only quandary! A message of 40,000*l.* a year, with an intention of an establishment for a court, and an invitation of coming to live at Kensington, has been sent to Leicester Fields [5]. The money was very kindly received—the proposal of leaving our lady-mother refused in most submissive terms. It is not easy to enforce obedience; yet it is not pleasant to part with our money for nothing—and yet it is thought that will be the consequence

[3] Byng's second in command.

[4] Toussaint Guillaume Picquet de la Motte (1720–1791), Comte de la Motte Picquet.

[5] Where the Prince of Wales lived with his mother.

of this ill-judged step of authority. My dear child, I pity you who are to represent and to palliate all the follies of your country!

My uncle has got his peerage; but just when the patent was ready, my Lord Privy Seal Gower went out of town, on which the old baby wrote him quite an abusive letter, which my Lord Gower answered with a great deal of wit and severity. Lord Ilchester and Lord Falconberg[6] are created earls.

General Isemberg of the Hessians has already diverted us: he never saw the tide till he came to Southampton; he was alarmed, and seeing the vessel leaning on the shore, he sent for his master of the horse, and swore at him for overturning the ship in landing the horses. Another of them has challenged a Hampshire justice, for committing one of his soldiers; but hitherto both Hessians and Hanoverians are rather popular.

Your brother, whom, if anything, I think better, is set out this morning for Bristol. You cannot pray more for its restoring his health than I do. I have just received yours of May 28th, to which I make no answer, as all the events I have mentioned are posterior to your accounts. Adieu! my dear Sir.

484. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1756.

I RECEIVE with great satisfaction all your thanks for my anxiety about your brother: I love you both so much, that nothing can flatter me more, than to find I please the one by having behaved as I ought to the other—oh, yes! I could be much more rejoiced, if this other ceased to want my attentions. Bristol began to be of service to him, but

[6] Thomas Belasyse (1699–1774), fourth Viscount and first Earl Fauconberg.

he has caught cold there, and been out of order again: he assures me it is over. I will give you a kind of happiness: since he was there, he tells me, that if he does not find all the benefit he expects, he thinks of going abroad. I press this most eagerly, and shall drive it on; for I own if he stays another winter in England, I shall fear this disorder will fix irremovably. I will give you a commission, which, for his sake, I am sure, you will be attentive to execute in the perfectest manner. Mr. Fox wants four vases of the Volterra alabaster, of four feet high each. I choose to make over any merit in it to you, and though I hate putting you to expense, at which you always catch so greedily, when it is to oblige, yet you shall present these. Choose the most beautiful patterns, look to the execution, and send them with rapidity, with such a letter as your turn for doing civil things immediately dictates.

There is no describing the rage against Byng; for one day we believed him a real Mediterranean Byng[1]. He has not escaped a sentence of abuse, by having involved so many officers in his disgrace and his councils of war: one talks coolly of their being broke, and that is all. If we may believe report, the siege is cooled into a blockade, and we may still save Minorca[2], and, what I think still more dear, old Blakeney[3]. What else we shall save or lose I know

LETTER 484.—[1] His father, Lord Torrington, had made a great figure there against the Spaniards. *Walpole.*

[2] Port Mahon surrendered to the French on June 28, 1756.

[3] It was at that time believed that General Blakeney had acted with great spirit; but it appeared afterwards that he had been confined to his bed, and not been able to do anything. *Walpole.*—Major-General William Blakeney (1672–1761), cr. Baron Blakeney, 1756. He served throughout Marlborough's campaigns, took part in the expedition to Carthagena of 1741, and was made Lieutenant-Governor of Stirling Castle in 1744. In this capacity he distinguished himself during the rebellion of 1745, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca in 1747. The defences of Minorca had been for many years totally neglected, in spite of Blakeney's urgent requests for men and money. This was known to the French, and led to the expedition of 1756. After Byng withdrew Blakeney had no hope of holding out, and

not. The French, we hear, are embarked at Dunkirk—rashly, if to come hither; if to Jersey or Guernsey, uncertain of success—if to Ireland, *ora pro nobis*! The Guards are going to encamp. I am sorry to say, that with so much serious war about our ears, we can't help playing with crackers. Well, if the French do come, we shall at least have something for all the money we have laid out on Hanoverians and Hessians! The latter, on their arrival, asked *bonnement* where the French camp was. They could not conceive being sent for if it was no nearer than Calais.

The difficulties in settling the Prince's family are far from surmounted; the Council met on Wednesday night to put the last hand to it, but left it as unsettled as ever.

Pray do dare to tell me what French and Austrians say of their treaty[4]: we are angry—but when did subsidies purchase gratitude? I don't think we have always found that they even purchased temporary assistance. France declared, Sweden and Denmark allied to France, Holland and Austria neuter, Spain not quite to be depended on, Prussia—how sincerely reconciled! Would not one think we were menaced with a league of Cambray[5]? When this kind of situation was new to me, I did not like it—I have lived long enough, and have seen enough, to consider all political events as mere history, and shall go and see the

after 'seventy days' defence of an almost indefensible fortress, surrendered on the honourable terms that his garrison was to be transported to Gibraltar, and not made prisoners of war.' See notice in *D.N.B.*, which directly contradicts Horace Walpole's statement that Blakeney was incapacitated during the siege.

[4] The Treaty of Versailles. On May 1, 1756, 'a compact of neutrality and defensive alliance was signed between Austria and France, by which the former power engaged to observe complete neutrality in the war between England and France, and the latter to abstain from every attack upon the Austrian dominions, while in all contingencies that did not arise out of that war each power guaranteed the territory of the other.' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent. XVIII*, vol. ii. pp. 361–2.)

[5] Formed in 1508 by Pope Julius II, the Emperor Maximilian I, Louis XII, and Ferdinand V of Castile and Aragon against the Venetians.

camps with as unthinking curiosity as if I were a simpleton or a new general. Adieu!

485. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1756.

When I have told you that Mr. Müntz has finished the drapery of your picture, and the copy of it, and asked you whither and how they must be sent, I think I have done all the business of my letter; except telling you, that if you think of conveying them through Moreland, he is gone a-soldiering. All the world is going the same road, except Mr. Müntz, who had rather be knocked of the head for fame, than paint for it. He goes to-morrow to Kingston, to see the great drum pass by to Cobham [1], as women go to take a last look of their captains. The Duke of Marlborough [2] and his grandfather's triumphal car are to close the procession.—What would his grandame, if she were alive, say to this pageant? If the war lasts, I think well enough of him to believe he will earn a sprig; but I have no notion of trying on a crown of laurel, before I had acquired it. The French are said to be embarked at Dunkirk—lest I should seem to know more than any minister, I will not pretend to guess whither they are bound. I have been but one night in town, and my head sung ballads about Admiral Byng all night, as one is apt to dream of the masquerade minuet: the streets swarm so with lampoons, that I began to fancy myself a minister's son again.

I am going to-morrow to Park Place; and the first week in August into Yorkshire. If I hear that you are at Greatworth, that is, if you will disclose your motions to me for

Letter 485.—[1] 'Monday, July 12. The first battalion of each of the three regiments of Foot Guards have orders to march to Byfleet, near Cobham in Surrey, to encamp.' (*Gent Mag.* 1756, p. 357.)

[2] As Colonel of the second regiment of Foot Guards.

the first fortnight of that month, I will try if I cannot make it in my road either going or coming. I know nothing of roads, but Lord Strafford is to send me a route, and I should be glad to ask you how you do for one night—but don't expect me, don't be disappointed about me, and of all things don't let so uncertain a scheme derange the least thing in the world that you have to do.

There are going to be as many camps and little armies, as when England was a Heptarchy. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,
H. W.

486. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 24, 1756.

Because you desire it, I begin a letter to-day, but I don't think I shall be able to fill to the bottom of this side. It is in answer to your long one of the 3rd.—In answer?—no; you must have patience till next session before your queries can be resolved, and then I believe you will not be very communicative of the solutions. In short, all your questions of, Why was not Byng sent sooner? Why not with more ships? Why was Minorca not supported earlier?—all these are questions which all the world is asking as well as you, and to which all the world does not make such civil answers as you must, and to which I shall make none, as I really know none. The clamour is extreme, and I believe how to reply in Parliament will be the chief business that will employ our ministry for the rest of the summer—perhaps some such home and personal considerations were occupying their thoughts in the winter, when they ought to have been thinking of the Mediterranean. We are still in the dark; we have nothing but the French accounts of the surrender of St. Philip's: we are humbled, disgraced, angry. We know as little of Byng, but hear that he sailed with the

reinforcement[1] before his successor reached Gibraltar. If shame, despair, or any human considerations can give courage, he will surely contrive to achieve some great action, or to be knocked on the head—a cannon-ball must be a pleasant quietus, compared to being torn to pieces by an English mob or a House of Commons. I know no other alternative, but withdrawing to the Queen of Hungary, who would fare little better if she were obliged to come hither—we are extremely disposed to massacre somebody or other, to show we have any courage left. You will be pleased with a cool sensible speech of Lord Granville to Coloredo, the Austrian minister, who went to make a visit of excuses. My Lord Granville interrupted him, and said, 'Sir, this is not necessary; I understand that the treaty is only of neutrality; but what grieves me is, that our people will not understand it so: and the prejudice will be so great, that when it shall become necessary again, as it will do, for us to support your mistress, nobody will then dare to be a Lord Granville.'

I think all our present hopes lie in Admiral Boscawen's intercepting the great Martinico fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, convoyed by five men-of-war; Boscawen has twenty. I see our old friend Prince Beauvau[2] behaved well at Mahon. Our old diversion, the Countess[3], has exhibited herself lately to the public exactly in a style you would guess. Having purchased and given her Lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she has been there at the public act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being

LETTER 486.—[1] Apparently this was not the case.

[2] Son of the Prince de Craon.

[3] Of Pomfret. *Walpole.*

struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. Do but figure her; her dress had all the tawdry poverty and frippery with which you remember her, and I dare swear her tympany, scarce covered with ticking, produced itself through the slit of her scowered damask robe. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricassee French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica. Adieu! I trust by his and other accounts that your brother mends.

P.S. The letters I mentioned to you, pretended to be Bower's, are published, together with a most virulent pamphlet[4], but containing affidavits, and such strong assertions of facts, as have staggered a great many people. His escape and account of himself in Italy is strongly questioned. I own I am very impatient for the answer he has promised. I admire his book so much, and see such malice in his accusers, that I am strongly disposed to wish and think him a good man. Do, for my private satisfaction, inquire and pick up all the anecdotes you can relating to him, and what is said and thought of him in Italy. One accusation I am sure is false, his being a plagiary; there is no author from whom he could steal that ever wrote a quarter so well.

[4] *Six Letters from A—d B—r to Father Sheldon, Provincial of the Jesuits in England; illustrated with several remarkable facts, tending to ascertain the authenticity of the said letters, and the true character of the writer.* It was written by John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

487. To Richard Bentley.

Wentworth Castle, August [1756].

I always dedicate my travels to you. My present expedition has been very amusing, sights are thick sown in the counties of York and Nottingham; the former is more historic, and the great lords live at a prouder distance: in Nottinghamshire there is a very Heptarchy of little kingdoms elbowing one another, and the barons of them want nothing but small armies to make inroads into one another's parks, murder deer, and massacre park-keepers. But to come to particulars: the Great Road as far as Stamford is superb; in any other country it would furnish medals, and immortalize any drowsy monarch in whose reign it was executed. It is continued much farther, but is more rumbling. I did not stop at Hatfield and Burleigh to see the palaces of my great-uncle-ministers, having seen them before. Bugden Palace[1] surprises one prettily in a little village; and the remains of Newark Castle, seated pleasantly, began to open a vein of historic memory. I had only transient and distant views of Lord Tyrconnel's[2] at Belton, and of Belvoir. The borders of Huntingdonshire have churches instead of milestones, but the richness and extent of Yorkshire quite charmed me. Oh! what quarries for working in Gothic!

This place is one of the very few that I really like; the situation, woods, views, and the improvements, are perfect in their kinds; nobody has a truer taste than Lord Strafford. The house is a pompous front screening an old house; it

Letter 487.—Wrongly placed by C. (See *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 11, 1899.)

[1] Bugden or Buckden, in Huntingdonshire, formerly a residence of the bishops of Lincoln.

[2] John Brownlow (d. 1754), Viscount Tyrconnel. On his death without issue, Belton became the property of his sister, Lady Cust.

was built by the last lord[3] on a design of the Prussian architect Bott[4], who is mentioned in the King's *Mémoires de Brandenburg*[5], and is not ugly: the one pair of stairs is entirely engrossed by a gallery of 180 feet, on the plan of that in the Colonna palace at Rome: it has nothing but four modern statues and some bad portraits, but, on my proposal, is going to have books at each end. The hall is pretty, but low; the drawing-room handsome; there wants a good eating-room and staircase: but I have formed a design for both, and I believe they will be executed—that my plans should be obeyed when yours are not! I shall bring you a ground-plot for a Gothic building, which I have proposed that you should draw for a little wood, but in the manner of an ancient market-cross. Without doors all is pleasing: there is a beautiful (artificial) river, with a fine semicircular wood overlooking it, and the temple of Tivoli placed happily on a rising towards the end. There are obelisks, columns, and other buildings, and, above all, a handsome castle in the true style, on a rude mountain, with a court and towers: in the castle-yard, a statue of the late lord who built it. Without the park is a lake on each side, buried in noble woods. Now contrast all this, and you may have some idea of Lord Rockingham's[6]. Imagine a most extensive and most beautiful modern front erected before the great Lord Strafford's old house, and this front almost blocked up with hills, and everything unfinished round it, nay within it. The great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched: the chimney-pieces lie in boxes unopened. The park is traversed by a common road between two high hedges—not from necessity. Oh no; this Lord

[3] Thomas Wentworth (1672–1739), first Earl of Strafford of the third creation.

[4] Johann Bott (1670–1745).

[5] *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Brandebourg*, by Frederick the Great.

[6] Wentworth House, near Rotherham.

loves nothing but horses, and the enclosures for them take place of everything. The bowling-green behind the house contains no less than four obelisks, and looks like a Brobdignag ninepin-alley: on a hill near, you would think you saw the York Buildings water-works invited into the country. There are temples in corn-fields; and in the little wood, a window-frame mounted on a bunch of laurel, and intended for an hermitage. In the inhabited part of the house, the chimney-pieces are like tombs: and on that in the library is the figure of this lord's grandfather, in a night-gown of plaster and gold. Amidst all this litter and bad taste, I adored the fine Vandyck of Lord Strafford and his secretary, and could not help reverencing his bed-chamber. With all his faults and arbitrary behaviour, one must worship his spirit and eloquence: where one esteems but a single royalist, one need not fear being too partial. When I visited his tomb in the church (which is remarkably neat and pretty, and enriched with monuments) I was provoked to find a little mural cabinet, with his figure three feet high kneeling. Instead of a stern bust (and his head would furnish a nobler than Bernini's Brutus) one is peevish to see a plaything that might have been bought at Chenevix's. There is a tender inscription to the second Lord Strafford's[7] wife, written by himself; but his genius was fitter to coo over his wife's memory than to sacrifice to his father's.

Well! you have had enough of magnificence: you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu lives[8] on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was much better lodged: you never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects:

[7] William Wentworth (1621–1695), second Earl of Strafford.
[8] At Wharncliffe Lodge.

he has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste: it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready laid for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:—

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put that question to *Avidien*[9] himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here, which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness that I must transcribe it:—'Preye for the soul of Sir Thomas Wortley, knight of the body to the Kings Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, Henry VIII, whose faults God pardon. He caused a lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliffe' (the old orthography) 'to hear the harts bell, in the year of our Lord 1510.'—It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags.

During my residence here I have made two little excursions, and I assure you it requires resolution; the roads are insufferable: they mend them—I should call it spoil them—with large pieces of stone. At Pomfret I saw the remains of that memorable castle 'where Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey[10]

[9] Wortley-Montagu and his wife, Lady Mary, figure as 'Avidien and his wife' in Pope's *Imitations of Horace* (Sat. II).

[10] Antony Wydvil (1442–1483), second Earl Rivers; Sir Thomas Vaughan, Knight, and Sir Richard Grey, Knight, seized by order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, when they were journeying from Ludlow to London with the young King Edward V, and executed at Pomfret in June, 1483.

lay shorter by the head[11]'; and on which Gray says—

> And thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send
> A groan, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end[12]!

The ruins are vanishing, but well situated; there is a large demolished church, and a pretty market-house. We crossed a Gothic bridge of eight arches at Ferrybridge[13], where there is a pretty view, and went to a large old house of Lord Huntingdon's at Ledstone[14], which has nothing remarkable but a lofty terrace, a whole-length portrait of his grandfather[15] in tapestry, and the having belonged to the great Lord Strafford. We saw that monument of part of poor Sir John Bland's extravagance, his house[16] and garden, which he left orders to make without once looking at either plan. The house is a bastard Gothic, but of not near the extent I had heard. We lay at Leeds, a dingy large town; and through very bad black roads (for the whole country is a colliery, or a quarry), we went to Kirkstall Abbey, where are vast Saxon ruins, in a most picturesque situation, on the banks of a river that falls in a cascade among rich meadows, hills, and woods: it belongs to Lord Cardigan: his father[17] pulled down a large house here, lest it should interfere with the family seat, Deane[18]. We returned through Wakefield, where is a pretty Gothic chapel on a bridge, erected by Edward IV in memory of his father[19], who lived at Sandal Castle just by, and perished

[11] Cf. article on Rivers in *Royal and Noble Authors*, where the following quotation is given :—

'— Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey
Ere this lie shorter by the heads at Pomfret.'

[12] These lines are not to be found in *The Bard* as published; they are given among the variants printed by Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. i. p. 45.

[13] Ferry Bridge crosses the Aire, not far from Pontefract.

[14] Five miles from Ferrybridge.

[15] Theophilus Hastings (1650–1701), seventh Earl of Huntingdon.

[16] Kippax Park.

[17] George Brudenell (d. 1732), third Earl of Cardigan.

[18] Near Wansford, in Northamptonshire.

[19] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460.

in the battle here. There is scarce anything of the castle extant, but it commanded a rich prospect.

By permission from their Graces of Norfolk, who are at Tunbridge, Lord Strafford carried us to Worksop, where we passed two days. The house is huge, and one of the magnificent works of old Bess of Hardwicke[20], who guarded the Queen of Scots here for some time in a wretched little bed-chamber within her own lofty one:—there is a tolerable little picture of Mary's needlework. The great apartment is vast and trist, the whole leanly furnished: the great gallery, of above two hundred feet, at the top of the house, is divided into a library, and into nothing. The chapel is decent. There is no prospect, and the barren face of the country is richly furred with evergreen plantations, under the direction of the late Lord Petre.

On our way we saw Kiveton, an ugly neglected seat of the Duke of Leeds, with noble apartments and several good portraits. Oh! portraits! I went to Welbeck. It is impossible to describe the bales of Cavendishes, Harleys, Holleses, Veres, and Ogles: every chamber is tapestried with them; nay, and with ten thousand other fat morsels; all their histories inscribed; all their arms, crests, devices, sculptured on chimneys of various English marbles in ancient forms (and, to say truth, most of them ugly). Then such a Gothic hall, with pendent fretwork in imitation of the old, and with a chimney-piece extremely like mine in the library. Such water-colour pictures! such historic fragments! In short, such and so much of everything I like, that my party thought they should never get me away again. There is Prior's portrait, and the Column and Varelst's flower on which he wrote[21]; and the authoress Duchess of Newcastle[22]

[20] Elizabeth Hardwicke (d. 1608), Countess of Shrewsbury.

[21] Two short poems by Prior, *To the Lady Elizabeth Harley, since Marchioness of Carmarthen, on a column of her drawing*, and *On a Flower painted by Simon Verelst.*

[22] Margaret Lucas (d. 1674),

in a theatric habit, which she generally wore, and, consequently, looking as mad as the present Duchess; and dukes of the same name, looking as foolish as the present Duke; and Lady Mary Wortley[23], drawn as an authoress, with rather better pretensions; and cabinets and glasses wainscotted with the Greendale oak, which was so large that an old steward wisely cut a way through it to make a triumphal passage for his lord and lady on their wedding, and only killed it! But it is impossible to tell you half what there is. The poor woman who is just dead[24] passed her whole widowhood, except in doing ten thousand right and just things, in collecting and monumenting the portraits and reliques of all the great families from which she descended, and which centred in her. The Duke[25] and Duchess of Portland are expected there to-morrow, and we saw dozens of cabinets and coffers with the seals not yet taken off. What treasures to revel over! The horseman Duke's[26] *manège* is converted into a lofty stable, and there is still a grove or two of magnificent oaks that have escaped all these great families, though the last Lord Oxford[27] cut down above an hundred thousand pounds' worth. The place has little pretty, distinct from all these reverend circumstances.

daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, of Colchester; m. (1645), as his second wife, William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, cr. Duke of Newcastle in 1665. Besides plays and poems, she wrote a Life of her husband.

[23] She was a friend and correspondent of the Countess of Oxford, whose recent death is mentioned below.

[24] Lady Oxford, widow of the second Earl of Oxford, and mother to the Duchess of Portland. *Walpole.*

[25] William Bentinck (1709–1762), second Duke of Portland.

[26] William Cavendish (1592–1676), first Duke of Newcastle, author of two books on horsemanship.

[27] Edward Harley, third Earl of Oxford; d. 1755.

488. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Aug. 28, 1756.

As you was so kind as to interest yourself about the issue of my journey, I can tell you that I did get to Strawberry on Wednesday night, but it was half an hour past ten first —besides floods the whole day, I had twenty accidents with my chaise, and once saw one of the postilions with the wheel upon his body; he came off with making his nose bleed. My castle, like a little ark, is surrounded with many waters, and yesterday morning I saw the Blues wade half-way up their horses through Teddington Lane.

There is nothing new, but what the pamphlet shops produce; however it is pleasant to have a new print or ballad every day—I never had an aversion to living in a Fronde. The enclosed cards are the freshest treason; the portraits by George Townshend are droll—the other is a dull obscure thing as can be. The *Worlds* are by Lord Chesterfield on Decorum, and by a friend of yours[1] and mine, who sent it before he went to Jersey; but this is a secret: they neglected it till now, though so preferable to hundreds they have published—I suppose Mr. Moore[2] finds, what everybody else has found long, that he is aground.

I saw Lovel[3] to-day; he is very far advanced, and executes to perfection; you will be quite satisfied; I am not discontent with my own design, now I see how well it succeeds. It will certainly be finished by Michaelmas, at which time I told him he might depend on his money, and he seemed fully satisfied. My compliments to your brother, and adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 488.—[1] Bentley.
[2] Editor of the *World*.
[3] A statuary mason in business near Cavendish Square. He executed the monument erected in Westerham Church to the memory of Wolfe.

489. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 29, 1756.

A journey of amusement into Yorkshire would excuse my not having writ to you above this month, my dear Sir; but I have a better reason,—nothing has happened worth telling you. Since the conquest of Minorca, France seems to have taken the wisest way for herself, and a sure one too of ruining us, by sitting still, and yet keeping us upon our guard, at an outrageous expense. Gazettes of all countries announce, as you say, almost a league of Cambray against us; but the best heads think, that after all Europe has profited of our profusion, they will have the sense only to look on, while France and we contend which shall hereafter be the Universal Merchant of Venal Princes. If *we* reckon at all upon the internal commotions in France, *they* have still a better prospect from ours: we ripen to faction fast. The dearness of corn has even occasioned insurrections: some of these the Chief Justice Willes has quashed stoutly. The rains have been excessive just now, and must occasion more inconveniences. But the warmth on the loss of Minorca has opened every sluice of opposition that has been so long dammed up. Even Jacobitism perks up those fragments of asses' ears which were not quite cut to the quick. The City of London and some counties have addressed the King and their members on our miscarriages. Sir J. Barnard, who endeavoured to stem the torrent of the former, is grown almost as unpopular as Byng. That poor simpleton, confined at Greenwich, is ridiculously easy and secure, and has even summoned on his behalf a Captain Young, his warmest accuser. Fowke, who of two contradictory orders chose to obey the least spirited, is broke. Pamphlets and satirical prints teem; the courts are divided;

the ministers quarrel—indeed, if they agreed, one should not have much more to expect from them! the fair situation!

I do not wonder that you are impertinenced by Richcourt; there is nothing so catching as the insolence of a great proud woman[1] by a little upstart minister: the reflection of the sun from brass makes the latter the more troublesome of the two.

Your dear brother returns from Bristol this week; as I fear not much recovered, I shall have good reason to press his going abroad, though I fear in vain. I will tell you faithfully, after I have seen him a few days, what I think of him.

I never doubt your zeal in executing any commission I give you. The bill shall be paid directly; it will encourage me to employ you; but you are generally so dilatory in that part of the commission, that I have a thousand times declined asking your assistance. Adieu! my dear Sir.

490. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday.

Not being in town, there may be several more new productions, as the *Grubbaea frutex* blossoms every day; but I send you all I had gathered for myself, while I was there. I found the pamphlet[1] much in vogue; and, indeed, it is written smartly. My Lady Townshend sends all her messages on the backs of these political cards; the only good one of which, the two heads facing one another, is her son George's. Charles met D'Abreu t'other day, and told him he intended to make a great many good speeches

Letter 489. — [1] The Empress Queen, wife of the Great Duke. *Walpole.*

Letter 490.—Wrongly placed by C. among letters of Sept. 1757. Incomplete in C.; collated with original in possession of Sir T. V. Lister.

[1] *The Art of Political Lying.*

next winter; the first, said he, shall be to address the King not to send for any more foreign troops, but to send for some foreign ministers.

Mr. Fox had a very bad sore-throat, but never was in any danger. You have heard, I suppose, what an abominable will Lord Fitzwilliams left; did not mention his wife or younger children in it, but leaves all to his eldest son, though she is one of the most deserving women in the world, and the younger son and five daughters will have but 2,500*l.* apiece!

My Lord Chesterfield is relapsed: he sent Lord Bath word lately, that he has grown very lean and very deaf: the other replied, that he could lend him some fat, and should be very glad at any time to lend him an ear.

I shall go to London on Monday, and if I find anything else new, I will pack it up with a flower picture for Lady Ailesbury, which I shall leave in Warwick Street, with orders to be sent to you. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. The person I employed could meet with no such thing as Bowen's paper; but the enclosed paper has all the supplies. If this will not do, give me farther directions.

491. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1756.

I PROMISED you an account of your brother as soon as he should return from Bristol, but I deferred it for a week, till I could see him reposed and refreshed, and could judge more fairly. I do think him much mended; I do not say recovered. He looks with colour again, and has got

a little flesh, and is able to do much more than before he went. My Lord Radnor[1] thinks he has a great appetite; I did not perceive it when he dined with me. His breath is better, though sometimes troublesome, and he brought back a great cough, which is, however, much abated. I think him so much better, that I ventured to talk very freely to him upon his own state; and though I allowed him mended, I told him plainly that I was convinced his case would be irrecoverable, if he did not go abroad. At times he swears he will, if he falls back at all; at others he will not listen to it, but pleads the confusion of his affairs. I wish there is not another more insurmountable cause, the fury, who not only torments him in this world, but is hurrying him into the next. I have not been able to prevail with him to pass one day or two here with me in tranquillity. I see his life at stake; I feel for him, for you, for myself; I am desperate about it, and yet know no remedy! I can only assure you that I will not see it quietly; nor would anything check me from going the greatest lengths with your sister, whom I think effectually, though perhaps not maliciously, a most wicked being, but that I always find it recoils upon your brother. Alas! what signifies whether she murders him from a bad heart or a bad temper?

Poor Mr. Chute, too, has been grievously ill with the gout—he is laid up at his own house[2], whither I am going to see him.

I feel a little satisfaction that you have an opportunity of returning Richcourt's insults: who thought that the King of Prussia[3] would ever be a rod in our hands? For my

LETTER 491. — [1] John Bodville Robartes, last Earl of Radnor of that family. He lived at Twickenham, and was a friend of Mr. Mann. *Walpole.*

[2] At the Vine, in Hampshire. *Walpole.*

[3] The Seven Years' War had broken out with the advance of Frederick into Saxony at the head of sixty thousand men; he entered Dresden on Sept. 9, 1756.

part, I feel quite pleasant, for whether he demolishes the Queen, or the Queen him, can one but find a loophole to let out joy? Lord Stormont's [4] *valet de chambre* arrived three days ago, with an account of his being within four leagues of Dresden. He laughs at the King of Poland with so much good breeding, and abuses Count Bruhl [5] with so much contempt, that one reconciles to him very fast: however, I don't know what to think of his stopping in Saxony. He assures us that the Queen has not 55,000 men, nor magazines, nor money; but why give her time to get any? As the chance upon the long run must be so much against him, and as he has three times repeated his offers of desisting if the Empress-Queen will pawn her honour (counters to which I wonder he of all Kings would trust) that she will not attack him, one must believe that he thinks himself reduced to this step: but I don't see how he is reduced to involve the Russian Empress in the quarrel too. He affirms that both intended to demolish him [6]—but I think I would not accuse both till at least I had humbled one. We are much pleased with this expedition, but at best it ensures the duration of the war—and I wish we don't attend more to that on the Continent than to that on our element, especially as we are discouraged a little on the latter. You reproach me for not telling you more of Byng [7]—what can I tell you, my dear child, of a poor simpleton who behaves arrogantly and ridiculously in the most calamitous of all situations? He quarrels with the Admiralty and ministry every day, though he is trying all he can to defer his trial. After he had asked for and had had granted a great number of witnesses, he demanded another large

[4] Minister at Vienna. *Walpole.*

[5] Prime Minister to Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. *Walpole.*

[6] Through the treachery of one Menzel, a clerk in the Dresden Foreign Office, Frederick had for some years been aware of the intrigues against him.

[7] Byng was now under close arrest at Greenwich.

set: this has been refused him: he is under close confinement, but it will be scarce possible to try him before the Parliament meets.

The rage of addresses did not go far: at present everything is quiet. Whatever ministerial politics there are, are in suspense. The rains are begun, and I suppose will soon disperse our camps. The Parliament does not meet till the middle of November. Admiral Martin, whom I think you knew in Italy, died here yesterday, unemployed. This is a complete abridgement of all I know, except that, since Colonel Jefferies arrived, we think still worse of the land-officers on board the fleet, as Boyd[8] passed from St. Philip's to the fleet easily and back again. Jefferies (strange that Lord Tyrawley should not tell him) did not know till he landed here what succour had been intended—he could not refrain from tears. Byng's brother[9] did die immediately on his arrival. I shall like to send you Prussian journals, but am much more intent on what relates to your brother. Adieu!

[8] Robert Boyd (1710–1794), afterwards K.B.; storekeeper of the Ordnance at Minorca. His attempt to convey dispatches was unsuccessful, contrary to Walpole's assertion. Boyd was subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, and second in command under Heathfield during the siege (1779–83).

[9] Edward Byng, youngest brother of the Admiral. *Walpole.*

END OF VOL. III

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Horace Walpole

from a print after Rosalba.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume IV	vii–xii
Letters 492–720	1–457

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From print after pastel by Rosalba.

CHARLES LYTTELTON, Dean of Exeter (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle) . . . . . *To face p.* 81
From mezzotint by James Watson *after painting by* Francis Cotes.

MARIA WALPOLE, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE (afterwards Duchess of Gloucester) . . . . . „ 254
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

JAMES WALDEGRAVE, SECOND EARL WALDEGRAVE . . . . . „ 283
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. IV

T			C
		1756.	
492	Oct. 14, 1756	George Montagu.	480
493	Oct. 17, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	482
494	Oct. 28, 1756	George Montagu.	483
495	Nov. 4, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	484
496	Nov. 6, 1756	George Montagu.	485
497	Nov. 13, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	486
498	Nov. 25, 1756	George Montagu.	487
499	Nov. 29, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	488
500	Dec. 8, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	489
501	Dec. 16, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	490
502	Dec. 23, 1756	George Montagu.	2658
503	Dec. 23, 1756	Sir Horace Mann	491
		1757.	
504	Jan. 6, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	492
505	Jan. 17, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	493
506	Jan. 30, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	494
507	Feb. 13, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	495
508	Feb. 27, 1757	John Chute	496
509	March 3, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	497
510	March 17, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	498
511	April 7, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	499
512	April 20, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	500
513	May 5, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	501
514	May 12, [1757]	George Montagu.	465
515	May 13, 1757	Hon. George Grenville	502
516	May 19, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	503
517	May 19, [1757]	George Montagu.	418
518	May 27, 1757	George Montagu.	504
519	June 1, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	505
520	June 2, 1757	George Montagu.	506
521	June 9, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	507
522	June 14, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	508
523	June 18, [1757]	George Montagu.	472
524	June 20, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	509
525	July 3, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	510

T			C
526	July 4, 1757	Earl of Strafford	511
527	July 12, 1757	John Chute	512
528	July 16, 1757	George Montagu	513
529	July 25, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	515
530	July 26, 1757	John Chute	516
531	Aug. 4, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	517
532	Aug. 4, 1757	Charles Lyttelton.	
533	Aug. 4, 1757	George Montagu.	518
534	Aug. 6, 1757	Lord George Sackville.	
535	Aug. 14, 1757	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	519
536	Aug. 25, 1757	Lord Lyttelton	520
537	Aug. 25, 1757	George Montagu	521
538	Sept. 3, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	523
539	Sept. 8, 1757	George Montagu	524
540	Sept. 13, 1757	Lady Hervey	525
541	Sept. 29, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	526
542	Saturday [Oct. 8, 1757]	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	527
543	Oct. 11, 1757	Earl of Strafford	528
544	Oct. 12, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	529
545	Oct. 13, 1757	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	530
546	Oct. 18, 1757	George Montagu	531
547	Oct. 24, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	532
548	Nov. 20, 1757	Sir Horace Mann	533
549	[Nov.] 1757	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.	
550	Saturday [Nov. 1757]	Grosvenor Bedford	534
551	Sunday evening	George Montagu	535
552	Dec. 25, 1757	Dr. Ducarel	537
553	Tuesday night	Lady Mary Coke.	

1758.

554	Jan. 11, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	538
555	Jan. 12, 1758	Dr. Ducarel	539
556	Feb. 9, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	540
557	Feb. 10, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	541
558	Feb. 23, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	542
559	March 21, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	543
560	March 23, 1758	Charles Lyttelton.	
561	April 14, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	544
562	May 4, 1758	Dr. Birch	545
563	May 4, 1758	George Montagu.	546
564	May 31, 1758	Sir Horace Mann	547
565	June 4, 1758	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	548
566	June, 1758	Dr. Ducarel	549

T			C
567	June 11, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	550
568	June 16, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	551
569	June 16, 1758 . . .	Earl of Strafford . . .	552
570	June 18, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	553
571	June 20, 1758 . . .	Lord Lyttelton	554
572	June 29, 1758 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	555
573	June 29, 1758 . . .	John Chute	556
574	July 6, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	557
575	July 8, 1758 . . .	Dr. Birch	558
576	July 8, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	559
577	July 8, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	560
578	July 15, 1758 . . .	David Hume	561
579	July 21, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	562
580	Aug. 3, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	563
581	Aug. 12, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	564
582	Aug. 12, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	565
583	Aug. 20, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	566
584	Aug. 22, 1758 . . .	John Chute	567
585	Aug. 24, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	568
586	Aug. 29, 1758 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	569
587†	Aug. 29, 1758 . . .	George Augustus Selwyn.	
588	Sept. 2, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	570
589	Sept. 8, 1758 . . .	David Mallet	571
590	Sept. 9, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	572
591	Sept. 14, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	573
592	Sept. 19, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	574
593	Sept. 22, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	575
594	Oct. 3, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	576
595	Oct. 5, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	577
596	Oct. 17, 1758 . . .	Lady Hervey	578
597	Oct. 17, 1758 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	579
598	Oct. 21, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	580
599	Oct. 24, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	581
600	Oct. 24, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	582
601	Nov. 12, 1758 . . .	Duke of Newcastle.	
602	Nov. 26, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	583
603	Nov. 27, 1758 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	584
604	Dec. 9, 1758 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	585
605	Christmas Day, 1758 .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	586
606	Dec. 26, 1758 . . .	George Montagu	587
		1759.	
607	Jan. 12, 1759 . . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	588

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
687	May 3, 1760	Rev. Henry Zouch	661
688	May 6, 1760	George Montagu.	662
689	May 7, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	663
690	May 15, 1760	Sir David Dalrymple	664
691	May 24, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	665
692	June 7, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	666
693	June 20, 1760.	Sir Horace Mann	667
694	June 20, 1760.	Sir David Dalrymple	668
695	June 21, 1760.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	669
696	June 28, 1760.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	670
697	July 4, 1760	George Montagu.	671
698	July 7, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	672
699	July 10, 1760	George Montagu.	674
700	July 19, 1760	George Montagu.	673
701	Aug. 1, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	675
702	Aug. 7, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	676
703	Aug. 7, 1760	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	677
704	Aug. 12, 1760.	George Montagu.	678
705	Aug. 23, 1760.	Countess of Ailesbury	679
706	Aug. 28, 1760.	Sir Horace Mann	680
707	Sept. 1, 1760	George Montagu.	681
708	Sept. 4, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	682
709	Sept. 19, 1760.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	683
710	Oct. 2, 1760	George Montagu.	685
711	Oct. 5, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	686
712	Oct. 14, 1760	George Montagu.	687
713	Oct. 26, 1760	George Montagu.	688
714	Oct. 26, 1760	Earl of Strafford.	689
715	Oct. 28, [1760]	George Montagu.	690
716	Oct. 28, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	691
717	Oct. 31, 1760	George Montagu.	692
718	Nov. 1, 1760	Sir Horace Mann	693
719	Nov. 4, 1760	George Montagu.	694
720	Nov. 13, 1760.	George Montagu.	695

ERRATUM.

By an oversight Letter 629 (No. 608 in Cunningham's edition, addressed to Grosvenor Bedford, dated 'Wednesday, 9th,' without mention of year) has been allowed to remain where it was placed by Cunningham, i.e. among the letters of May, 1759. The references to the Strawberry Hill Printing Press (which was set up in June, 1757) and to MacArdell's engraving after Reynolds' portrait of Horace Walpole (which is dated 1757) show that the letter must have been written during the latter half of 1757, and not in 1759.

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

492. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1756.

I shall certainly not bid for the chariot for you; do you estimate an old dowager's new machine but at ten pounds? You could scarce have valued herself at less! it is appraised here at fifty. There are no family pictures but such as you might buy at any perpe[tu]al sale, that is, there are three portraits without names. If you had offered ten pounds for a set of *Pelhams*, perhaps I should not have thought you had underprized them.

You bid me give you some account of myself; I can in very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold-fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees, wherever I can find a space, which is very rare: in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading, that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are Whig enough to forgive me, is, that on each side of my bed I have hung the *Magna Charta*, and the Warrant for King Charles's execution, on which I have written *Major Charta*; as I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of very little importance. You will ask where Mr. Bentley is; confined with five sick infantas, who live in spite of the epidemic distemper, and as if they were infantas, and in bed himself with a fever and the same sore throat, though he sends me word he mends.

latter, and yet whose office was certainly no *sinecure*, is to be Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales; which satisfies. The rest of the family will be named before the Birthday—but I don't know how, as soon as one wound is closed, another breaks out! Mr. Fox, extremely discontent at having no power, no confidence, no favour (all entirely engrossed by the old monopolist[7]), has asked leave to resign[8]. It is not yet granted. If Mr. Pitt will—or can—accept the seals, probably Mr. Fox will be indulged,—if Mr. Pitt will not, why then, it is impossible to tell you what will happen. Whatever happens on such an emergency, with the Parliament so near, with no time for considering measures, with so bad a past, and so much worse a future, there certainly is no duration or good in prospect. Unless the King of Prussia will take our affairs at home as well as abroad to nurse, I see no possible recovery for us—and you may believe, when a doctor like him is necessary, I should be full as willing to die of the distemper.

Well! and so you think we are undone!—not at all; if folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, as after-observers pretend that they are forerunners of its ruin, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham[9] and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London[10]. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this

[7] The Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[8] Fox resigned on Oct. 27.

[9] Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[10] 'A match has been made at Newmarket for a hundred guineas, half forfeit, between a nobleman and a gentleman in the army, to be walked from Norwich to Mile-End turnpike, between five geese and five turkies, that person to win who first brings in most cattle alive to the turnpike. Both sides have begun to train for this expedition, which is to be performed on the 10th day of December, and the following days.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1756, p. 498.)

race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with their being geese and turkeys?

Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker Mr. Ponsonby has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*: George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, 'How easily the Speaker passes the money bills!'

You, who live at Florence among vulgar vices and tame slavery, will stare at these accounts. Pray be acquainted with your own country, while it is in its lustre. In a regular monarchy the folly of the Prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny, folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that whim and debauchery intrigue best together. Ask me which of these governments I prefer—oh! the last—only I fear it is the least durable.

I have not yet thanked you for your letter of September 18th, with the accounts of the Genoese treaty and of the Pretender's quarrel with the Pope—it is a squabble worthy a Stuart[11]. Were he, here, as absolute as any Stuart ever wished to be, who knows with all his bigotry but he might favour us with a reformation and the downfall of the mass? The ambition of making a Duke of York vice-chancellor of holy church would be as good a reason for breaking with holy church, as Harry the Eighth's was for quarrelling with it, because it would not excuse him from going to bed to his sister after it had given him leave.

I wish I could tell you that your brother mends! indeed I don't think he does: nor do I know what to say to him; I have exhausted both arguments and entreaties, and yet if

[11] On account of the refusal of Benedict XIV to promote the Cardinal of York to an office already promised to another.

I thought either would avail, I would gladly recommence them. Adieu!

494. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1756.

Can you recommend one a First Minister, ho[1]? We want one so much, that we do not insist upon his having a character from his last place: there will be good vails.—But I forget; one ought to condole with you; the Duke of Newcastle is your cousin; and as I know by experience how much one loves one's relations, I sympathize with you! But, alas! all first ministers are mortal; and, as Sir Jonathan Swift said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace. My father, who had no capacity, and the Duke of Newcastle, who has so much, have equally experienced the mutability of this world! Well-a-day! well-a-day! his Grace is gone! He has bid adieu to courts, retires to a hermitage, and will let his beard grow as long—as his Duchess's.

And so you are surprised! and the next question you will ask will be who succeeds? Truly that used to be a question the easiest in the world to be resolved upon change of ministries. It is now the most unanswerable. I can only tell you that all the atoms are dancing, and as atoms always do, I suppose, will range themselves into the most durable system imaginable!

Beyond the past hour I know not a syllable; a good deal of the preceding hours—a volume would not contain it—and yet you will believe that I shall try whether a volume will contain it[2]. There is some notion that the Duke of Bedford and your cousin Halifax[3] are to be the Secretaries

Letter 494.—[1] The Duke of Newcastle resigned on Oct. 26.

[2] Alluding to his *Memoirs*.

[3] The new Secretaries of State were William Pitt and the Earl of Holdernesse.

of State—as Witwoud says, they will sputter at one another like roasted apples.

The Duchess of Hamilton has brought her beauty to London at the only instant when it would not make a crowd.—I believe we should scarce stare at the King of Prussia, so much are we engrossed by this ministerial ferment.

I have been this morning to see your monument; it is not put together, but the parts are admirably executed—there is a helmet that would tempt one to enlist. The inscription suits wonderfully, but I have overruled the gold letters, which not only are not lasting, but would not do at all, as they are to be cut in statuary marble. I have given him the arms, which certainly should be in colours, but a shield for your sister's would be barbarous tautology. You see how arbitrary I am, as you gave me leave to be.

Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

495. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1756.

I desired your brother last week to tell you that it was in vain for me to write while everything was in such confusion. The chaos is just as far from being dispersed now; I only write to tell you what has been its motions. One of the Popes, I think, said soon after his accession, he did not think it had been so easy to govern. What would he have thought of such a nation as this, engaged in a formidable war, without any government at all, literally, for above a fortnight! The foreign ministers have not attempted to transact any business since yesterday fortnight. For God's sake, what do other countries say of us?—but hear the progress of our interministerium.

When Mr. Fox had declared his determination of resign-

ing, great offers were sent to Mr. Pitt; his demands were much greater, accompanied with a total exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the latter's friends would have persuaded him, as the House of Commons is at his devotion, to have undertaken the government against both Pitt and Fox; but fears preponderated. Yesterday se'nnight his Grace declared his resolution of retiring, with all that satisfaction of mind which must attend a man whom not one man of sense will trust any longer. The King sent for Mr. Fox, and bid him try if Mr. Pitt would join him. The latter, without any hesitation, refused. In this perplexity the King ordered the Duke of Devonshire to try to compose some ministry for him, and sent him to Pitt, to try to accommodate with Fox. Pitt, with a list of terms a little modified, was ready to engage, but on condition that Fox should have no employment in the cabinet. Upon this plan negotiations have been carrying on for this week. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, whose whole party consists of from twelve to sixteen persons, exclusive of Leicester House (of that presently), concluded they were entering on the government as Secretary of State and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but there is so great unwillingness to give it up totally into their hands, that all manner of expedients have been projected to get rid of their proposals, or to limit their power. Thus the case stands at this instant: the Parliament has been put off for a fortnight, to gain time; the Lord knows whether that will suffice to bring on any sort of temper! In the meantime the government stands still; pray Heaven the war may too! You will wonder how fifteen or sixteen persons can be of such importance. In the first place, their importance has been conferred on them, and has been notified to the nation by these concessions and messages; next, Minorca is gone; Oswego[1] gone;

LETTER 495.—[1] Oswego was captured by Montcalm on August 14, 1756.

the nation is in a ferment; some very great indiscretions in delivering a Hanoverian soldier from prison by a warrant from the Secretary of State have raised great difficulties; instructions from counties, boroughs, especially from the City of London, in the style of 1641, and really in the spirit of 1715[2] and 1745, have raised a great flame; and lastly, the countenance of Leicester House, which Mr. Pitt is supposed to have, and which Mr. Legge thinks he has, all these tell Pitt that he may command such numbers without doors as may make the majorities within the House tremble.

Leicester House is by some thought inclined to more pacific measures. Lord Bute's being established Groom of the Stole has satisfied. They seem more occupied in disobliging all their new court than in disturbing the King's. Lord Huntingdon, the new Master of the Horse to the Prince, and Lord Pembroke, one of his Lords, have not been spoken to. Alas! if the present storms should blow over, what seeds for new! You must guess at the sense of this paragraph, which it is difficult, at least improper, to explain to you; though you could not go into a coffee-house here where it would not be interpreted to you. One would think all those little politicians had been reading the memoirs of the minority of Louis XIV.

There has been another great difficulty: the season obliging all camps to break up, the poor Hanoverians have been forced to continue soaking in theirs. The country magistrates have been advised that they are not obliged by law to billet foreigners on public-houses, and have refused. Transports were yesterday ordered to carry away the Hanoverians! There are eight thousand men taken from America! for I am sure we can spare none from hence. The negligence and dilatoriness of the ministers at home, the wickedness of our West Indian governors,

[2] Meaning that the Jacobites excited the clamour. *Walpole.*

and the little-minded quarrels of the regulars and irregular forces, have reduced our affairs in that part of the world to a most deplorable state. Oswego, of ten times more importance[3] even than Minorca, is so annihilated that we cannot learn the particulars.

My dear Sir, what a present and future picture have I given you! The details are infinite, and what I have neither time, nor, for many reasons, the imprudence to send by the post: your good sense will but too well lead you to develop them. The crisis is most melancholy and alarming. I remember two or three years ago I wished for more active times, and for events to furnish our correspondence. I think I could write you a letter almost as big as my Lord Clarendon's *History*. What a bold man is he who shall undertake the administration! How much shall we be obliged to him! How mad is he, whoever is ambitious of it! Adieu!

P.S. Mention the receipt of this, and of what letters of mine you have had lately.

496. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 6, 1756.

After an interministerium of seventeen days, Mr. Pitt has this morning accepted the government as Secretary of State; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox being both excluded. The Duke of Devonshire is to be at the head of the Treasury; the Chancellor[1] retires, the seals to be in commission. Remnants of both administrations must be preserved, as Mr. Pitt has not wherewithal to fill a quarter of their employments.—Did you ever expect to see a time

[3] The destruction of the English post at Oswego ensured to France the command of Lake Ontario, and communication with the West.

Letter 496.—[1] The Earl of Hardwicke.

when he would not have cousins enough? It will take some days to adjust all that is to follow. You see that, unless Mr. Pitt joins with either Fox or Newcastle, his ministry cannot last six months; I would bet that the *lightness* of the latter emerged first. George Selwyn, hearing some people at Arthur's t'other night lamenting the distracted state of the country, joined in the discourse with the whites of his eyes and his prim mouth, and fetching a sigh, said, 'Yes, to be sure it is terrible! There is the Duke of Newcastle's faction, and there is Fox's faction, and there is Leicester House! between two factions and one faction we are torn to pieces!'

Thank you for your Exchequer-ward wishes for me, but I am apt to think that I have enough from thence already—don't think my horns and hoofs are growing, when I profess indifference to my interest.—Disinterestedness is no merit in me; it happens to be my passion. It certainly is not impossible that your two young lords may appear in the new system. Mr. Williams is just come from his niece, Lady North's[2], and commends her husband exceedingly. He tells me that the plump Countess[3] is in terrors lest Lord Coventry should get a divorce from his wife, and Lord Bolingbroke should marry her—'tis a well imagined panic!

Mr. Mann, I trust, does not grow worse; I wish I could think he mended. Mr. B.[4] is sitting in his chimney corner literally with five girls; I expect him to meet me to-morrow at Strawberry.

As no provision is made for the great Cû[5] in this new arrangement, is it impossible but he may pout a little?

[2] Anne (d. 1797), daughter and heiress of George Speke, of White Lackington, Somerset; m. (1756) Frederick North, Lord North, afterwards second Earl of Guildford.

[3] The Countess of Guilford, stepmother of Lord North, and aunt of Lord Bolingbroke.

[4] Mr. Bentley.

[5] The Earl of Halifax.

My best compliments to your brothers and sisters. Adieu! Will this find you at Greatworth!

Yours ever,
H. W.

497. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1756.

Your brother has told you that Mr. Pitt accepts your Southern Province[1], yielding to leave Lord Holderness in the Northern. I don't know what calm you at this distance may suppose this will produce; I should think little; for though the Duke of Newcastle resigned on Thursday, and Mr. Fox resigns to-day, the chief friends of each remain in place; and Mr. Pitt accedes with so little strength, that his success seems very precarious. If he Hanoverizes, or checks any inquiries, he loses his popularity, and falls that way; if he humours the present rage of the people, he provokes two powerful factions. His only chance seems to depend on joining with the Duke of Newcastle, who is most offended with Fox: but after Pitt's personal exclusion of his Grace, and considering Pitt's small force, it may not be easy for him to be accepted there. I foresee nothing but confusion: the new system is composed of such discordant parts that it can produce no harmony. Though the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor[2], Lord Anson[3], and Fox quit, yet scarce one of their friends is discarded. The very cement seems disjunctive; I mean the Duke of Devonshire[4], who takes the Treasury. If he acts cordially, he disobliges his intimate friend Mr. Fox; if he does not, he offends Pitt. These little reasonings will give you light, though very insufficient for giving you a clear idea of the most perplexed and com-

Letter 497.—[1] As Secretary of State.

[2] Lord Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[3] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[4] William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

plicate situation that ever was. Mr. Legge returns to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir George Lyttelton is indemnified with a peerage. The Duke of Newcastle has got his dukedom entailed on Lord Lincoln[5]. The seals are to be in commission, if not given to a Lord Keeper. Your friend Mr. Dodington[6] is out again for about the hundred and fiftieth time. The rest of the list is pretty near settled; you shall have it as soon as it takes place. I should tell you that Lord Temple is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Being much too busy to attend to such trifles as a war and America, we know mighty little of either. The massacre at Oswego happily proves a romance: part of the two regiments that were made prisoners there are actually arrived at Plymouth, the provisions at Quebec being too scanty to admit additional numbers. The King of Prussia is gone into winter quarters, but disposed in immediate readiness. One hears that he has assured us, that if we will keep our fleet in good order, he will find employment for the rest of our enemies. Two days ago, in the midst of all the ferment at court, Coloredo, the Austrian minister, abruptly demanded an audience, in which he demanded our quotas: I suppose the King told him that whenever he should have a ministry again, he would consult them. I will tell you my comment on this: the Empress-Queen, who is scrupulous on the ceremonial of mischief, though she so easily passes over the reality and ingratitude, proposes, I imagine, on a refusal which she deserves and has drawn upon her, to think herself justified in assisting France in some attempts on us from the coast of Flanders. I have received yours of October 23rd, and am glad the English

[5] Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and married to his cousin, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Henry Pelham, the Duke's brother. *Walpole.*

[6] George Bubb Dodington, cr. Lord Melcombe in the following reign. *Walpole.*—He was Treasurer of the Navy.

showed a proper disregard of Richcourt[7]. Thank you a thousand times for your goodness to Mr. and Mrs. Dick: it obliges me exceedingly, and I am sure will be most grateful to Lady Henry Beauclerc.

I don't know what to answer to that part about your brother: you think and argue exactly as I have done; would I had not found it in vain! but, my dear child, you and I have never been married, and are sad judges! As to your elder brother's interposition, I wish he had tenderness enough to make him arbitrary! I beg your pardon, but he is fitter to marry your sister than to govern her. Your brother Gal certainly looks better; yet I think of him just as you do, and by no means trust to so fallacious a distemper. Indeed I tease him to death to take a resolution, but to no purpose! In short, my dear Sir, they are melancholy words, but I can neither flatter you publicly nor privately; England is undone, and your brother is not to be persuaded. Yet I hope the former will not be quite given up, and I shall certainly neglect nothing possible with regard to the latter. Adieu!

498. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1756.

You must tell me what or whose the verses are, that you demand; I know of none. I could send you reams of *Tests*, *Con-tests*[1], and such stupid papers, and bushels of more stupid cards. I know of nothing good; nor of any news, but that the committee of creations is not closed yet. Mr. O'Brien was yesterday created Irish Earl of Thomond.

Mr. Pitt is to be wrapped up in flannel, and brought

[7] The English in Florence had been pointedly neglected by Richcourt; they therefore refrained from attending his levee. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 393.)

Letter 498. — [1] Weekly papers, written for and against Henry Fox.

to town to-morrow to see King George the Second; and I believe, to dissolve the new ministry, rather than to cement it. Mr. Fox has commenced hostilities, and has stolen the borough of Stockbridge from under Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty; this enrages extremely the new ministers, who, have[2] neither members nor boroughs enough, will probably recur to their only resource, popularity.

I am exceedingly obliged to the Colonel, but is that new? to whom am I so much obliged? I will not trouble him with any commissions; the little money I have I am learning to save: the times give one a hint that one may have occasion for it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wetenhall, and Mr. John Montagu[3]. Don't you wish me joy of my Lord Hertford's having the Garter? It makes me very happy. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

499. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 29, 1756.

No material event has yet happened under the new administration; indeed it has scarce happened itself: your new master, Mr. Pitt, has been confined in the country with the gout, and came to town but within these two days. The world, who love to descry policy in everything, and who have always loved to find it in Mr. Pitt's illnesses, were persuaded that his success was not perfect enough, and that he even hesitated whether he should *consummate*. He is still so lame that he cannot go to court—to be sure the King must go to him! He takes the seals on Saturday; the Parliament meets on Thursday, but will adjourn for

[2] So in MS.; *read* 'having.'

[3] Montagu's younger brother.

about ten days for the re-elections. The new ministers are so little provided with interest in boroughs, that it is almost an administration out of Parliament. Mr. Fox has already attacked their seats, and has undermined Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty, in Stockbridge: this angers extremely. The Duke of Newcastle is already hanging out a white flag to Pitt; but there is so little disposition in that quarter to treat, that they have employed one Evans, a lawyer, to draw up articles of impeachment against Lord Anson. On the other hand they show great tenderness to Byng, who has certainly been most inhumanly and spitefully treated by Anson. Byng's trial is not yet appointed. Lord Effingham, Cornwallis, and Stuart are arrived, and are to have their conduct examined this day se'nnight by three general officers. In the meantime the King, of his own motion, has given a red riband and an Irish barony to old Blakeney, who has been at court in a hackney-coach with a foot soldier behind it. As he has not only lost his government, but as he was bedrid while it was losing, these honours are a little ridiculed: we have too many governors that will expect titles, if losses are pretensions! Mr. O'Brien is made Earl of Thomond[1]: my Lady Townshend[2] rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poulterers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-shrimp!

I promised you a list of the changes when they should be complete. They are very conveniently ready to fill the rest of my letter.

LETTER 499.—[1] Percy Windham Obrien, second son of Sir William Windham by a daughter of Charles, Duke of Somerset. The Earl of Thomond, who had married another daughter, left his estate to this Mr. Windham, his wife's nephew, on condition of his taking the name of Obrien. *Walpole.*

[2] Ethelreda Harrison, mother of George, Lord Townshend, and the famous Charles Townshend. She was a celebrated wit. *Walpole.*

		In the room of
Duke of Devonshire,		Duke of Newcastle.
Treasury. †Mr. Legge,	Chanc. of Exchequer,	*Sir G. Lyttelton, a Peer.
Treasury. *Mr. Nugent,	Of the Old Treasury.	
Treasury. Lord Duncannon,		Mr. Furnese, dead.
Treasury. †Mr. J. Grenville,	"	*Mr. O'Brien, Irish Earl.
Mr. W. Pitt,	Secretary of State,	Mr. Fox.
Lord Buckingham,	Lord of Bedchamber,	Lord Fitzwilliam, dead.
¶Mr. Edgcumbe,	Comptroller of Household,	Lord Buckingham [3].
¶Lord Berkeley of Stratton,	Captain of Pensioners,	Late Lord Buckingham.
¶Lord Bateman,	Treasurer of Household,	Lord Berkeley.
†Mr. G. Grenville,	Treasurer of the Navy,	¶Mr. Dodington.
†Mr. Potter,	Joint Paymaster,	*Lord Darlington.
†Mr. Martin,	Secretary of Treasury,	*Mr. West.
†Sir R. Lyttelton,	Master of Jewel Office,	*Lord Breadalbane [4].
*Lord Breadalbane,	Justice in Eyre,	*Lord Sandys.
*Lord Sandys,	Speaker of House of Lords,	*Lord Chancellor.
Lord Ch. Jus. Willes, †Judge Wilmot [5], Baron Smyth [6],	Commissioners of the Great Seal,	Lord Chancellor.
Admiralty. †Lord Temple,		*Lord Anson.
Admiralty. Admiral Boscawen,	before.	
Admiralty. †Admiral West,		*Admiral Rowley.
Admiralty. †Dr. Hay,		Lord Duncannon.
Admiralty. †Mr. Elliott,		¶Lord Bateman.
Admiralty. †Mr. Hunter,		Lord Hyde.
Admiralty. †John Pitt,		¶Mr. Edgcumbe.

But John Pitt is to resign again, and be made Paymaster of the Marines, to make room for Admiral Forbes [7].

†Charles Townshend,	Treasurer of the Chambers,	¶Lord Hillsborough, English Baron.

This last is not done; as Mr. Townshend cannot be rechosen at Yarmouth, he only consents to accept, provided another borough can be found for him—this does not appear very easy.

The Duke of Newcastle has advertised in all the newspapers, that he retires without place or pension: here is a list of his disinterestedness. The reversion of his dukedom for Lord Lincoln: this is the only duchy bestowed by the

[3] John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[4] John Campbell, third Earl of Breadalbane.

[5] Sir John Wilmot, Knight, Justice of the King's Bench, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

[6] Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, Knight (1705–1778), Baron (afterwards Chief Baron) of the Exchequer. He was again Commissioner of the Great Seal in 1771.

[7] Vice-Admiral Hon. John Forbes (1714–1796), second son of third Earl of Granard; Lord of the Admiralty, 1756–63; Admiral of the Fleet, 1781.

present King: on my father's resignation, the new ministers did prevail to have dukedoms offered to Lord Northampton[8] and Lord Ailesbury[9]; but both declined, having no sons. Mr. Shelley[10], the Duke's nephew, has the reversion of Arundel's place: Mr. West has a great reversion for himself and his son: your little waxen friend, Tommy Pelham, has another reversion in the Customs. Jones, the Duke's favourite secretary, and nephew of the late Chancellor, has another. Not to mention the English barony for Sir George Lyttelton, and the Irish earldom for Mr. O'Brien. The Garters are given to the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Carlisle, Lord Northumberland, and (to my great satisfaction) to Lord Hertford.

Oh! I should explain the marks: the * signifies of the Newcastle and Hardwicke faction; the † of Pitt's; the ¶ of Fox's. You will be able by these to judge a little of how strange a medley the new Government is composed! consequently, how durable!

I was with your brother this morning at Richmond; he thinks himself better; I do not think him worse; but judge by your own feelings if that is enough to content me. Pray that your brother and your country may mend a little faster; I dread the winter for him, and the summer for England! Adieu!

P.S. Since I have finished this, I received yours of November 13th, with the account of Richcourt's illness. What! you are forced to have recourse to apoplexies and deaths for revolutions! We make nothing of changing our ministers at every fall of the leaf.

[8] James Compton (1687–1754), fifth Earl of Northampton.

[9] Charles Bruce (1682-1747), third Earl of Ailesbury.

[10] John (d. 1783), eldest son of Sir John Shelley, fourth Baronet, of Maresfield, Sussex, whom he succeeded in 1771. The office was that of Clerk of the Pipe for life.

My Lord Huntingdon (who, by the way, loves you, and does you justice) has told me one or two very good *bons mots* of the Pope[11]: I have always had a great partiality for the good old man: I desire you will tell me any anecdotes or stories of him that you know: I remember some of his sayings with great humour and wit. You can never oblige me more than by anecdotes of particular people—but you are indeed always good in that and every other way.

500. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 8, 1756.

Your poor brother desires me to write to you to-day, as he is in bed and not able. He went to town last week, caught cold, and returned with a fever. He has been drinking tar-water since the middle of November, at the persuasion of your elder brother and his Richmond friends. Indeed he had gone through the whole course of drugs to no purpose. There is a great eruption to-day in most parts of his body, which they think will be of great service to him. In my own opinion, he is so weak, that I am in great apprehensions for him. He is very low-spirited, and yet thinks himself much better to-day. Your brother Ned was surprised at my being so alarmed, as they had considered this as a most fortunate crisis—but I have much difficulty in persuading myself to be so sanguine. As we have a recess for a few days, I shall stay here till Saturday, and see your brother again, and will tell you my opinion again. You see I don't deceive you: if that is any satisfaction, be assured that nobody else would give you so bad an account, as I find all his family have new hopes of him: would to God I had!

Our first day of Parliament passed off harmoniously; but

[11] Prospero Lambertini, called Benedict the Fourteenth. *Walpole.*

in the House of Lords there was an event. A clause of thanks for having sent for the Hanoverians had crept into the address of the Peers—by Mr. Fox's means, as the world thinks: Lord Temple came out of a sick bed to oppose it. Next day there was an alarm of an intention of instating the same clause in our address. Mr. Pitt went angry to court, protesting that he would not take the seals, if any such motion passed: it was sunk. Next day he accepted—and the day after, Mr. Fox, extremely disgusted with the Duke of Devonshire for preferences shown to Mr. Pitt, retired into the country. The Parliament is adjourned for the re-elections; and Mr. Pitt, who has pleased in the closet, is again laid up with the gout. We meet on Monday, when one shall be able to judge a little better of the temper of the winter. The Duke of Bedford is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—no measure of peace! Not to mention his natural warmth, everybody is sensible that he is only placed[1] there to traverse Pitt.

Your brother and I are uneasy about your situation: when we are treated insolently even at Leghorn, to what are we sunk! Can Mr. Pitt or the King of Prussia find a panacea for all our disgraces? Have you seen Voltaire's epigram?

Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle[2] *et le Neveu*[3]*;*
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en partie bleue[4]*.*

It is very insipid! It seems to *me*[5] as if *Uncle and Nephew* could furnish a better epigram; unless their reconciliation deadens wit. Besides, I don't believe that *the Uncle* of

LETTER 500.—[1] At the instigation of Fox. *Walpole.*

[2] George II. *Walpole.*

[3] The King of Prussia. *Walpole.*

[4] 'An accidental thieving party.' (Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, Bk. xvii.)

[5] Mr. Walpole had had a great quarrel with his uncle Horatio. *Walpole.*

these lines means at all to be like Alexander, who never was introduced more pompously for the pitiful end of supplying a rhyme.

Is it true what we see in the Gazettes, that the Pantheon is tumbled down? Am not I a very Goth, who always thought it a dismal clumsy performance, and could never discover any beauty in a strange mass of light poured perpendicularly into a circle of obscurity? Adieu! I wish you may hope more with your elder brother, than tremble with me!

501. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1756.

It will be easier for you, I fear, to guess, than for me to describe what I have felt for these last six days! Your dear brother is still alive; it is scarce possible he should be so when you receive this. I wrote to you this day se'nnight, the day after I saw him last. On that day and Friday I received favourable messages. I went myself on Saturday, as I had promised him—how shocked I was at seeing your brother Ned and a lawyer come to the chaise: the former told me that poor Gal had desired the lawyer to settle his affairs, which were then in agitation: you may imagine I did not choose to add the tender sensations of seeing me, to what he was then feeling! I saw our doom too plainly, though your brother Ned still had hopes. Every day confirmed my fears: however, I could not bear my anxiety, and went to Richmond to-day, with as much horror as persons must go to execution, yet determined to see Gal if I found that he had expressed the least desire of it.—Alas! he has scarce had moments of sense since Sunday morning—how can I bring myself to say of so dreadful a situation, that it is my greatest consolation! But I could not support the thought of his remaining sensible of death

with all those anxious attentions about him which have composed his whole life! Oh! my dear child, what rash wretches are heroes, compared to this brother of yours! Nothing ever equalled his cool solicitude for his family and friends. What an instance am I going to repeat to you! His most unhappy life was poisoned by the dread of leaving his children and fortune to be torn to pieces by his frantic wife, whose settlements entitled her to thirds. On Friday, perceiving her alarmed by his danger, he had the amazing presence of mind and fortitude to seize that only moment of tenderness, and prevailed on her to accept a jointure. He instantly dispatched your brother Ned to London for his lawyer, and by five o'clock on Saturday, after repeated struggles of passion on her side, the whole was finished.—Dear Gal! he could not speak, but he lifted up his hands in thanks! While he had any sense, it was employed in repeated kindnesses, particularly to your brother James—he had ordered a codicil, but they have not found a sufficient interval to get it signed!

My dearest Sir, what an afflicting letter am I forced to write to you! but I flatter myself, you will bear it better from me, than from any other person: and affectionate as I know you, could I deprive you or myself of the melancholy pleasure of relating such virtues? My poorest, yet best consolation is, that, though I think his obstinacy in not going abroad, and ill management, may have hurried his end, yet nothing could have saved him; his lungs are entirely gone. But how will you be amazed at what I am going to tell you! His wretched wife is gone mad—at least your brother Ned and the physician are persuaded so—I cannot think so well of her.—I see her in so diabolic a light, that I cannot help throwing falsehood into the account—but let us never mention her more. What little more I would say, for I spare your grief rather than indulge

my own, is, that I beseech you to consider me as more and more your friend; I adored Gal, and will heap affection on that I already have for you. I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me—if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal's image that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him.

You will be little disposed or curious to hear politics; yet it must import you always to know the situation of your country, and it never was less settled. Mr. Pitt is not yet able to attend the House, therefore no inquiries are yet commenced. The only thing like business has been the affair of preparing quarters for the Hessians, who are soon to depart; but the Tories have shown such attachment to Mr. Pitt on this occasion, that it is almost become a Whig point to detain them. The breach is so much widened between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and the latter is so warm, that we must expect great violences. The Duke of Newcastle's party lies quiet; one of the others must join it. The new ministers have so little weight, that they seem determined at least not to part with their popularity: the new Secretary of State[1] is to attack the other, Lord Holdernesse, on a famous letter of his sent to the mayor of Maidstone, for releasing a Hanoverian soldier committed for theft. You may judge what harmony there is!

Adieu, my dear Sir! How much I pity you, and how much you ought to pity me! Imitate your brother's firmness of mind, and bear his loss as well as you can. You have too much merit not to be sensible of his, and then it will be impossible for you to be soon comforted.

LETTER 501.—[1] Pitt. *Walpole.*

502. To George Montagu.

Dec. 23, 1756.

You, who have always cultivated rather than stifled tender sensations, will know how to feel for me, who have at last lost my dear friend Mr. Mann! not unexpectedly certainly; but I never could find that one grew indifferent to what pains, as one does to what pleases one! With all my consciousness of my having been more obliged to your brother than I could possibly deserve, I think I should have trespassed on his kindness, and have asked him to continue his favour to Mr. Mann's son and brother, if I had not known that he was good beyond doubt: it is just necessary for me as transferring my friendship to the family to tell you, that if the contrary should be insinuated, they do continue the business.

Had I anything to tell you, it would be unpardonable in me to communicate my grief to you, and neglect your entertainment, but Mr. Pitt's gout has *laid up* the nation. We adjourn to-morrow for the holidays, and have not had a single division. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, France, and the King of Prussia will not leave us idle much longer. Adieu! I am most unaffectedly grieved, and most unfeignedly yours,

H. W.

503. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1756.

I know I can no more add to your concern than to my own, by giving you the last account of your dear brother, who put a period to our anxious suspense in the night between the 20th and 21st. For the last five days he had little glimmerings of amendment, that gave hopes to some

Letter 502.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1757. (See *Academy*, May 9, 1896.)

of his friends, terror to me, who dreaded his sensibility coming to itself! When I had given up his life, I could not bear the return of his tenderness! Sure he had felt enough for his friends—yet he would have been anxious for them if he had recovered his senses. He has left your brothers Edward, James, and Foote[1], his executors; to his daughters 7500*l.* apiece, and the entail of his estate in succession—to a name I beg we may never mention, 700*l.* a year, 4000*l.* and his furniture, &c. Your brother James, a very worthy man, though you never can have two Gals, desired me to give you this account—how sad a return for the two letters I have received from you this week! Be assured, my dear Sir, that nothing could have saved his life. For your sake and my own I hurry from this dreadful subject—not for the amusement of either, or that I have anything to tell you: my letter shall be very short, for I am stabbing you with a dagger used on myself!

Mr. Pitt has not been able to return to Parliament for the gout, which has prevented our having one long day; we adjourn to-morrow for a fortnight; yet scarce to meet then for business, as a call of the House is not appointed till the 20th of January; very late indeed, were any inquiries probable: this advantage I hope will be gained, that our new Ministers will have a month's time to think on their country.

Adieu! my poor Sir! this letter was necessary for me to write—I find it as necessary to finish it.

504. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1757.

I live in dread of receiving your unhappy letters! I am sensible how many, many reasons you have to lament your

Letter 503.—[1] Mr. Foote married the second sister of Mr. Mann, as his brother, a clergyman, afterwards did the third. *Walpole.*

dear brother; yet your long absence will prevent the loss of him from leaving so sharp a sting as it would have done had you seen as much of him as I have of late years! When I wrote to you, I did not know his last instance of love to you[1]; may you never have occasion to use it!

I wish I could tell you any politics to abstract your thoughts from your concern; but just at present all political conversation centres in such a magazine of abuse, as was scarce ever paralleled. Two papers, called the *Test* and *Con-test*, appear every Saturday, the former against Mr. Pitt, the latter against Mr. Fox, which make me recollect *Fogs* and *Craftsmen* as harmless libels. The authors are not known; Dodington[2] is believed to have the chief hand in the *Test*, which is much the best, unless virulence is to bestow the laurel. He has been turned out by the opposite faction, and has a new opportunity of revenge, being just become a widower. The best part of his fortune is entailed on Lord Temple if he has no son; but I suppose he would rather marry a female hawker than not propagate children and lampoons. There is another paper, called the *Monitor*, written by one Dr. Shebbeare, who made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place or the pillory[3], but having miscarried in both views, is wreaking his resentment on the late Chancellor, who might have gratified him in either of his objects. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but as Mr. Pitt cannot yet walk, we are not likely soon to have any business. Admiral Byng's trial has been in agitation above these ten days, and is supposed an affair of length: I think the reports are rather unfavourable to him, though

LETTER 504.—[1] Mr. Gal Mann left an annuity to his brother Sir Horace, in case he were recalled from Florence. *Walpole.*

[2] George Bubb Dodington, Esq. This report was not confirmed. *Walpole.*

[3] He did write himself into a pillory before the conclusion of that reign, and into a pension at the beginning of the next, for one and the same kind of merit, writing against King William and the Revolution. *Walpole.*

I do not find that it is believed he will be capitally punished. I will tell you my sentiments, I don't know whether judicious or not: it may perhaps take a great deal of time to prove he was not a coward; I should think it would not take half an hour to prove he had behaved bravely.

Your old royal guest King Theodore is gone to the place which it is said levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet[4].

Lord Lyttelton has received his things, and is much content with them: this leads me to trouble you with another, I hope trifling, commission; will you send me a case of the best drams for Lord Hertford, and let me know the charge?

You must take this short letter only as an instance of my attention to you; I would write, though I knew nothing to tell you.

505. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1757.

I am still, my dear Sir, waiting for your melancholy letters, not one of which has yet reached me. I am impatient to know how you bear your misfortune, though I tremble at what I shall feel from your expressing it! Except good Dr. Cocchi, what sensible friend have you at Florence to share and moderate your unhappiness?—but I will not renew it: I will hurry to tell you anything that may amuse it—and yet what is that anything? Mr. Pitt, as George Selwyn says, has again taken to his *lit de justice*; he has been once with the King, but not at the House; the day before yesterday the gout flew into his arm, and has

[4] See an account of his death, and the monument and epitaph erected for him, in Mr. W.'s *Fugitive Pieces. Walpole.*

again laid him up: I am so particular in this, because all our transactions, or rather our inactivity, hang upon the progress of his distemper. Mr. Pitt and everything else have been forgot for these five days, obscured by the news of the assassination of the King of France[1]. I don't pretend to tell you any circumstances of it, who must know them better than, at least as well as, I can; war and the sea don't contribute to dispel the clouds of lies that involve such a business. The letters of the foreign ministers, and ours from Brussels, say he has been at council; in the city he is believed dead: I hope not! We should make a bad exchange in the Dauphin. Though the King is weak and irresolute, I believe he does not want sense: weakness, bigotry, and some sense, are the properest materials for keeping alive the disturbances in that country, to which this blow, if the man was anything but a madman, will contribute. The despotic and holy stupidity[2] of the successor would quash the Parliament at once. He told his father about a year ago, that if he was king the next day, and the Pope should bid him lay down his crown, he would. They tell or make a good answer for the father, 'And if he was to bid you take the crown from *me*, would you?' We have particular cause to say masses for the father: there is invincible aversion between him and the young Pretender, whom, it is believed, nothing could make him assist. You may judge what would make the Dauphin assist him! he was one day reading the reign of Nero; he said, 'Ma foi, c'étoit le plus grand scélérat qui fut jamais; il ne lui manquoit que d'être Janséniste.' I am grieving for my favourite the Pope[3], whom we suppose dead, at

LETTER 505.—[1] On Jan. 5, 1757, Louis XV was stabbed as he was entering his carriage, by one Damiens. The wound was only a slight one.

[2] The Dauphin, son of Louis XV, had been bred a bigot, but as he by no means wanted sense, he got over the prejudices of his education, and before he died had far more liberal sentiments. *Walpole.*

[3] Prospero Lambertini, by the

least I trust he was superannuated when they drew from him the late Bull enjoining the admission of the Unigenitus on pain of damnation; a step how unlike all the amiable moderation of his life! In my last I told you the death of another monarch, for whom in our time you and I have interested ourselves, King Theodore. He had just taken the benefit of the act of insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: his Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied nothing but the kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but to pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica. As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more.

Byng's trial continues; it has gone ill for him, but mends; it is the general opinion that he will come off for some severe censure.

Bower's first part of his reply is published: he has pinned a most notorious falsehood about a Dr. Aspinwall on his enemies, which must destroy their credit, and will do him more service than what he has yet been able to prove about himself. They have published another pamphlet against his *History*[4], but so impertinent and scurrilous and malicious, that it will serve him more than his own defence: they may keep the old man's life so employed as to prevent the

name of Benedict XIV. See Mr. Walpole's inscription on his picture. *Walpole.*

[4] *The History of the Popes.*

prosecution of his work, but nothing can destroy the merit of the three volumes already published, which in every respect is the best written history I know: the language is the purest, the compilation the most judicious, and the argumentation the soundest.

The famous Miss Elizabeth Villiers Pitt[5] is in England; the only public place in which she has been seen is the Popish Chapel; her only exploit, endeavours to wreak her malice on her brother William, whose kindness to her has been excessive. She applies to all his enemies, and, as Mr. Fox told me, has even gone so far as to send a bundle of his letters to the author of the *Test*, to prove that Mr. Pitt has cheated her, as she calls it, of a hundred a year, and which only prove that he once allowed her two, and after all her wickedness still allows her one. How she must be vexed that she has no way of setting the gout more against him! Adieu! tell me if you receive all my letters.

506. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 30, 1757.

Last night I received your most melancholy letter of the 8th of this month, in which you seem to feel all or more than I apprehended. As I trust to time and the necessary avocation of your thoughts, rather than to any arguments I could use for your consolation, I choose to say as little more as possible on the subject of your loss. Your not receiving letters from your brothers as early as mine was the consequence of their desiring me to take that most unwelcome office upon me: I believe they have both written since, though your eldest brother has had a severe fit of the gout: they are both exceedingly busied in the details

[5] Sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. *Walpole.*

necessarily fallen upon them. That would be no reason for their neglecting you, nor I am persuaded will they: they shall certainly want no incitements from me, who wish and will endeavour as much as possible to repair your loss, alas! how inadequately! Your brother James has found great favour from the Duke[1]. Your brother Ned, who is but just come to town from his confinement, tells me that your nephew[2] will be in vast circumstances; above an hundred thousand pounds, besides the landed estate and debts! These little details related, I had rather try to amuse you, than indulge your grief and my own; your dear brother's memory will never be separated from mine; but the way in which I shall show it, shall be in increased attention to you: he and you will make me perpetually think on both of you!

All England is again occupied with Admiral Byng; he and his friends were quite persuaded of his acquittal. The court-martial, after the trial was finished, kept the whole world in suspense for a week; after great debates and divisions amongst themselves, and dispatching messengers hither to consult lawyers whether they could not mitigate the article of war, to which a negative was returned, they pronounced this extraordinary sentence on Thursday: they condemn him to death for *negligence*, but acquit him of *disaffection* and *cowardice* (the other heads of the article), specifying the testimony of Lord Robert Bertie in his favour, and unanimously recommending him to mercy; and accompanying their sentence with a most earnest letter to the Lords of the Admiralty to intercede for his pardon,

LETTER 506.—[1] From the Duke of Cumberland, Commander-in-Chief of the army. Mr. Gal and James Mann were clothiers to many regiments. *Walpole.*

[2] Horace (d. 1814), only son of Galfridus Mann. In 1774 he acted as his uncle's proxy at the installation of the Knights of the Bath, and was himself knighted. He displayed great affection towards Sir Horace Mann, during the old age of the latter, and succeeded him as second Baronet in 1786.

saying, that finding themselves tied up from moderating the article of war[3], and not being able in conscience to pronounce that he had done all he could, they had been forced to bring him in guilty, but beg he may be spared. The discussions and differences of opinions on this sentence are incredible. The cabinet council, I believe, will be to determine whether the King shall pardon him or not: some who wish to make him the scapegoat for their own neglects, I fear, will try to complete his fate, but I should think the new administration will not be biased to blood by such interested attempts. He bore well his unexpected sentence, as he has all the outrageous indignities and cruelties heaped upon him. Last week happened an odd event, I can scarce say in his favour, as the world seems to think it the effect of the arts of some of his friends: Voltaire sent him from Switzerland an accidental letter of the Duc de Richelieu, bearing witness to the Admiral's good behaviour in the engagement. A letter of a very different cast, and of great humour, is showed about, said to be written to Admiral Boscawen from an old tar, to this effect:

Sir,—I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman[4] was made a lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman[5] has been made a lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I, who performed both, ought at least to be made a lieutenant. Which is all from your honour's humble servant, &c.

Did you hear that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *des Mahon-noises*? I suppose since the attempt on the King, all their

[3] The twelfth article of war, which decrees the punishment of death for offences committed 'through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection.'

[4] Byng, Viscount Torrington. *Walpole.*—Port Mahon was captured, not by Byng, but by General, afterwards Earl, Stanhope, who took Mahon as his second title when raised to an earldom. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1898.)

[5] Lord Blakeney. *Walpole.*

fashions will be *à l'assassin.* We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead!

Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, 'S'il sentoit quelque mal?' He replied, 'Oui, je sens le mal d'être.' My uncle, a young creature compared to Fontenelle, is grown something between childish and mad, and raves about the melancholy situation of politics: one should think he did not much despair of his country, when at seventy-eight he could practise such dirty arts to intercept his brother's estate from his brother's grandchildren! a conclusion how unlike that of the honest good-humoured Pope! I am charmed with his *bon mot* that you sent me. Apropos! Mr. Chute has received a present of a diamond mourning ring from a cousin; he calls it *l'anello del Piscatore*[6].

Mr. Pitt is still confined, and the House of Commons little better than a coffee-house. I was diverted the other day with Père Brumoy's[7] translation of Aristophanes: the Harangueses, or female orators, who take the government upon themselves instead of their husbands, might be well applied to our politics: Lady Hester Pitt, Lady Caroline Fox, and the Duchess of Newcastle, should be the heroines of the piece; and with this advantage, that as Lysistrata is forced to put on a beard, the Duchess has one ready grown.

Sir Charles Williams is returning, on the bad success of our dealings with Russia. The French were so determined to secure the Czarina, that they chose about seven of their handsomest young men to accompany their ambassador. How unlucky for us, that Sir Charles was embroiled with Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, who could alone have out-

[6] The Pope's seal with a ring, which is called *the Fisherman's ring.* Mr. Chute, who was unmarried, meant that his cousin was *fishing* for his estate. *Walpole.*

[7] Pierre Brumoy (1688–1742), a Jesuit, author of *Le Théâtre des Grecs*, and other translations.

weighed all the seven! Sir Charles's daughter, Lady Essex, has engaged the attentions of Prince Edward, who has got his liberty; and seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good-humour. She has already made a ball for him. Sir Richard Lyttelton[8] was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics: that the Princess would conclude it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox[9]! As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of *bringing together* with Prince Edward, she replied very cleverly, 'And my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither.' Adieu!

507. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 13, 1757.

I am not surprised to find you still lamenting your dear brother; but you are to blame, and perhaps I shall be so, for asking and giving any more accounts of his last hours. Indeed, after the fatal Saturday, on which I told you I was prevented seeing him by his being occupied with his lawyer, he had scarce an interval of sense—and no wonder! His lawyer has since told me, that nothing ever equalled the horrid indecencies of your sister-in-law on that day. Having yielded to the settlement for which he so earnestly begged, she was determined to make him purchase it, and in transports of passion and avarice, kept traversing his chamber from the lawyer to the bed, whispering her husband, and then telling the lawyer, who was drawing the will, 'Sir, Mr. Mann says I am to have this, I am to have that!' The lawyer at last, offended to the greatest degree, said, 'Madam, it is Mr. Mann's will I am making, not yours!'—but here

[8] Brother of George, Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[9] Sir Charles Williams was a particular friend of Mr. Fox. *Walpole.*

let me break it off; I have told you all I know, and too much. It was a very different sensation I felt, when your brother Ned told me that he had found seven thousand pounds in the stocks in your name. As Mr. Chute and I know how little it is possible for you to lay up, we conclude that this sum is amassed for you by dear Gal's industry and kindness, and by a silent way of serving you, without a possibility of his wife or any one else calling it in question.

What a dreadful catastrophe is that of Richcourt's family[1]! What a lesson for human grandeur! Florence, the scene of all his triumphs and haughtiness, is now the theatre of his misery and misfortunes!

After a fortnight of the greatest variety of opinions, Byng's fate is still in suspense. The court and the late ministry have been most bitter against him; the new Admiralty most good-natured; the King would not pardon him. They would not execute the sentence, as many lawyers are clear that it is not a legal one. At last the council has referred it to the twelve judges to give their opinion: if not a favourable one, he dies! He has had many fortunate chances; had the late Admiralty continued, one knows how little any would have availed him. Their bitterness will always be recorded against themselves: it will be difficult to persuade posterity that all the shame of last summer was the fault of Byng! Exact evidence of whose fault it was, I believe posterity will never have: the long-expected inquiries are begun, that is, some papers have been moved for, but so coldly, that it is plain George Townshend[2] and the Tories are unwilling to push researches that must necessarily reunite Newcastle and Fox. In the meantime, Mr. Pitt stays at home, and holds the House of Commons

LETTER 507.—[1] Richcourt had had a paralytic stroke, and was 'half dead and motionless,' while his daughter had lately died of small-pox. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. i. p. 397.)

[2] Afterwards Viscount Townshend. *Walpole.*

in commendam. I do not augur very well of the ensuing summer; a detachment is going to America under a commander[3] whom a child might outwit, or terrify with a popgun! The confusions in France seem to thicken with our mismanagements: we hear of a total change in the ministry there, and of the disgrace both of Machault and D'Argenson, the chiefs of the parliamentary and ecclesiastic factions. That the King should be struck with the violence of their parties, I don't wonder: it is said, that as he went to hold the *lit de justice*, no mortal cried *Vive le Roi!* but one old woman, for which the mob knocked her down, and trampled her to death.

My uncle died yesterday was se'nnight; his death I really believe hastened by the mortification of the money vainly spent at Norwich. I neither intend to spend money, nor to die of it, but, to my mortification, am forced to stand for Lynn[4], in the room of his son[5]. The corporation still reverence my father's memory so much, that they will not bear distant relations, while he has sons living. I was reading the other day a foolish book called *L'Histoire des quatre Cicérons*: the author, who has taken Tully's son for his hero, says, he piqued himself on out-drinking Antony, his father's great enemy. Do you think I shall ever pique myself on being richer than my Lord Bath!

Prince Edward's pleasures continue to furnish conversation: he has been rather forbid by the *Signora Madre* to make himself so common; and he has been rather encouraged by his grandfather to disregard the prohibition. The other night the Duke and he were at a ball at Lady Rochford's[6]: she and Lady Essex were singing in an inner

[3] Major-General Abercrombie.

[4] Horace Walpole represented King's Lynn until his retirement from the House of Commons in 1768.

[5] Horatio Walpole, who succeeded his father as second Baron Walpole of Wolterton.

[6] Lucy Young, wife of William Henry, Earl of Rochford. *Walpole.*

chamber when the Princes entered, who insisting on a repetition of the song, my Lady Essex, instead of continuing the same, addressed herself to Prince Edward in this ballad of Lord Dorset—

> False friends I have as well as you,
> Who daily counsel me
> Fame and ambition to pursue,
> And leave off loving thee—

It won't be unamusing, I hope it will be no more than amusing, when all the Johns of Gaunt, and Clarences, and Humphrys of Gloucester, are old enough to be running about town, and furnishing histories. Adieu!

508. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Sunday night, very late, Feb. 27, 1757.

I should certainly have been with you to-night, as I desired George Montagu to tell you, but every six hours produce such new wonders, that I do not know when I shall have a moment to see you. Will you, can you believe me, when I tell you that the four persons[1] of the court-martial whom Keppel named yesterday to the House as commissioning him to ask for the bill[2], now deny they gave him such commission, though Norris, one of them, was twice on Friday with Sir Richard Lyttelton, and once with George Grenville for the same purpose! I have done nothing but traverse the town to-night from Sir Richard Lyttelton's to the Speaker's, to Mr. Pitt's, to Mr. Fox's, to Dodington's, to Lady Hervey's, to find out and try how to defeat the evil of this, and to extract, if possible, some good from it. Alas! alas! that what I meant so well[3], should

Letter 508.—[1] Holmes, Norris, Geary, and Moore.

[2] A bill to absolve the members of the court-martial on Byng from their oath of secrecy.

[3] The motion for the bill was made by Sir Francis Dashwood on behalf of Keppel, and at the instance of

be likely only to add a fortnight to the poor man's misery! Adieu!

509. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1757.

I have deferred writing to you till I could tell you something certain of the fate of Admiral Byng: no history was ever so extraordinary, or produced such a variety of surprising turns. In my last I told you that his sentence was referred to the twelve judges. They have made law of that of which no man else could make sense. The Admiralty immediately signed the warrant for his execution on the last of February—that is, three signed: Admiral Forbes positively refused, and would have resigned sooner. The Speaker would have had Byng expelled the House[1], but his tigers were pitiful. Sir Francis Dashwood tried to call for the court-martial's letter, but the tigers were not so tender as that came to. Some of the court-martial grew to feel as the execution advanced: the City grew impatient for it. Mr. Fox tried to represent the new ministry as compassionate, and has damaged their popularity. Three of the court-martial applied on Wednesday last to Lord Temple to renew their solicitation for mercy. Sir Francis Dashwood moved a repeal of the bloody twelfth article: the House was savage enough; yet Mr. Dodington softened them, and not one man spoke directly against mercy. They had nothing to fear: the man[2], who, of all defects, hates cowardice and avarice most, and who has some little objection to a mob in St. James's Street, has magnanimously

Horace Walpole. In consequence 'it was determined that sentence should be respited for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and his Majesty acquainted with what the members of the court-martial had to say.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 157.)

Letter 509.—[1] He was member for Rochester.

[2] The King. *Walpole.*

forgot all the services of the great Lord Torrington. On Thursday seven of the court-martial applied for mercy: they were rejected. On Friday a most strange event happened. I was told at the House that Captain Keppel and Admiral Norris desired a bill to absolve them from their oath of secrecy, that they might unfold something very material towards saving the prisoner's life. I was out of Parliament myself during my re-election, but I ran to Keppel; he said he had never spoken in public, and could not, but would give authority to anybody else. The Speaker was putting the question for the orders of the day, after which no motion could be made: it was Friday, the House would not sit on Saturday, the execution was fixed for Monday. I felt all this in an instant, dragged Mr. Keppel to Sir Francis Dashwood, and he on the floor before he had taken his place, called out to the Speaker, and though the orders were passed, Sir Francis was suffered to speak. The House was wondrously softened: pains were taken to prove to Mr. Keppel that he might speak, notwithstanding his oath; but he adhering to it, he had time given him till next morning to consider and consult some of his brethren who had commissioned him to desire the bill. The next day the King sent a message to our House, that he had respited Mr. Byng for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and he should know whether the Admiral was unjustly condemned. The bill was read twice in our House that day, and went through the committee; Mr. Keppel affirming that he had something, in his opinion, of weight to tell, and which it was material his Majesty should know, and naming four of his associates who desired to be empowered to speak. On Sunday all was confusion again, on news that the four disclaimed what Mr. Keppel had said for them. On Monday, he told the House that in one he had been mistaken; that another did not declare off, but

wished all were to be compelled to speak; and from the two others he produced a letter upholding him in what he had said. The bill passed by 153 to 23. On Tuesday it was treated very differently by the Lords. The new Chief Justice[3] and the late Chancellor[4] pleaded against Byng like little attorneys, and did all they could to stifle truth. That all was a good deal. They prevailed to have the whole court-martial at their bar. Lord Hardwicke urged for the intervention of a day, on the pretence of a trifling cause of an Irish bankruptcy then depending before the Lords, though Lord Temple showed them that some of the captains and admirals were under sailing orders for America. But Lord Hardwicke and Lord Anson were expeditious enough to do what they wanted in one night's time; for the next day, yesterday, every one of the court-martial defended their sentence, and even the three conscientious said not one syllable of their desire of the bill, which was accordingly unanimously rejected, and with great marks of contempt for the House of Commons.

This is as brief and as clear an abstract as I can give you of a most complicated affair, in which I have been a most unfortunate actor, having to my infinite grief, which I shall feel till the man is at peace, been instrumental in protracting his misery a fortnight, by what I meant as the kindest thing I could do. I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to; but the great doubtfulness of his crime and the extraordinariness of his sentence, the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt and the rage of a blinded nation, have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph; but who can envy the triumph of murder?

Nothing else material has happened, but Mr. Pitt's having

[3] W. Murray, Lord Mansfield. *Walpole.*

[4] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

moved for a German subsidy[5], which is another matter of triumph to the late ministry. He and Mr. Fox have the warmest altercations every day in the House.

We have had a few French symptoms; papers were fixed on the Exchange, with these words, 'Shoot Byng, or take care of your King;' but this storm, which Lord Anson's creatures and protectors have conjured up, may choose itself employment when Byng is dead.

I must tell you a *bon mot* of Charles Townshend; his mother said, Lady Anson looked like a *mermaid*! 'Yes, Madam,' replied he, 'she is a *mere maid*[6].'

Your last was of January 29th, in which I thank you for what you say of my commissions—sure you could not imagine that I thought you had neglected them! Adieu!

510. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1757.

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common

[5] He had hitherto invariably opposed them.

[6] Lord Anson was suspected of being very unfit for a husband. *Walpole.*

malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?

This scene is over! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new ministers are well weary of their situation; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burthen, which those who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. We are trembling for Hanover[1], and the Duke is going to command the army of observation. These are the politics of the week: the diversions are balls, and the two Princes[2] frequent them; but the eldest nephew[3] remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce[4], Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law: it is

LETTER 510.—[1] It was threatened by an army of 80,000 French under D'Estrées.

[2] Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York, and Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.

[3] George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Mary Bruce was only daughter of Charles, last Earl of

the perfectest match in the world; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles II. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu! my dear Sir.

511. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 7, 1757.

You will receive letters by this post that will surprise you; I will try to give you a comment to them; an exact explication I don't know who could give you. You will receive the orders of a new master, Lord Egremont[1]. I was going on to say that the ministry is again changed, but I cannot say *changed*, it is only dismissed—and here is another interministerium.

The King has never borne Lord Temple[2], and soon grew displeased with Mr. Pitt: on Byng's affair it came to aversion. It is now given out that both I have mentioned have personally affronted the King. On the execution[3], he would not suffer Dr. Hay of the Admiralty to be brought into Parliament, though he had lost his seat on coming into his service. During this squabble negotiations were set on foot between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, and would have been concluded if either of them would

Ailesbury, by Caroline, his third wife, daughter of General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Lady Ailesbury married to her second husband, Colonel Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

Letter 511.—[1] Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont. *Walpole.*—He was second Earl; he succeeded his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, cr. Earl of Egremont in 1749.

[2] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[3] Of Byng, whose seat for Rochester was vacated by his death.

have risked being hanged for the other. The one most afraid broke off the treaty; need I say it was the Duke? While this was in agitation, it grew necessary for the Duke[4] to go abroad and take the command of the army of observation. He did not care to be checked there by a hostile ministry at home: his father was as unwilling to be left in their hands. The drum was beat for forces; none would list. However, the change must be made. The day before yesterday Lord Temple was dismissed, with all his Admiralty but Boscawen, who was of the former, and with an offer to Mr. Elliot to stay, which he has declined. The new admirals are Lord Winchelsea, Rowley again, Moyston, Lord Carysfort, Mr. Sandys, and young Hamilton of the Board of Trade[5]. It was hoped that this disgrace would drive Mr. Pitt and the rest of his friends to resign—for that very reason they would not. The time pressed; to-day was fixed for the Duke's departure, and for the recess of Parliament during the holidays. Mr. Pitt was dismissed, and Lord Egremont has received the seals to-day. Mr. Fox has always adhered to being only Paymaster; but the impossibility of finding a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which Lord Duplin of the Newcastle faction, and Dodington of Mr. Fox's, have refused, has, I think, forced Mr. Fox to resolve to take that post himself. However, that and everything else is unsettled, and Mr. Fox is to take nothing till the Inquiries are over. The Duke of Devonshire remains in the Treasury, declaring that it is only for a short time, and till they can fix on somebody else. The Duke of Newcastle keeps aloof, professing no connexion with Mr. Pitt; Lord Hardwicke is gone into the country for a fortnight. The stocks fall, the foreign ministers stare; Leicester House

[4] William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] The new Admiralty was actually composed as follows:—Earl of Winchilsea, Admiral Rowley, Admiral Boscawen, Gilbert Elliot, Lord Carysfort, Vice-Admiral Savage Mostyn, Hon. Edwin Sandys.

is going to be very angry, and I fear we are going into great confusion. As I wish Mr. Fox so well, I cannot but lament the indigested rashness of this measure.

Having lost three packet-boats lately, I fear I have missed a letter or two of yours: I hope this will have better fortune; for, almost unintelligible as it is, you will want even so awkward a key.

Mr. Fox was very desirous of bargaining for a peerage for Lady Caroline[6]; the King has positively refused it, but has given him the reversion for three lives of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which Dodington has now. Mr. Conway is made Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

A volume on all I have told you would only perplex you more; you will have time to study what I send you now. I go to Strawberry Hill to-morrow for the holidays: and till they are over, certainly nothing more will be done. You did not expect this new confusion, just when you was preparing to tremble for the campaign. Adieu!

512. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1757.

You will wonder that I should so long have announced my Lord Egremont to you for a master, without his announcing himself to you—it was no fault of mine; everything here is a riddle or an absurdity. Instead of coming forth Secretary of State, he went out of town, declaring he knew nothing of the matter. On that, it was affirmed that he had refused the seals. The truth is, they have never been offered to him in form. He had been sounded, and I believe was not averse, but made excuses that were not thought invincible. As we are in profound peace with all the world, and can do without any government, it is thought

[6] Lady Caroline Fox.

proper to wait a little, till what are called the Inquiries are over; what they are, I will tell you presently. *A man*[1] who has hated and loved the Duke of Newcastle pretty heartily in the course of some years, is willing to wait, in hopes of prevailing on him to resume the seals—that Duke is the arbiter of England! Both the other parties are trying to unite with him. The King pulls him, the next reign (for you know his Grace is very young) pulls him back. Present power tempts: Mr. Fox's unpopularity terrifies—he will reconcile all by immediate duty to the King, with a salvo to the intention of betraying him to the Prince, to make his peace with the latter, as soon as he has made up with the former. Unless his Grace takes Mr. Fox by the hand, the latter is in an ugly situation—if he does, is he in a beautiful one?

Yesterday began the famous and long-expected Inquiries. The House of Commons in person undertakes to examine all the intelligence, letters, and orders, of the administration that lost Minorca. In order to this, they pass over a whole winter; then they sent for cart-loads of papers from all the offices, leaving it to the discretion of the clerks to transcribe, insert, omit, whatever they please; and without inquiring what the accused ministers had left or secreted. Before it was possible for people to examine these with any attention, supposing they were worth any, the whole House goes to work, sets the clerk to reading such bushels of letters, that the very dates fill three-and-twenty sheets of paper; he reads as fast as he can, nobody attends, everybody goes away, and to-night they determined that the whole should be read through on to-morrow and Friday, that one may have time to digest on Saturday and Sunday what one had scarce heard, cannot remember, nor is it worth the while; and then on Monday, without asking any questions, examin-

LETTER 512.—[1] The King. *Walpole.*

ing any witnesses, authority, or authenticity, the Tories are to affirm that the ministers were very negligent; the Whigs, that they were wonderfully informed, discreet, provident, and active; and Mr. Pitt and his friends are to affect great zeal for justice, are to avoid provoking the Duke of Newcastle, and are to endeavour to extract from all the nothings they have not heard, something that is to lay all the guilt at Mr. Fox's door. Now you know very exactly what the Inquiries are—and this wise nation is gaping to see the chick which their old brood hen the House of Commons will produce from an egg laid in November, neglected till April, and then hatched in a quicksand!

The Common Council have presented gold boxes with the freedom of their city to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge—no gracious compliment to St. James's. It is expected that the example will catch, but as yet, I hear of no imitations. Pamphlets, cards, and prints swarm again: George Townshend has published one of the latter, which is so admirable in its kind, that I cannot help sending it to you. His genius for likenesses in caricatura is astonishing—indeed, Lord Winchelsea's figure is not heightened—your friends Dodington and Lord Sandwich are like; the former made me laugh till I cried. The Hanoverian drummer, Ellis, is the least like, though it has much of his air. I need say nothing of the lump of fat[2] crowned with laurel on the altar. As Townshend's parts lie entirely in his pencil, his pen has no share in them; the labels are very dull, except the inscription on the altar, which I believe is his brother Charles's. This print, which has so diverted the town, has produced to-day a most bitter pamphlet against George Townshend, called *The Art of Political Lying*. Indeed, it is strong.

The Duke, who has taken no English with him but Lord

[2] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Albemarle, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lord George Lennox, Colonel Keppel[3], Mr. West[4], and Colonel Carlton, all his own servants, was well persuaded to go by Stade[5]; there were French parties laid to intercept him on the other road.—It might have saved him an unpleasant campaign.—We have no favourable events, but that Russia, who had neither men, money, nor magazines, is much softened, and halts her troops.

The Duke of Grafton[6] still languishes: the Duke of Newcastle has so pestered him with political visits, that the physicians ordered him to be excluded: yet he forced himself into the house. The Duke's gentlemen would not admit him into the bedchamber, saying his Grace was asleep. Newcastle protested he would go in on tiptoe and only look at him—he rushed in, clattered his heels to waken him, and then fell upon the bed, kissing and hugging him. Grafton waked; 'God! what's here?'—'Only I, my dear Lord.'—Buss, buss, buss, buss!—'God! how can you be such a beast to kiss such a creature as I am, all over plasters! get along, get along!' and turned about and went to sleep. Newcastle hurries home, tells the mad Duchess that the Duke of Grafton was certainly light-headed, for he had not known him, frightens her into fits, and then was forced to send for Dr. Shaw—for this Lepidus are struggling Octavius and Anthony[7]!

I have received three letters from you, one of March 25th, one of the second of this month enclosing that which had journeyed back to you unopened. I wish it lay in my way

[3] Hon. William Keppel, brother of Lord Albemarle.

[4] Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. John West (1729–1777), eldest son of seventh Baron (afterwards first Earl) Delawarr, whom he succeeded in 1766; styled Viscount Cantelupe, 1761–66; Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, 1761–66; Master of the Horse to the Queen, 1766–68; Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, 1768–77; Lieutenant-General, 1770.

[5] In the north of Hanover.

[6] Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain. *Walpole.*

[7] Pitt and Fox.

to send you early news of the destination of fleets, but I rather avoid secrets than hunt them. I must give you much the same answer with regard to Mr. Dick, whom I should be most glad to serve; but when I tell you that in the various revolutions of ministries I have seen, I have never asked a single favour for myself or any friend I have; that whatever friendships I have with the man, I avoid all connections with the minister; that I abhor courts and levee-rooms and flattery; that I have done with all parties and only sit by and smile—(you would weep)—when I tell you all this, think what my interest must be! I can better answer your desiring me to countenance your brother James, and telling me it will cost me nothing.—My God! if you don't believe my affection for you, at least believe in the adoration I have for dear Gal's memory—that, alas! cannot now be counterfeited! If ever I had a friend, if ever there was a friend, he was one to me; if ever there was love and gratitude, I have both for him—before I received your letter, James was convinced of all this—but my dear child, you let slip an expression which sure I never deserved—I will say no more of it.—Thank you for the verses on Buondelmonti[8]—I did not know he was dead—for the prayer for Richcourt, for the Pope's letter, and for the bills of lading for the liqueurs.

You will have heard all the torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King. They copied with a scrupulous exactness horrid precedents, and the dastardly monarch permitted them! I don't tell you any particulars, for in time of war, and at this distance, how to depend on the truth of them?

This is a very long letter, but I will not make excuses for long ones and short ones too—I fear you forgive the long ones most easily!

[8] A Florentine abbé and wit. *Walpole.*

513. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1757.

You may expect what you please of new ministries, and revolutions, and establishments; we are a grave people, and don't go so rashly to work—at least when we have demolished anything rashly, we take due time before we repair it. At a distance you may be impatient. We, the most concerned, wait very tranquilly to see the event of chaos. It was given out, that nothing would be settled till the Inquiries were at an end.—The world very obediently stayed for the time appointed. The Inquiries are at an end, yet nothing is in more forwardness. Foreign nations may imagine (but they must be at a great distance!) that we are so wise and upright a people, that every man performs his part, and thence everything goes on in its proper order without any government—but I fear, our case is like what astronomers tell us, that if a star was to be annihilated, it would still shine for two months. The Inquiries have been a most important and dull farce, and very fatiguing; we sat six days till past midnight. If you have received my last letter, you have already had a description of what passed just as I foresaw. Mr. Pitt broke out a little the second day, and threatened to secede, and tell the world the iniquity of the majority; but recollecting that the majority might be as useful as the world, he recomposed himself, professed meaning no personalities, swallowed all candour as fast as it was proposed to him, swallowed camels and haggled about gnats, and in a manner let the friends of the old ministry state and vote what resolutions they pleased. They were not modest, but stated away; yet on the last day of the committee, on their moving that no greater force could have been sent to the Mediterranean than was under

Byng, the triumphant majority shrank to one of seventy-eight, many absenting themselves, and many of the independent sort voting with the minority. This alarmed so much, that the predetermined vote of acquittal or approbation was forced to be dropped, and to their great astonishment the late cabinet is not thanked parliamentarily for having lost Minorca. You may judge what Mr. Pitt might have done, if he had pleased; when, though he starved his own cause, so slender an advantage was obtained against him. I retired before the vote I have mentioned; as Mr. Fox was complicated in it, I would not appear against him, and I could not range myself with a squadron who I think must be the jest of Europe and posterity.

It now remains to settle some ministry: Mr. Pitt's friends are earnest, and some of them trafficking for an union with Newcastle. He himself, I believe, maintains his dignity, and will be sued to, not sue. The Duke of Newcastle, who cannot bear to resign the last twilight of the *old sun*, would join with Fox; but the Chancellor[1], who hates him, and is alarmed at his unpopularity, and at the power of Pitt with the people, holds back. Bath, Exeter, Yarmouth, and Worcester, have followed the example of London, and sent their freedoms to Pitt and Legge: I suppose Edinburgh will, but instead of giving, will ask for a gold box in return. Here are some new epigrams on the present politics:

To the Nymph of Bath.

Mistaken Nymph, thy gifts withhold;
Pitt's virtuous soul despises gold;
Grant him thy boon peculiar, health;
He'll guard, not covet, Britain's wealth.

Letter 513.—[1] The late Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke.

ANOTHER.

The two great rivals London might content,
If what he values most to each she sent;
Ill was the franchise coupled with the box;
Give Pitt the freedom, and the gold to Fox.

ON DR. SHEBBEARE ABUSING HUME CAMPBELL FOR BEING A PROSTITUTE ADVOCATE.

'Tis below you, dear Doctor, to worry an elf,
Who you know will defend anything, but himself.

The two first are but middling, and I am bound to think the last so, as it is my own. Shebbeare is a broken Jacobite physician, who has threatened to write himself into a place or the pillory: he has just published a bitter letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which occasioned the above two lines.

The French have seized in their own name the country of Bentheim[2], a purchase of the King's, after having offered him the most insulting neutrality for Hanover, in the world; they proposed putting a garrison into the strongest post[3] he has, with twenty other concessions. We have rumours of the Prince of Bevern having beaten the Austrians considerably[4].

I believe, upon review, that this is a mighty indefinite letter; I would have waited for certainties, but not knowing how long that might be, I thought you would prefer this parenthesis of politics.

Lord Northumberland's great gallery is finished and opened; it is a sumptuous chamber, but might have been in a better taste. He is wonderfully content with his pictures, and gave me leave to repeat it to you. I rejoiced, as you had been the negotiator—as you was not the painter, you will allow me not to be so profuse of my applause.

[2] In Westphalia.
[3] Hamelen. *Walpole.*
[4] At Reichenberg in Bohemia, where, on April 21, he had defeated a superior force under Königseck.

Indeed I have yet only seen them by candle-light. Mengs's[5] School of Athens pleased me: Pompeio's[6] two are black and hard; Mazucci's Apollo, *fade* and without beauty; Costanza's piece is abominable. Adieu! till a ministry.

514. To George Montagu.

May 12th.

Don't imagine I write to you for anything but form; there is nothing like news, except the Prussian victories, which you see in the papers; by next courier we expect he will send us at least a leg or an arm of the Empress Queen.

Our domestic politics are far from settled. The King is gone to Kensington, and when any ministry can be formed, it is to be sent after him. The Parliament draggles on, till any two of the factions can unite. I have not got my tickets yet, but will certainly reserve what you want. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

515. To the Hon. George Grenville.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 13, 1757.

I flatter myself that you have goodness enough for me, to excuse the liberty I am now taking.

The ridiculous situation of this country for some months drew from me yesterday the enclosed thoughts[1], which I beg you will be so good as to run over and return.

[5] Raphael Mengs (1728–1779).

[6] Pompeio Battoni (1708–1786).

Letter 514.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1756. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1897.)

Letter 515.—[1] *A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Peking.* 'This piece was written May 12, 1757, was sent to the press next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.' (See *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. i. p. 205.)

As it certainly was my intention, so it has been my endeavour, to offend no man or set of men: it most assuredly was my desire to give no umbrage to you or your friends, and therefore I will beg you freely to tell me, if there is the least expression which can be disagreeable to you or them.

The paper is a summary of melancholy truths, but which, as my nature is rather inclined to smile, I have placed in a ridiculous light. If it should not displease your good heart, or divert Mrs. Grenville for a moment, I should be happy; but I must beg the return of the enclosed copy, as I go out of town early to-morrow.

I am, &c.,

Hor. Walpole.

516. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1757.

We are not yet arrived at having a ministry, but we have had two or three alarms of one. On Monday, the Duke of Devonshire, impatient for a plaything, took the Chamberlain's staff and key—these were reckoned certain prognostics; but they were only symptoms of his childishness. Yesterday it was published that Mr. Pitt's terms were so extravagant, that the Duke of Newcastle could not comply with them—and would take the whole himself—perhaps leave some little trifle for Mr. Fox—to-day all is afloat again, and all negotiations to recommence. Pitt's demands were, that his Grace should not meddle in the House of Commons, nor in the province of Secretary of State, but stick to the Treasury, and even there to be controlled by a majority of Mr. Pitt's friends—they were certainly great terms, but he has been taught not to trust to less. But it is tautology to dwell on these variations;

the enclosed[1] is an exact picture of our situation—and is perhaps the only political paper ever written, in which no man of any party can dislike or deny a single fact. I wrote it in an hour and half, and you will perceive that it must be the effect of a single thought.

We had big letters yesterday of a total victory of the King of Prussia over the Austrians[2], with their army dispersed and their general wounded and prisoner—I don't know how, but it is not confirmed yet. You must excuse the brevity of my English letter, in consideration of my Chinese one. Adieu!

Xo Ho.

517. To George Montagu.

May 19th.

It is on the stroke of eleven, and I have but time to tell you, that the King of Prussia has gained the greatest victory that ever was, except the Archangel Michael's—King Frederick has only demolished the Dragoness. He attacked her army in a strong camp on the 6th, suffered in the beginning of the action much, but took it, with all the tents, baggage, &c., &c., *two hundred and fifty* pieces of cannon, six thousand prisoners, and, they say, Prague[1] since. The Austrians have not stopped yet; if you see any man scamper by your house, you may venture to lay hold on him, though he should be a Pandour. Marshal Schwerin was killed. Good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 516.—[1] *Letter from Xo Ho to Lien Chi. Walpole.*

[2] The battle of Prague, in which, on May 6, the King of Prussia totally defeated the Austrians under Prince Charles of Lorraine and Marshal Brown. The latter died shortly afterwards from a wound received in the battle.

Letter 517.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1755. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 9, 1897.)

[1] Prague was saved by a diversion effected by Count Daun.

518. To George Montagu.

May 27, 1757.

I have ticketed you with numbers 58321, 58322, 58323, 58324, 58325, 58326. I think you bespoke six. I do not send them by the post, unless you order it; but I have writ your name on each, lest in case of accident my executors should put them into my auction, for which you are so impatient, and then you would have to buy them over again.

I am glad you like *Xo Ho*; I think everybody does, which is strange, considering it has no merit but truth. Mrs. Clive cried out like you, 'Lord! you will be sent to the Tower!' 'Well,' said I coolly, 'my father was there before me.'

Lord Abercorn's[1] picture is extremely like: he seems by the Vandyke habit to be got back into his own times; but nothing is finished yet, except the head.

You will be diverted with a health which my Lady Irwin[2] gave at supper with the Prince t'other night—''Tis a health you will all like,' she said.—'Well! what is it?'—'The three *P's*.'—The boy coloured up to the eyes.—After keeping them in suspense some time, she named *P*itt, *P*eace, and *P*lenty. The *P*ss. has given Hume[3], the author of *Douglas*, an hundred a year. Prince and Princess Edward[4] continue to entertain themselves and Ranelagh every night.

I wish your brother and all heirs to estates joy, for old Schutz is dead, and cannot wriggle himself into any more wills.

The ministry is not yet hatched; the King of Prussia is conquering the world; Mr. Chute has some murmurs of the gout: and I am yours ever, H. W.

Letter 518.—[1] James Hamilton, eighth Earl of Abercorn.

[2] Lady Anne Howard (d. 1764), daughter of third Earl of Carlisle; m. Richard Ingram, fifth Viscount Irvine. She was Lady in Waiting to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

[3] John Home (1722–1808).

[4] Lady Essex; see p. 34.

519. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 1, 1757.

After a vacancy of full two months, we are at last likely to have a ministry again—I do not promise you a very lasting one. Last Wednesday the conferences broke off between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt; the latter demanding a full restoration of his friends, with the Admiralty and a peerage for Mr. Legge, the blue riband and, I believe, Ireland for Lord Temple, and Mr. Grenville for Chancellor of the Exchequer, with stipulations that no more money should be sent this year to Germany. The last article, the Admiralty, and especially the Exchequer, were positively refused; and on Friday the Duke went to the King, and consented to be sole minister, insisting that Mr. Fox should be nothing but Paymaster, not cabinet councillor, and have no power; Sir Thomas Robinson to be again Secretary of State, and Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer. For form, he was to retire to Claremont for a few days, to take advice of his oracle, whose answer he had already dictated. Lord Hardwicke refuses the seals; says, he desires nobody should be dismissed for him; if President or Privy Seal should by any means be vacant, he will accept either, but nothing till Lord Anson is satisfied, for whom he asks Treasurer of the Navy. The Duke goes to Kensington to-morrow, when all this is to be declared—however, till it is, I shall doubt it. Lord Lincoln[1] and his principal friends are vehement against it; and indeed his Grace seems to be precipitating his own ruin. If Mr. Fox could forgive all that is past, which he by no means intends, here are new provocations added—will they invite Mr. Fox's

Letter 519.—[1] Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, favourite nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and his successor in the dukedom. *Walpole.*

support? Not to mention what unpopular German steps the Duke must take to recover the King's favour, who is now entirely Fox's; the latter is answerable for nothing, and I believe would not manage inquiries against his Grace as Mr. Pitt has—leniently. In short, I think the month of October will terminate the fortune of the house of Pelham for ever—his supporters are ridiculous; his followers will every day desert to one or other of the two Princes[2] of the blood, who head the other factions. Two parts in three of the cabinet, at least half, are attached to Mr. Fox; there the Duke will be overborne; in Parliament will be deserted. Never was a plan concerted with more weakness!

I enclose a most extraordinary print[3]. Mr. Fox has found some caricaturist equal to George Townshend, and who manages royal personages with at least as little ceremony. I have written 'Lord Lincoln' over the blue riband, because some people take it for him—likeness there is none: it is certain Lord Lincoln's mother was no whore; she never recovered the death of her husband[4]. The line that follows 'son of a whore' seems but too much connected with it; and at least the 'could say more' is not very merciful. The person of Lord Bute, not his face, is ridiculously like; Newcastle, Pitt, and Lord Temple are the very men. It came out but to-day, and shows how cordial the new union is. Since the *Ligue* against Henry III of France, there never was such intemperate freedom with

[2] The Prince of Wales, who espoused Mr. Pitt; and the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Fox. *Walpole.*

[3] This relates to a print that made much noise, called *The Turnstile.* The uncertain figure pretended to be Lord Lincoln, but was generally thought to mean the Prince of Wales, whom it resembled; but in the second impression a little demon was inserted to imply *The Devil over Lincoln.* Yet that evasion did not efface the first idea. *Walpole.*—A grotesque over a window of one of the chapels of Lincoln Cathedral is known as 'The Devil looking over Lincoln.'

[4] Henry Clinton (1684 – 1728), seventh Earl of Lincoln; m. (1717) Hon. Lucy Pelham, daughter of first Baron Pelham.

velvet and ermine; never, I believe, where religion was not concerned.

I cannot find by the dates you send me that I have received yours of January 1 and Feb. 12, and I keep all your letters very orderly. Mine of this year to you have been of Jan. 6, 17, 30; Feb. 14; March 3, 17; April 7, 20; May 5, 19. Tell me if you have received them.

What a King is our Prussian! how his victories come out doubled and trebled above their very fame! My Lady Townshend says, 'Lord! how all the Queens will go to see this Solomon! and how they will be disappointed!' How she of Hungary is disappointed! We hear that the French have recalled their green troops, which had advanced for show, and have sent their oldest regiments against the Duke[5]. Our foreign affairs are very serious, but I don't know whether I do not think that our domestic tend to be more so! Adieu!

520. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, June 2, 1757.

The ministry is to be settled to-day; there are different accounts how: some say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to take orders and to have the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt is to have a regiment and to go serve in Germany with the Duke; that Mr. Fox is to have Sir William Irby's[1] place, and be Chamberlain to the Princess; that my Lord Bute is to be divorced and marry Princess Emily; and that my Lord Darlington is to be first minister. Others say, that the Duke of Newcastle is to be sole minister, having broken with Mr. Pitt; that Sir Th.

[5] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Letter 520.—[1] Second Baronet, M.P. for Bodmin; cr. (April 10, 1761) Baron Boston of Boston, Lincolnshire; d. 1773.

Robinson is to be again Secretary of State, Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Fox Paymaster, but with no place in the cabinet, nor any power. I believe the Duke himself has said this; but, as I think the former establishment would be the less ridiculous of the two, I intend to believe that.

I send you your tickets and a curious new print. The blue riband in the corner, and the line that explains it, but leaves it still in the dark, makes much noise. I choose to think it my Lord Lincoln, for, having a tenderness for royalties, I will not suppose, as most do, that it points higher. The rest are certainly admirable: the times are very entertaining; one cannot complain that no wit is stirring, as one used to do. I never thought I should feel glad for the death of poor Mr. Pelham; but really it has opened such scenes of amusement, that I begin to bear it better than I did!

I rejoice to hear that your brother is accommodated, though not by my means. The Duke of Bedford might have reflected, that what I asked was a very trifle, or that I should never have asked it: nay, that if I could have asked a favour of consequence, I should not have applied to himself, but to those who govern him,—to the Duchess or to those who govern him *through* her.

I certainly am glad of rain, but could wish it was boiled a little over the sun first: Mr. Bentley calls this *the hard summer*, and says he is forced to buy his fine weather at Newcastle. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Pray acknowledge the receipt of your tickets. I don't know how you came not to see the advertisements of Xo Ho, which have been in continually; four editions were published in twelve days.

521. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 9, 1757.

I MUST write you a very different story from my last. The day before yesterday the Duke of Newcastle, who had resumed conferences with Mr. Pitt by the intervention of Lord Bute, though they could not agree on particulars, went to Kensington, and told the King he could not act without Mr. Pitt and a great plan of that connection. The King reproached him with his breach of promise; it seems the King is in the wrong, for Lord Lincoln and that court reckon his Grace as white as snow, and as steady as virtue itself. Mr. Fox went to court, and consented to undertake the whole—but it is madness! Lord Waldegrave[1], a worthy man as ever was born, and sensible, . . .[2] is to be the first Lord of his Treasury. Who is to be his anything else I don't know, for by to-morrow it will rain resignations as it did in the year '46. Lord Holdernesse[3] has begun, and gave up to-day; the Dukes of Rutland[4] and Leeds[5] and all the Pelhamites are to follow immediately: the standard of opposition is, I believe, ready painted, and is to be hung out at Leicester House by the beginning of the week. I grieve for Mr. Fox, and have told him so; I see how desperate his game is, but I shall not desert him, though I mean nor meant to profit of his friendship. So many places will be vacant, that I cannot yet guess who will be to fill them. Mr. Fox will be Chancellor of the Exchequer[6], and, I think Lord Egremont one of the Secretaries of State. What is certain, great clamour, and I fear, great confusion, will

Letter 521.—[1] James, second Earl Waldegrave, and first husband of Maria, Duchess of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

[2] Passage erased.

[3] Secretary of State for the North.

[4] Lord Steward.

[5] Cofferer of the Household.

[6] This did not happen.

follow. You shall know more particulars in a few days, but at present I have neither time for, nor knowledge of, more. Adieu!

522. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 14, 1757.

This is Tuesday; I wrote to you but on Thursday, and promised to write again in a few days—a week cannot pass without a new revolution. On Friday Mr. Fox found that his kissing hands was to be a signal for the resignations: Lord Rockingham and Lord Coventry[1] were the most eager to give up. The Duke of Newcastle, transported that his breach of promise and ingratitude to the King produced such noble mischief, endeavoured to spread the flame as wide as possible. On Saturday, Mr. Fox and Lord Waldegrave represented the ugly situation of their affairs, and advised against persisting, yet offering to proceed if commanded. The Chief Justice, who was to carry the Exchequer seal that morning, enforced this—'Well,' said the King, 'go tell the others to make what ministry they can; I only insist on two things, that Lord Winchilsea[2] remain where he is, and that Fox be Paymaster.' These two preliminaries would be enough to prevent the whole, if there were no other obstacles. Lord Winchilsea, indeed, would not act with Newcastle and Pitt, if they would consent; but there are twenty other impediments; Leicester House can never forgive or endure Fox; and if they could, his and Winchilsea's remaining would keep their friends from resigning, and then how would there be room for Newcastle's zealots or Pitt's martyrs? But what I take to be most difficult of all, is the accommodation between the chiefs themselves; his

Letter 522.—[1] They were Lords of the Bedchamber.
[2] First Lord of the Admiralty.

Grace's head and heart seem to be just as young and as old as ever they were; this triumph will intoxicate him; if he could not agree with Pitt, when his prospect was worst, he will not be more firm or more sincere when all his doublings have been rewarded. If his vainglory turns his head, it will make no impression on Pitt, who is as little likely to be awed by another's pageant, as to be depressed by his own slender train. They can't agree—but what becomes of us? Here are three factions, just strong enough to make everything impracticable.

The willing victim, Lord Holdernesse[3], is likely to be the most real victim. His situation was exactly parallel to Lord Harrington's[4] with the addition of the latter's experience. Both, the children of fortune, unsupported by talents, fostered by the King's favour, without connections or interest, deserted him to please this wayward Duke, who, to recover a little favour in the cabinet, sacrificed the first to the King's resentment, and has prepared to treat the other in the same manner, by protesting that he did not ask the compliment. But no matter for him! I have already told you, and I repeat, that I see no end to these struggles without great convulsions. The provocations, and consequently the resentments, increase with every revolution. Blood royal is mixed in the quarrels: two factions might cease by the victory of either; here is always a third ready to turn the scale. Happily the people care or interest themselves very little about all this—but they will be listed soon, as the chiefs grow so much in earnest, and as there are men of such vast

[3] Robert Darcy, last Earl of Holdernesse. *Walpole.*

[4] William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, who, though a younger brother, had been raised to an earldom, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State, had been the first man to resign his place in 1746, when the King, his master and benefactor, had a mind to remove the Pelhams and make Lord Granville Prime Minister. He was afterwards sacrificed by the Pelhams to please the King. Lord Holdernesse was born to an earldom, but having little fortune or parts, had been promoted by the Duke of Newcastle to great posts. *Walpole.*

property engaged on every side—there is not a public pretence on any. The scramble is avowedly for power—whoever remains master of the field at last, I fear, will have power to use it!

This is not the sole uneasiness at Kensington; they know the proximity of the French army to the Duke, and think that by this time there may have been an action: the suspense is not pleasant: the event may have great consequences even on these broils at home. For the King of Prussia, he is left to the coffee-houses. Adieu! I can scarce steal a day for Strawberry; if one leaves London to itself for four and twenty hours, one finds it topsy-turvy.

523. To George Montagu.

June 18th [Saturday].

The two drawings of the Vine and Strawberry, which you desired, are done and packed up in a box; tell me how I must send them.

The confusion about the ministry is not yet settled; at least it was not at noon to-day; but, for fear that confusion should ever finish, all the three factions are likely to come into place together.

Poor Mr. Chute has had another bad fit; he took the air yesterday for the first time.

I came to town but last night, and return to my *château* this evening, knowing nothing but that we are on the crisis of battles and ministries. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I just hear that your cousin Halifax has resigned[1] on Pitt's not letting him be Secretary of State for the W. Indies.

Letter 523.—Wrongly placed by C. amongst letters of 1756. (See *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 21, 1899.)

[1] He was President of the Board of Trade.

524. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1757.

I RENOUNCE all prophesying; I will never suppose that I can foresee politically; I can foresee nothing, whatever I may foretell. Here is a ministry formed of *all* the people who for these ten weeks have been giving each other exclusion! I will now not venture even to pronounce that they cannot agree together. On Saturday last, the 18th, Lord Hardwicke carried to Kensington the result of the last negotiations between Newcastle and Pitt, and the latter followed and actually kissed hands again for the seals[1]. Here is the arrangement as far as I know it, the most extraordinary part of which is, that they suffer Mr. Fox to be Paymaster—oh no, it is more extraordinary that he will submit to be so. His Grace returns to the Treasury, and replaces there his singular good friend Mr. Legge. Lord Holdernesse comes to life again as Secretary of State: Lord Anson reassumes the Admiralty, not with the present board, nor with his own, but with Mr. Pitt's, and this by Mr. Pitt's own desire. The Duke of Dorset retires[2] with a pension of 4,000*l.* a year, to make room for Lord Gower, that he may make room for Lord Temple. Lord George Sackville forces out Lord Barrington from Secretary at War, who was going to resign with the rest, for fear Mr. Fox should, and that this plan should not, take place. Lord Hardwicke, *young disinterested creature!* waits till something drops. Thus far all was smooth; but even this perfection of harmony and wisdom meets with rubs. Lord Halifax[3] had often and lately been promised to be erected into a Secretary of State for the West Indies. Mr. Pitt

LETTER 524.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.
[2] He was Master of the Horse.
[3] George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax. *Walpole.*

says, 'No, I will not part with so much power.' Lord Halifax resigned on Saturday, and Lord Duplin[4] succeeds him. The two Townshends[5] are gone into the country in a rage; Lord Anson is made the pretence: Mr. Fox is the real sore to George, Lord G. Sackville to Charles. Sir George Lee, who resigned his Treasurership to the Princess against Mr. Pitt, and as the world says, wanting to bring Lord Bute into Doctors' Commons[6], is succeeded by Lord Bute's brother Mackenzie; but to be sure, all this, in which there is no intrigue, no change, no policy, no hatred, no jealousy, no disappointment, no resentment, no mortification, no ambition, will produce the utmost concord! It is a system formed to last; and to be sure it will! In the meantime, I shall bid adieu to politics; my curiosity is satisfied for some months, and I shall betake myself to employments I love better, and to this place which I love best of all. Here is the first fruit of my retirement; behind a bas-relief in wax of the present Pope I have writ the following inscription:

Prospero Lambertini,
Bishop of Rome
by the name of Benedict XIV.
Who, though an absolute Prince,
reigned as harmlessly
as a Doge of Venice.
He restored the lustre of the Tiara
by those arts alone,
by which alone He obtained it,
his Virtues.
Beloved by Papists,
esteemed by Protestants:
A Priest without insolence or interest;
A Prince without favourites;
A Pope without nepotism;

[4] Afterwards Earl of Kinnoul. *Walpole.*

[5] George and Charles, sons of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend. *Walpole.*

[6] Meaning the offence he took at Lord Bute's favour. Sir George Lee was a civilian. *Walpole.*

An Author without vanity;
In short, a Man
whom neither Wit nor Power
could spoil.
The Son of a favourite Minister,
but One, who never courted a Prince,
nor worshipped a Churchman,
offers, in a free Protestant Country,
this deserved Incense
to the Best of the Roman Pontiffs.

If the good old soul is still alive[7], and you could do it unaffectedly and easily, you may convey it to him; it must be a satisfaction to a good heart to know that in so distant a country, so detached from his, his merit is acknowledged, without a possibility of interest entering into the consideration. His death-bed does not want comfort or cheerfulness, but it may be capable of an expansion of heart that may still sweeten it! Adieu!

525. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 3, 1757.

I HAVE been under great uneasiness about you; Coloredo, the Austrian minister, is recalled precipitately, with orders not to take leave: our papers joined Pucci[1] with him in this recall, but I do not find with any foundation. However, I cannot be easy while your situation is precarious. One should conceive that the advantages of the English trade to Tuscany would induce the Emperor to preserve a neutrality; but what are good reasons against his wife's vengeance and obstinacy, and haughtiness? Tell me immediately what you think or hear on this head; what steps

[7] He lived until May, 1758.

LETTER 525. — [1] Resident from Florence. He was here for fifty years, and said he had seen London twice built. This meant, that houses are run up so slightly, that they last but a few years. *Walpole.*

you would take; whither you would retire if this should happen; whether you would not come home to watch over your own interest and return, or whether you would be more in the way by remaining in Italy. I know not what to advise; I don't even know how this letter is to get to you, and how our correspondence will continue; at least, it must be very irregular, now all communication is cut off through the Empress's dominions. I am in great solicitude!

Had this recall happened a week later I should not have wondered; it was haughty, indeed, at the time it was dictated; but two days ago we heard of the reversal of all the King of Prussia's triumphs; of his being beat by Count Daun[2]; of the siege of Prague being raised; of Prince Charles falling on their retreat and cutting off two thousand: we would willingly not believe to the extent of all this[3], yet we have known what it is to have our allies or ourselves beaten! The Duke has been forced to pass the Weser, but writes that the French are so distressed for provisions that he hopes to repass it.

I notified to you the settlement of the ministry, and, contrary to late custom, have not to unnotify it again. However, it took ten days to complete, after an interministerium of exactly three months. I have often called this *the age of abortions*; for the present, the struggles of the three factions, that threatened such disturbances, have gone off like other forebodings. I think I told you in my last the chief alterations; the King would not absolutely give the Secretary at War to Lord George Sackville; Lord Barrington remains: the Duke of Dorset would not take a pension *eo nomine*; his Cinque Ports are given to him for life, with a salary of four thousand pounds a year. Lord

[2] Field-Marshal Count Daun (1705–1766).

[3] On June 18, Frederick attacked Daun at Kolin; but was totally defeated, and was obliged to raise the siege of Prague and withdraw from Bohemia.

Cholmondeley, who is removed for Potter, has a pension equal to his place[4]. Mr. Mackenzie is not Treasurer to the Princess, as I told you. One of the most extraordinary parts of the new system is the advancement of Sir Robert Henley[5]. He was made Attorney-General by Mr. Fox at the end of last year, and made as bad a figure as might be: Mr. Pitt insisting upon an Attorney-General of his own, Sir Robert Henley is made Lord Keeper! The first mortification to Lord Holdernesse has been, that, having been promised a Garter as well as Lord Waldegrave, and but one being vacant, that one, contrary to custom, has been given to the latter, with peculiar marks of grace. I now come to your letter of June 18th, and attribute to your distance, or to my imperfect representations of our actors and affairs, that you suppose our dissensions owing to French intrigues—we want no foreign causes; but in so precarious a letter as this I cannot enter into farther explanations; indeed the French need not be at any trouble to distract or weaken our councils!

I cannot be at peace while your fate is in suspense; I shall watch every step that relates to it, but I fear absolutely impotent to be of any service to you: from Pucci's not being recalled, I would hope that he will not be. Adieu!

P.S. Lord Duplin is not yet First Lord of Trade; there are negotiations for recovering Lord Halifax.

July 5th.

As I was sending this to London I received the newspapers of yesterday, and see that old Pucci is just dead. I cannot help flattering myself that this is a favourable

[4] He was Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

[5] Sir Robert Henley, Knight (1708–1772), of the Grange, in Hampshire; cr. Baron Henley, 1760, and Earl of Northington, 1764. He was Attorney-General, 1756–57; Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1757–61; Lord Chancellor, 1761–66; Lord President of the Council, 1766–67.

event: they cannot recall no minister; and when they do not, I think we shall not.

526. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1757.

It is well I have not obeyed you sooner, as I have often been going to do: what a heap of lies and contradictions I should have sent you! What joint ministries and sole ministries! What acceptances and resignations!—Viziers and bowstrings never succeeded one another quicker. Luckily I have stayed till we have got an administration that will last a little more than for ever. There is such content and harmony in it, that I don't know whether it is not as perfect as a plan which I formed for Charles Stanhope, after he had plagued me for two days for news. I told him the Duke of Newcastle was to take orders, and have the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester; that Mr. Pitt was to have a regiment, and go over to the Duke; and Mr. Fox to be Chamberlain to the Princess, in the room of Sir William Irby. Of all the new system I believe the happiest is Offley; though in great humility he says he only takes the Bedchamber to *accommodate*. Next to him in joy is the Earl of Holdernesse—who has not got the Garter. My Lord Waldegrave has; and the Garter by this time I believe has got fifty spots[1].

Had I written sooner, I should have told your Lordship, too, of the King of Prussia's triumphs—but they are addled too! I hoped to have had a few bricks from Prague to send you towards building Mr. Bentley's design, but I fear none will come from thence this summer. Thank God, the happiness of the menagerie does not depend upon administrations or victories! The happiest of beings in

Letter 526.—[1] He was apt to be dirty. *Walpole.*

this part of the world is my Lady Suffolk: I really think her acquisition and conclusion of her law-suit will lengthen her life ten years. You may be sure I am not so satisfied, as Lady Mary[2] has left Sudbroke.

Are your charming lawns burnt up like our humble hills? Is your sweet river as low as our deserted Thames?—I am wishing for a handful or two of those floods that drowned me last year all the way from Wentworth Castle. I beg my best compliments to my Lady, and my best wishes that every pheasant egg and peacock egg may produce as many colours as a harlequin-jacket.

I am hers and your Lordship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Tuesday, July 5th.

Luckily, my good Lord, my conscience had saved its distance. I had writ the above last night, when I received the honour of your kind letter this morning. You had, as I did not doubt, received accounts of all our strange histories. For that of the pretty Countess[3], I fear there is too much truth in all you have heard: but you don't seem to know that Lord Corydon and Captain Corydon[4] his brother have been most abominable. I don't care to write scandal; but when I see you, I will tell you how much the chits deserve to be whipped. Our favourite general[5] is at his camp: Lady Ailesbury don't go to him these three weeks. I expect the pleasure of seeing her and Miss Rich and Fred. Campbell[6] here soon for a few days. I don't wonder your lordship likes St. Philippe[7] better than

[2] Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, and sister to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

[3] The Countess of Coventry.

[4] Lord Bolingbroke and his brother, the Hon. Henry St. John.

[5] General Conway. *Walpole.*

[6] Brother of Lady Ailesbury.

[7] Vincent Baccalar y Sanna (d. 1726), Marquis of San Felipe, author of *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Philippe V.*

Torcy: except a few passages interesting to Englishmen, there cannot be a more dry narration than the latter. There is an addition of seven volumes of Universal History to Voltaire's Works, which I think will charm you: I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the Memoirs of Louis XIV *refondus* in it. He is a little tiresome with contradicting La Beaumelle[8] out of pique—and there is too much about Rousseau[9]. Between La Beaumelle and Voltaire, one remains with scarce a fixed idea about that time. I wish they would produce their authorities and proofs; without which, I am grown to believe neither. From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times.—He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last Rebellion—I don't believe a quarter of the number were: and he makes the first Lord Derwentwater[10]—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by the way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood.—However, he is in the right to expect to be believed: for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's Voyage, and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears of the whole empire of China!—I know nothing else new but a new

[8] Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle (1727–1773), historical writer. He had quarrelled with Voltaire.

[9] Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778). Walpole was keenly alive to Rousseau's absurdities, and in 1765 wrote a letter purporting to be addressed to Rousseau by Frederick the Great. The letter was copied and handed about at Paris, and finally (during Rousseau's residence in England) printed in the English papers, greatly to his disgust.

[10] By the 'first Lord' Derwentwater, Horace Walpole doubtless means the elder of the two brothers (the younger a titular earl only), executed at different times for participation in the rebellion of 1715, viz. James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded in 1716, and Charles Radcliffe, who, but for the attainder, would have been fifth Earl of Derwentwater, executed in 1746.

edition of Dr. Young's[11] Works. If your lordship thinks like me, who hold that even in his most frantic rhapsodies there are innumerable fine things, you will like to have this edition. Adieu, once more, my best Lord!

527. To John Chute.

Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1757.

It would be very easy to persuade me to a *Vine-voyage*[1], without your being so indebted to me, if it were possible. I shall represent my impediments, and then you shall judge. I say nothing of the heat of this magnificent weather, with the glass yesterday up to three-quarters of sultry. In all English probability this will not be a hinderance long: though at present, so far from travelling, I have made the tour of my own garden but once these three days before eight at night, and then I thought I should have died of it. For how many years we shall have to talk of the summer of fifty-seven!—But hear: my Lady Ailesbury and Miss Rich come hither on Thursday for two or three days: and on Monday next the Officina Arbuteana[2] opens in form. The Stationers' Company, that is, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson[3], &c. are summoned to meet here on Sunday night. And with what do you think we open? *Cedite, Romani Impressores*—with nothing under *Graii Carmina*[4]. I found him in town last week: he had brought his two Odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press. An edition of Hentznerus[5], with a version by Mr. Bentley and

[11] Edward Young (1683–1765), author of the *Night Thoughts*.

Letter 527.—[1] To visiting Mr. Chute at the Vine, his seat in Hampshire. *Walpole.*

[2] The Strawberry Hill Press.

[3] Jacob Tonson (d. 1767), who carried on the publishing business founded by his great-uncle.

[4] Gray's odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, published under the title *Odes by Mr. Gray*, in August, 1757.

[5] The *Journey into England* of Paul

a little preface of mine, were prepared, but are to wait.— Now, my dear Sir, can I stir?

Not ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail[6]!

Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me?

I tell you no news, for I know none, think of none. Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens are the freshest personages in my memory. Unless I was appointed printer of the *Gazette*, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it. Seriously, you must come to us, and shall be witness that the first holidays we have I will return with you. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

528. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1757.

You do me justice in believing that I enjoy your satisfaction; I do heartily, and particularly on this point: you know how often I have wished this reconciliation; indeed you have taken the handsomest manner of doing it, and it has been accepted handsomely. I always had a good opinion of your cousin[1], and I am not apt to throw about my esteem lightly. He has ever behaved with sense and dignity, and this country has more obligations to him than to most men living.

The weather has been so hot, and we are so unused to it, that nobody knew how to behave themselves. Even Mr. Bentley has done shivering.

Hentzner (1558-1623), of which two hundred and twenty copies were printed. It was published in October, 1757.

[6] Line 6 of *The Bard*, not yet published.

Letter 528. — [1] The Earl of Halifax.

Elzevirianum opens to-day; you shall taste its first-fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious—they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry with politics! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

529. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1757.

The Empress-Queen has not yet hurt my particular. I have received two letters from you within this week, dated July 2nd and 9th. Yet she has given up Ostend and Nieuport, and, I think, Furnes and Ypres, to the French. We are in a piteous way! The French have passed the Weser, and a courier yesterday brought word that the Duke was marching towards them, and within five miles: by this time his fate is decided. The world here is very inquisitive about a secret expedition[1] which we are fitting out: a letter is not a proper place to talk about it; I can only tell you, that be it whither it will, I do not augur well about it, and what makes me dislike it infinitely more, Mr. Conway is of it. I am more easy about your situation than I was, though I do not like the rejoicings ordered at Leghorn for the victory over the Prussians.

I have so little to say to-day that I should not have writ, but for one particular reason. The Mediterranean trade being arrived, I concluded the vases for Mr. Fox were on board it, but we cannot discover them. Unluckily it happens that the bill of lading is lost, and I have forgot in what ship they were embarked. In short, my dear Sir, I think that, as I always used to do, I gave the bill to your dearest brother, by which means it is lost. I imagine you have a duplicate; send it as soon as you can.

Letter 529.—[1] The expedition to Rochefort. *Walpole.*

I thank you for what you have given to Mr. Phelps [2]. I don't call this billet part of the acknowledgement. All the world is dispersed: the ministers are at their several villas; one day in a week serves to take care of a nation, let it be in as bad a plight as it will! We have a sort of Jewish superstition, and would not come to town on a Saturday or Sunday though it were to defend the Holy of Holies. Adieu!

530. To John Chute.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1757.

I love to communicate my satisfactions to you. You will imagine that I have got an original portrait of John Guttemburg, the first inventor of printing, or that I have met with a little *boke* called *Eneydos* [1], which I am going to translate and print. No, no; far beyond any such thing! Old Lady Sandwich [2] is dead at Paris, and my Lord [3] has given me her picture of Ninon l'Enclos; given it me in the prettiest manner in the world. I beg, if he should ever meddle in any election in Hampshire, that you will serve him to the last drop of your shrievalty. If you reckon by the thermometer of my natural impatience, the picture would be here already, but I fear I must wait some time for it.

The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a very few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce. Gray has

[2] Richard Phelps (d. 1771). He was a good linguist, and acted for some years as travelling tutor to young men of rank. He subsequently became Secretary of Legation at Turin (1761), and Provost Martial General of the Leeward Islands (1768).

Letter 530.—[1] *Eneydos*, translated by Caxton from a French romance, and printed by him at Westminster.

[2] Daughter of the famous Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. *Walpole.*

[3] The fourth Earl of Sandwich, her grandson.

been gone these five days. Mr. Bentley has been ill, and is not recovered of the sweating-sickness, which I now firmly believe was only a hot summer like this, and England, being so unused to it, took it for a malady. Mr. Müntz is not gone; but pray don't think that I keep him: he has absolutely done nothing this whole summer but paste two chimney-boards. In short, instead of Claude Lorrain, he is only one of Bromwich's [4] men.

You never saw anything so droll as Mrs. Clive's countenance, between the heat of the summer, the pride in her legacy [5], and the efforts to appear concerned.

We have given ourselves for a day or two the air of an earthquake, but it proved an explosion of the powder-mills at Epsom. I asked Louis if it had done any mischief: he said, 'Only blown a man's head off'; as if that was a part one could spare!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I hope Dr. Warburton will not think I encroach either upon his commentatorship or private pretensions, if I assume these lines of Pope, thus altered, for myself:

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd *printers* next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

531. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug 4, 1757.

Mr. Phelps (who is Mr. Phelps?) has brought me the packet safe, for which I thank you. I would fain have persuaded him to stay and dine, that I might ask him more questions about you. He told me how low your

[4] A painter and decorator. He is several times mentioned in Gray's letters.

[5] A legacy of £50 left her by John Robartes, the last Earl of Radnor of that family. *Walpole.*

ministerial spirits are: I fear the news that came last night will not exalt them. The French attacked the Duke for three days together, and at last defeated him. I find it is called at Kensington an encounter[1] of fourteen squadrons; but any defeat must be fatal to Hanover. I know few particulars, and those only by a messenger dispatched to me by Mr. Conway on the first tidings: the Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt, as they say all his small family are. In what a situation is our Prussian hero, surrounded by Austrians, French, and Muscovites—even impertinent Sweden is stealing in to pull a feather out of his tail! What devout plunderers will every little Catholic prince of the empire become! The only good I hope to extract out of this mischief is, that it will stifle our secret expedition, and preserve Mr. Conway from going on it. I have so ill an opinion of our secret expeditions, that I hope they will for ever remain so. What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days! Admiral Boscawen is disgraced. I know not the cause exactly, as ten miles out of town are a thousand out of politics. He is said to have refused to serve under Sir Edward Hawke in this armament. Shall I tell you what, more than distance, has thrown me out of attention to news? A little packet which I shall give your brother for you will explain it. In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter in the house, and a printer—not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy himself. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honourable opening of my press—two amazing Odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are

Letter 531.—[1] The battle of Hastenbeck. *Walpole.*—Near Hameln, where, on July 26, 1757, the Duke of Cumberland was defeated by the French under D'Estrées.

Pindaric, they are sublime! consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly, by the confinement of the measure and the nature of prophetic vision, is mysterious. I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explained, don't deserve to be. I shall venture to place some in Dr. Cocchi's copy, who need not be supposed to understand Greek and English together, though he is so much master of both separately. To divert you in the meantime, I send you the following copy of a letter written by my printer[2] to a friend in Ireland. I should tell you that he has the most sensible look in the world; Garrick said he would give any money for four actors with such eyes—they are more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own; but whatever his eyes are, his head is Irish. Looking for something I wanted in a drawer, I perceived a parcel of strange romantic words in a large hand beginning a letter; he saw me see it, yet left it, which convinces me it was left on purpose: it is the grossest flattery to me, couched in most ridiculous scraps of poetry, which he has retained from things he has printed; but it will best describe itself:—

Sir,

I date this from shady bowers, nodding groves, and amaranthine shades—close by old Father Thames's silver side—fair Twickenham's luxurious shades—Richmond's near neighbour, where great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity—in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman.—This gentleman is the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious, and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences; amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing-house at this his country seat, and has done me the favour to make me sole manager and operator

[2] William Robinson, first printer to the press at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle.
from a mezzotint after F. Cotes.

532. To Charles Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter.

Good Dean, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

I cannot send you *our Odes*[1] by the post, they are too large: I shall leave two copies in Hill Street to be sent to Hagley; I must beg you to desire my Lord[2] to accept one; and if he likes the type and paper, I should hope that the next life he writes of Henry the Second (the present being I know engaged) he would let me print it. I am much obliged to Cambridge for the kind reflections it made you make on my subject; as I have had the pleasure of being with you at Hagley, I had rather owe them to that place, which I am sure must raise more agreeable accompaniments than any other. Excuse my haste, I write in all the hurry of a *gros marchand.*

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

533. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

I shall to-morrow deliver to your agentess, Mrs. Moreland,—something[1]—to send you.

The Duke is beaten by the French; he and his family are safe; I know no more particulars—if I did, I should say, as I have just said to Mr. Chute, I am too busy about *something* to have time to write them. Adieu!

Letter 532.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] See letter to Chute of July 12, 1757.

[2] Lord Lyttelton, brother of the Dean.

Letter 533.—[1] Gray's *Odes*, printed at Strawberry Hill.

534. To Lord George Sackville[1].

Arlington Street, Aug. 6, 1757.

I am perhaps doing a very impertinent thing, and very *malapropos* giving myself an air of consequence; but it is of consequence to me not to forfeit your good opinion very innocently. I came to town last night, where I have not been two days together these three weeks or more. The bookseller, who printed my simple Chinese letter[2], told me with a very significant look that he heard I had writ something else since, with which it seems I had not trusted him.

This was a letter from the Elysian fields. It struck me that the Speaker had a few days ago with more earnestness than I then minded, pressed me to tell him who did write it. I told him very honestly that I neither knew nor had ever inquired.

I read it when it came out, and did not admire it enough even to inquire. Since I came home I have sent for it and read it, and that makes me now trouble your Lordship. I would flatter myself even as an author that it is not like me. In the impertinence to some for whom I have the greatest regard I am sure it is most unlike me. I can guess no reason for its being imputed to me but its being a letter like the Chinese one.

My dear Lord (I hope I may say so), I am not apt to be serious; I am on this head, and very much hurt. I never thought any kind of my writing worth preserving. I should beg this letter may be, that if the most distant day could bring out the least trace of that Elysian letter being mine, my honour, which I most seriously give you that I know

Letter 534.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Hist. MSS. Comm.* 9th Report, Appendix, p. 9.

[1] Afterwards Viscount Sackville.

[2] The *Letter from Xo Ho*, published in the preceding May.

not the least tittle relating to it, and my own hand and name may rise in judgement against me. When I have said this, I hope you will not tell how much I am punished for my writing follies, and that I, who care not a great deal for what is said of me that is true, am so liable to be wounded by lies.

535. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 14, 1757.

You are too kind to me, and, if it were possible, would make me feel still more for your approaching departure[1]. I can only thank you ten thousand times; for I must not expatiate, both from the nature of the subject, and from the uncertainty of this letter reaching you. I was told yesterday, that you had hanged a French spy in the Isle of Wight; I don't mean you, but your government. Though I wish no life taken away, it was some satisfaction to think that the French were at this hour wanting information.

Mr. Fox breakfasted here t'other day. He confirmed what you tell me of Lord Frederick Cavendish's account: it is universally said that the Duke[2] failed merely by inferiority, the French soldiers behaving in general most scandalously. They had fourscore pieces of cannon, but very ill-served. Marshal D'Estrées[3] was recalled before the battle, but did not know it. He is said to have made some great mistakes in the action. I cannot speak to the truth of it, but the French are reported to have demanded two millions sterling of Hanover.

My whole letter will consist of hearsays; for, even at so little distance from town, one gets no better news than

Letter 535.—[1] On the expedition to Rochfort. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke of Cumberland in the affair at Hastenbeck. *Walpole.*

[3] Louis Charles César le Tellier (1697-1771), Marquis (afterwards Duc) d'Estrées, Maréchal de France. His recall was due to court intrigues.

hawkers and pedlars retail about the country. From such I heard that George Haldane [4] is made governor of Jamaica, and that a Mr. Campbell, whose father lives in Sweden, is going thither to make an alliance with that country, and hire twelve thousand men. If one of my acquaintance, as an antiquary, were alive, Sir Anthony Shirley [5], I suppose we should send him to Persia again for troops; I fear we shall get none nearer!

Adieu! my dearest Harry! Next to wishing your expedition still-born, my most constant thought is, how to be of any service to poor Lady Ailesbury, whose reasonable concern makes even that of the strongest friendship seem trifling.

Yours most entirely,
Hor. Walpole.

536. To Lord Lyttelton.

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1757.

It is a satisfaction one can't often receive, to show a thing of great merit to a man of great taste. Your Lordship's approbation is conclusive, and it stamps a disgrace on the age, who have not given themselves the trouble to see any beauties in these *Odes* of Mr. Gray. They have cast their eyes over them, found them obscure, and looked no farther, yet perhaps no composition ever had more sublime beauties than are in each. I agree with your Lordship in preferring

[4] Brigadier-General Haldane.

[5] Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley were three brothers, all great travellers, and all distinguished by extraordinary adventures in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. *Walpole.* —Much confusion has ensued in their history from their adventures being confounded together. Lord Orford, it should seem, had intended to clear up these mistakes, as among his papers are many notes on their subject, and references to all the books which mention any part of their history. *Berry.*

Letter 536.—Collated with original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

the last[1] upon the whole; the three first stanzas and half, down to *agonizing King*, are in my opinion equal to anything in any language I understand. Yet the three last of the first Ode[2] please me very near as much. The description of Shakespear is worthy Shakespear: the account of Milton's blindness, though perhaps not strictly defensible, is very majestic. The character of Dryden's poetry is as animated as what it paints. I can even like the epithet *Orient*; as the east is the empire of fancy and poesy, I would allow its livery to be erected into a colour. I think *blue-eyed Pleasures* as allowable: when Homer gave eyes of what hue he pleased to his Queen-Goddesses, sure Mr. Gray may tinge those of their handmaids.

In answer to your Lordship's objection to *many-twinkling*, in that beautiful epode, I will quote authority to which you will yield. As Greek as the expression is, it struck Mrs. Garrick, and she says, on that whole picture, that Mr. Gray is the only poet who ever understood dancing.

These faults I think I can defend, and can excuse others; even the general obscurity of the latter, for I do not see it in the first; the subject of it has been taken for music,—it is the Power and Progress of Harmonious Poetry. I think his objection to prefixing a title to it was wrong—that Mr. Cooke[3] published an ode with such a title. If the *Louis the Great*[4], whom Voltaire has discovered in Hungary, had not disappeared from history of himself, would not Louis Quatorze have annihilated him? I was aware that the second would at first have darknesses, and prevailed for the insertion of what notes there are, and would have had more. Mr. Gray said, whatever wanted explanation did not deserve it, but that sentence was never so far from

[1] *The Bard.*
[2] *The Progress of Poesy.*
[3] Thomas Cooke (1703–1756), miscellaneous writer and translator of Hesiod.
[4] Louis the Great, King of Hungary (1342–1392).

being an axiom as in the present case. Not to mention how he had shackled himself with strophe, antistrophe, and epode (yet acquitting himself nobly), the nature of prophecy forbade his naming his kings. To me they are apparent enough—yet I am far from thinking either piece perfect, though with what faults they have, I hold them in the first rank of genius and poetry. The second strophe of the first Ode is inexcusable, nor do I wonder your Lordship blames it; even when one does understand it, perhaps the last line is too turgid. I am not fond of the antistrophe that follows. In the second Ode he made some corrections for the worse. *Brave* Urion was originally *stern*; *brave* is insipid and commonplace. In the third antistrophe, *leave me unblessed, unpitied*, stood at first, *leave your despairing Caradoc*. But the capital faults in my opinion are these—what punishment was it to Edward I to hear that his grandson would conquer France? or is so common an event as Edward III being deserted on his death-bed worthy of being made part of a curse that was to avenge a nation? I can't cast my eye here, without crying out on those beautiful lines that follow, *Fair smiles the morn!* Though the images are extremely complicated, what painting in the whirlwind, likened to a lion lying in ambush for his evening prey, *in grim repose*. Thirst and hunger mocking Richard II appear to me too ludicrously like the devils in *The Tempest*, that whisk away the banquet from the shipwrecked Dukes. From thence to the conclusion of Queen Elizabeth's portrait, which he has faithfully copied from Speed[5], in the passage where she mumbled the Polish Ambassador[6], I admire. I can even allow that image of Rapture hovering like an ancient

[5] John Speed (d. 1629), author of a *History of Great Britaine*.

[6] 'Speed relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says: "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."' (Gray's note.)

grotesque, though it strictly has little meaning:—but there I take my leave—the last stanza has no beauties for me. I even think its obscurity fortunate, for the allusions to Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, are not only weak, but the two last returning again, after appearing so gloriously in the first Ode, and with so much fainter colours, enervate the whole conclusion.

Your Lordship sees that I am no enthusiast to Mr. Gray: his great lustre hath not dazzled me, as his obscurity seems to have blinded his co-temporaries. Indeed, I do not think that they ever admired him, except in his Churchyard, though the Eton Ode was far its superior, and is certainly not obscure. The Eton Ode is perfect: these of more masterly execution have defects, yet not to admire them is total want of taste. I have an aversion to tame poetry; at best, perhaps, the art is the sublimest of the *difficiles nugae*; to measure or rhyme prose is trifling without being difficult.

I am sensible that, encouraged by your Lordship's criticism, I have indulged myself in it too much, and I would as willingly keep silence on the melancholy situation of our country, sunk—whither! But there is to me a private part of it, now become a public one, and one that should, and I will trust in God, may yet be reserved for the public in a happier light, on whom I cannot keep silence,—dear Mr. Conway. Your Lordship asks my opinion—alas! my Lord, you have spoken my opinion—is France so vulnerable? Can we afford to risk our best officers, our best ships, our best soldiers? What if they perish? Is our danger so remote that we must send for it, mark its route with our own best blood? I tremble as an Englishman, and more as a friend—what must poor Lady Aylesbury do, who sees the most reasonable system of happiness, and the most perfect in every shape that ever existed, exposed to such

imminent peril? My heart bleeds for her. Adieu! my Lord, this is a theme that cuts short all other reflections! My best compliments to my Lady and the Dean[7]; I grieve for the ill-health of the former.

There is a question I must still ask; how does King Henry[8]? I ask this as a reader, not as a printer; not as Elzevir Horace, as Mr. Conway calls me, but as

Your Lordship's admirer,
And obedient humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

537. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1757.

I DID not know that you expected the pleasure of seeing the Colonel so soon. It is plain that *I* did *not* solicit leave of absence for him; make him my many compliments. I should have been happy to have seen you and Mr. John, but must not regret it, as you was so agreeably prevented. You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's *Odes*—but you must remember that the age likes Akinside, and did like Thomson! Can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cambridge told me t'other night that my Lord Chesterfield had heard Stanley[1] read them as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my Lord's deafness. Cambridge said, 'Perhaps they are Stanley's; and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray.' I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his poetry not succeeding. My humble share as his printer has been more favourably received. We proceed soberly. I must give you some account of *les amusements des eaux de*

[7] The Dean of Exeter, Lord Lyttelton's brother.

[8] The History of King Henry II, on which Lyttelton was engaged.

LETTER 537.—[1] Hans Sloane Stanley.

Straberri. T'other day my Lady Rochford, Lady Townshend, Miss Bland[2], and the new Knight of the Garter[3] dined here, and were carried into the printing-office, and were to see the man print. There were some lines ready placed, which he took off; I gave them to my Lady Townshend; here they are—

The press speaks:

From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but *print* what you say;
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

They then asked, as I foresaw, to see the man compose; I gave him four lines out of *The Fair Penitent*, which he set, but while he went to place them in the press, I made them look at something else, without their observing, and in an instant he whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see *Were ye, ye fair*, he presented to my Lady Rochford the following lines:—

The press speaks:

In vain from your properest name you have flown,
And exchang'd lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be YOUNG[4].

You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded.

Poor Mr. Bentley has been at the extremity with a fever, and inflammation in his bowels; but is so well recovered that Mr. Müntz is gone to fetch him hither to-day.

I don't guess what sight I have to come in Hampshire, unless it is Abbotstone[5]. I am pretty sure I have none to

[2] Probably one of the daughters of Sir John Bland, fifth Baronet, of Kippax. The Miss Blands were co-heiresses of their brother, Sir Hungerford Bland, seventh Baronet.

[3] Lord Waldegrave. (See *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 20, 1897.)

[4] Lady Rochford was a Miss Young.

[5] Near Old Alresford; where there was formerly a religious house.

come at the Vine, where I have done advising, as I see Mr. Chute will never execute anything. The very altar-piece that I sent for to Italy is not placed yet. But when he could refrain from making the Gothic columbarium for his family, which I proposed, and Mr. Bentley had drawn so divinely, it is not probable he should do anything else. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

538. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1757.

Having intended a journey into Warwickshire to see Lady Hertford[1] while my Lord is in Ireland, and having accordingly ordered my letters thither, though without going, I did not receive yours of the 22nd till last week; and though you desired an immediate acknowledgement of it, I own I did defer till I could tell you that I had been at Linton[2], from whence I returned yesterday. I had long promised your brother a visit; the immediate cause was very melancholy, and I must pass over it rapidly—in short, I am going to place an urn in the church there to our dear Gal! If I could have divested myself of that thought, I should have passed my time very happily; the house is fine, and stands like the citadel of Kent; the whole county is its garden. So rich a prospect scarce wants my Thames. Mr. and Mrs. Foote[3] are settled there, two of the most agreeable and sensible people I ever met. Their eldest boy has the finest countenance in the world; your nephew

Letter 538.—[1] Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of Hertford, first cousin of Mr. W. *Walpole.*

[2] In Kent, seat of Edward Louisa Mann, brother of Sir Horace. *Walpole.*—Four miles from Maidstone.

[3] Sister of Sir Horace. *Walpole.*

Hory[4] was there too, and has a sweetness of temper as if begot between your brother and you, and not between him and his Tisiphone. Your eldest brother has not only established your sister Foote there, which looks well, but dropped very agreeable hints about Hory.

Your letter has confirmed my satisfaction about your situation, about which indeed I am easy. I am persuaded you will remain at Florence as long as King *George* has any minister there. I do not imagine that a recall obliges you to return home; whether you could get your appointments continued is very different. It is certainly far from unprecedented: nay, more than one have received them at home—but that is a favour far beyond my reach to obtain. Should there be occasion, you must try all your friends, and all that have professed themselves so; young Mr. Pelham[5] might do something. In the meantime, neglect none of the ministers. If you could wind into a correspondence with Colonel Yorke[6] at the Hague, he may be of great service to you. That family is very powerful: the eldest brother, Lord Royston, is historically curious and political: if, without its appearing too forced, you could at any time send him uncommon letters, papers, manifestoes, and things of that sort, it might do you good service. My dear child, I can give you better advice than assistance; I believe I have told you before, that I should rather hurt you than serve you by acting openly for you.

I told you in my last Admiral Boscawen's affair too strongly: he is not disgraced nor dismissed, but seems to reckon himself both. The story is far from exactly known: what I can sift out is, that he indulged himself in a great

[4] Horace, only son of Galfridus Mann. *Walpole.*

[5] Thomas, afterwards Lord Pelham. *Walpole.*

[6] Colonel Hon. Joseph Yorke (1724–1792), third son of first Earl of Hardwicke; K.B. 1761; cr. Baron Dover, 1788. He served in the army; was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy; Minister at the Hague, 1751–61; Ambassador at the Hague, 1761–80.

latitude in a most profitable station, was recalled against his inclination for the present expedition; not being easily met, a second commander was appointed, when it seems he did not much care to serve under a first. He does not serve at all, and his Boscawenhood is much more Boscawened; that is, surly in the deepest shade. The wind has blown so constantly west for near three weeks, that we have not only received no mails from the continent, but the transports have been detained in the Downs, and the secret expedition has remained at anchor. I have prayed it might continue, but the wind has got to the east to-day. Having never been prejudiced in favour of this exploit, what must I think of it when the French have had such long notice?

We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of twenty-one thousand French, gives over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. Admiral Holbourn[7] writes, that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean.

Between disgraces and an inflammation in my eyes, it is time to conclude my letter. My eyes I have certainly weakened with using them too much at night. I went the other day to Scarlet's to buy green spectacles; he was mighty assiduous to give me a pair that would not tumble my hair. 'Lord! Sir,' said I, 'when one is come to wear spectacles, what signifies how one looks?'

I hope soon to add another volume to your packet from my press. I shall now only print for presents; or, to talk in a higher style, I shall only give my Louvre editions to privy councillors and foreign ministers. Apropos! there is a book of this sacred sort which I wish I could by your means procure: it is the account, with plates, of what has

[7] Admiral Francis Holburne (1704–1771).

been found at Herculaneum. You may promise the King of Naples in return all my editions. Adieu! my dear Sir.

Sept. 4.

I had sealed this up, and was just sending it to London, when I received yours of the 13th of this month. I am charmed with the success of your campaign at Leghorn—a few such generals or ministers would give a little revulsion to our affairs.

You frighten me with telling me of innumerable copies taken of my inscription on the Pope's picture: some of our bear-leaders will pick it up, send it over, and I shall have the horror of seeing it in a magazine. Though I had no scruple of sending the good old man a cordial, I should hate to have it published at the tail of a newspaper, like a testimonial from one of Dr. Rock's[8] patients! You talk of the Pope's enemies; who are they? I thought at most he could have none but at our bonfires on the fifth of November.

539. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1757.

How I laughed at your picture of the shrine of Notre Dame de Straberri, and of the vows hung up there! I little thought that when I converted my castle into a printing-office, the next transformation would be into an hospital for the *filles repenties* from Mrs. Naylor's and Lady Fitzroy's. You will treat the enclosed I trust with a little more respect, not for the sake of the hero, but of the poet. The poet[1], poor soul, has had a relapse, but is again recovering.

As I know no earthly history, you must accept the sonnet

[8] Richard Rock, a quack doctor.

Letter 539.—[1] Probably Bentley, who had been ill. See letter to Montagu, Aug. 25, 1757.

as if it was written into my letter; and therefore, supposing this the end of the third page, I bid you good night.

Yours ever,
H. W.

540. To Lady Hervey.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1757.

After all the trouble your Ladyship has been so good as to take voluntarily, you will think it a little hard that I should presume to give you more; but it is a cause, Madam, in which I know you feel, and I can suggest new motives to your Ladyship's zeal. In short, Madam, I am on the crisis of losing Mademoiselle de l'Enclos's picture, or of getting both that and her letters to Lady Sandwich. I enclose Lord Sandwich's letter to me, which will explain the whole. Madame Greffini, I suppose, is Madame Graphigny[1]; whom some of your Ladyship's friends, if not yourself, must know; and she might be of use, if she could be trusted not to detain so tempting a treasure as the letters. From the effects being sealed up, I have still hopes; greater, from the goodness your Ladyship had in writing before. Don't wonder, Madam, at my eagerness: besides a good quantity of natural impatience, I am now interested as an editor and printer. Think what pride it would give me to print original letters of Ninon at Strawberry Hill! If your Ladyship knows any farther means of serving me, *of serving yourself, good Mr. Welldone*, as the widow Lackit says in *Oroonoko*, I need not doubt your employing them. Your Ladyship and I are of a religion, with regard to certain saints, that inspires more zeal than such trifling temptations as persecutions and faggots infuse into bigots of other sects. I think a cause like ours might communicate ardour even to

Letter 540.—[1] Françoise d'Issembourg d'Apponcourt, Dame de Graffigny (1694–1758), novelist.

my Lady Stafford[2]. If she will assist in recovering *Notre Dame des Amours*, I will add St. Raoul[3] to my calendar. I am hers and your Ladyship's most obedient and faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

541. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 29, 1757.

FOR how many years have I been telling you that your country was mad, that your country was undone? It does not grow wiser; it does not grow more prosperous! You can scarce have recovered your astonishment at the suspension of arms concluded near Stade[1]. How do you behave on these lamentable occasions? Oh! believe me, it is comfortable to have an island to hide one's head in! You will be more surprised when you hear that it is totally disavowed here. The clamour is going to be extreme—no wonder, when Kensington is the head quarters of murmur. The Commander-in-Chief[2] is recalled—the *late* Elector[3] is out-

[2] Her maiden name was Cantillon. At the death of her husband, the title went to Lord Stafford's uncle, who dying without children, the earldom became extinct, but the barony fell into abeyance among the three sisters of the nephew, Lady Anastasia and Lady Anne Stafford, and Lady Mary Chabot: the two first were nuns.—Lady Mary married the father of the present Duc de Chabot. One of the nuns is still living. At her death the barony devolves to Sir William Jerningham of Cossey, in Norfolk, through his mother, who was niece to the late Earl of Stafford. *Walpole.*

[3] A favourite cat of Lady Stafford's. *Berry.*

LETTER 541.—[1] The Convention of Kloster-Zeven, signed on Sept. 8, 1757. The Duke of Cumberland had fallen back before Marshal Richelieu to within a short distance of Stade. Here, finding himself so closely pressed that his communications with the Elbe were endangered, he was forced to accept the following terms:—'that the auxiliary troops, as of Hesse and Brunswick, should be sent home, and that the Hanoverians under Cumberland should pass the Elbe, and be dispersed into different quarters of cantonments, leaving only a garrison at Stade.' (Stanhope, *History of England*, ed. 1853, vol. iv. p. 117.) The Electorate of Hanover was thus left at the mercy of the French.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

[3] George II; he had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him. *Walpole.*

rageous. On such an occasion you may imagine that every old store of malice and hatred is ransacked: but you would not think that the *general* is now accused of cowardice! As improbable as that is, I do not know whether it may not grow your duty as a minister to believe it—and if it does, you must be sure *not* to believe, that with all this tempest the suspension was dictated from hence. Be that as it may, the *general* is to be the sacrifice. The difficulty will be extreme with regard to the Hessians, for they are in English pay. The King of Prussia will be another victim: he says we have undone him, without mending our own situation. He expected to beat the Prince de Soubise by surprise, but he, like the Austrians, declined a battle, and now will be reinforced by Richelieu's army, who is doomed to be a hero by our absurdities. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes, can the King of Prussia not sink under all these?

This suspension has made our secret expedition forgot by all but us who feel for particulars. It is the fashion now to believe that it is not against the coast of France; I wish I *could* believe so!

As if all these disgraces were foreign objects not worth attending to, we have a civil war at home; literally so in many counties. The wise Lords, to defeat it, have made the Militia Bill so preposterous that it has raised a rebellion. George Townshend, the promoter of it for popularity, sees it not only most unpopular in his own county, but his father, my Lord Townshend[4], who is not the least mad of your countrymen, attended by a parson, a barber, and his own servants, and in his own long hair, which he has let grow, raised a mob against the execution of the bill, and has written a paper against it, which he has pasted up on the door of four churches near him. It is a good name that

[4] Charles, third Viscount Townshend, son of the Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

a Dr. Stevens has given to our present situation (for one cannot call it a government), a mobocracy.

I come to your letters, which are much more agreeable subjects. I think I must not wish you joy of the termination of the Lorrain reign[5], you have lately taken to them, but I congratulate the Tuscans. Thank you extremely for the trouble you have given yourself in translating my inscription, and for the Pope's letter: I am charmed with his beautiful humility, and his delightful way of expressing it. For his ignorance about my father[6], I impute it to some failure of his memory. I should like to tell him that were my father still minister, I trust we should not make the figure we do—at least he and England fell together! If it is ignorance, Mr. Chute says it is a confirmation of the Pope's deserving the inscription, as he troubles his head so little about disturbing the peace of others. But our enemies need not disturb us—we do their business ourselves. I have one, and that not a little comfort, in my politics; this suspension will at least prevent further hostilities between us and the Empress-Queen, and that secures my dear you.

When I have done thinking of politics, and that is always in an instant, unless such as you and Mr. Conway are involved in them, I am far from passing my time disagreeably. My mind is of no gloomy turn, and I have a thousand ways of amusing myself. Indeed of late I have been terribly frightened lest I must give them all up; my fears have gone to extravagance; do not wonder; my life is not quite irrational, and I tremble to think that I was growing fit only to consort with dowagers. What an exchange, books and drawings, and everything of that sort, for cards! In short, for ten weeks I have had such pains in my eyes

[5] Count Richcourt was succeeded as regent by the Marquis Botta, an Italian.

[6] In a letter alluding to the inscription written by Walpole, the Pope stated that Sir Robert Walpole was still in office.

with the least application, that I thought I should lose them, at least, that they would be useless. I was told that with reading and writing at night I had strained and relaxed the nerves. However, I am convinced that though this is partly the case, the immediate uneasiness came from a cold, which I caught in the hot weather by giving myself Florentine airs, by lying with my windows open, and by lying on the ground without my waistcoat. After trying forty *you should do this's*, Mr. Chute has cured me with a very simple medicine; I will tell it you, that you may talk to Dr. Cocchi and about my eyes too. It is to bathe and rub the outsides all round, especially on the temples, with half a teaspoonful of white spirit of lavender (not lavender-water) and half of Hungary-water. I do this night and morning, and sometimes in the day: in ten days it has taken off all the uneasiness; I can now read in a chaise, which I had totally lost, and for five or six hours by candle-light, without spectacles or candle-screen. In short, the difference is incredible. Observe that they watered but little, and were less inflamed; only a few veins appeared red, whereas my eyes were remarkably clear. I do not know whether this would do with any humour, but that I never had. It is certain that a young man who for above twelve years had studied the law by being read to, from vast relaxation of the nerves, totally recovered the use of his eyes. I should think I tired you with this detail, if I was not sure that you cannot be tired with learning anything for the good of others. As the medicine is so hot, it must not be let *into* the eyes, nor I should think be continued too long.

I approve much your letter to Mr. Fox; I will give it to him at his return, but at present he is on a tour. How scrupulous you are in giving yourself the trouble to send me a copy—was that needful? or are not you always full of attentions that speak kindness? Your brother will take

care to procure the vases when they come, and is inquiring for the liqueurs.

I am putting up a stone in St. Ann's[7] Churchyard for your old friend King Theodore: in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish Dec. 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,
In consequence of which he registered
His Kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this lesson learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me, as it was of the Duke of Buckingham[8] entombing Dryden,

And help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

I would have served him, if a king, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man. Our papers say, that we are

[7] St. Anne's Church, Soho.

[8] This is a slip of the pen on Horace Walpole's part. In his MS. notes on Pope's Works (printed in 1876 from the copy in possession of Sir William Fraser) he remarks that it was Lord Halifax who subscribed to Dryden's monument
'and help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.'

bustling about Corsica; I wish if we throw away our own liberty, that we may at least help others to theirs! Adieu! my dear Sir.

542. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

My dearest Harry, Arlington Street, Saturday [1].

But one person in the world may pretend to be as much overjoyed as I am at your return [2]. I came hither to-day on purpose to learn about you; but how can you ask me such a question as do I think you are come too safe? Is this a time of day to question your spirit? I know but two things on earth I esteem more, your goodness and your sense. *You* cannot come into dispute; but by what I have picked up at my Lady T.'s [3], I find there is a scheme of distinguishing between the land and the sea. The K.[4] has been told, that Sir E. H.[5] had written, that, after waiting two days, he asked the officers how long it would be before they took a resolution; that if they would not attack, he should carry the fleet home. I should not entirely credit this report, if Mr. Keith[6], who was present, had not dropped, in a dry way, that he supposed some distinction would be shown to Captain Howe and Captain

Letter 542.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] The date, Oct. 8, 1757, has been added in another handwriting.

[2] From Rochefort. Its capture was the object of the expedition. The attempt was abandoned chiefly through the irresolution of Sir John Mordaunt, the general in command. The expedition returned without having accomplished anything, except the destruction of the fortifications on the Isle of Aix. Conway's undoubted personal courage saved him from censure at the subsequent inquiry into the failure of the expedition, but he incurred the anger of the King and Pitt. The former struck him off the staff, and the latter afterwards showed a decided disinclination to employ him.

[3] Lady Townshend.

[4] The King.

[5] Sir Edward Hawke, who commanded the fleet.

[6] Robert Murray Keith (1730–1795), afterwards K.B.; entered the army; served with distinction in the Seven Years' War; was Minister at Dresden, 1769; at Copenhagen, 1771, where his spirited action on behalf of the Queen (sister of George III) procured him the Order of the Bath; at Vienna, 1772–92.

Greaves[7]. What confirms my opinion is, that I have never received the letter you say you sent me by the last express. I suppose it is detained, till proper emissaries have made proper impressions; but we will not let it pass so. If you had not bid me, I should have given you this intelligence, for your character is too sacred to be trifled with; and as you are invulnerable by any slanders, it is proper you should know immediately even what may be meditated.

The D.[8] is expected every hour. As he *must* not defend himself, his case will be harder than yours.

I was to go to Bath on Monday, but will certainly not go without seeing you: let me know your motions, and I will meet you anywhere. As I know your scrupulousness about saying anything I say to you privately, I think it necessary to tell you, that I don't mean to preclude you from communicating any part of this letter to those with whom it may be proper for you to consult; only don't let more weight be given to my intelligence than it deserves. I have told you exactly where and what I heard. It may not prove so, but there is no harm in being prepared.

Yours most faithfully,

H. W.

543. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 11, 1757.

You will have seen or heard that the fleet is returned[1]. They have brought home nothing but one little island[2], which is a great deal more than I expected, having neither thought so despicably of France, or so considerably of ourselves, as to believe they were exposed to much damage. My joy for Mr. Conway's return is not at all lessened by the clamour on this disappointment. Had he been chief com-

[7] Captain (afterwards Admiral) Samuel Graves (1713–1787).

[8] The Duke of Cumberland.

Letter 543.—[1] From the expedition against Rochfort. *Walpole.*

[2] The Isle of Aix.

mander, I should be very sure the nothing he had done was all he could do. As he was under orders, I wait with patience to hear his general's vindication.

I hope the Yorkists have not knocked out your brains for living in a county. In my neighbourhood they have insulted the Parliament *in person*[3]. He called in the Blues, instead of piquing himself on dying in his curule chair in the stable-yard at Ember Court[4].—So entirely have we lost our spirit, that the standing army is forced to defend us against the people, when we endeavour to give them a militia[5], to save them from a standing army; and that the representative of the Parliament had rather owe his life to the Guards than die in the cause of a militia. Sure Lenthall's ghost will come and pull him by the nose!

I hope you begin to cast a southward look, and that my Lady's chickens and ducklings are old enough to go to a day-school, and will not want her any longer.

My Lord Townshend and George[6] are engaged in a paper-war against one another, about the militia. The bill, the suspension at Stade, and the late expedition, which has cost millions, will find us in amusements this winter. It is lucky, for I despair of the Opera. The Mattei has sent certificates to prove that she is stopped by an inundation. The certificates I suppose can swim. Adieu, my dear Lord!

My Lady's and your most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[3] Mr. Onslow, the Speaker. *Walpole.*

[4] Mr. Onslow's seat near Thames Ditton.

[5] The riots which followed the passing of the Militia Bill were partly due to misrepresentations of its scope on the part of the Tory gentry, and partly to the oppressive provisions of the bill itself.

[6] The present Marquis Townshend. *Walpole.*

544. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 12, 1757.

I shall write you but a short letter for more reasons than one—there are you blushing again for your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often shamefully—this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newspaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was designed against Rochfort, would you have believed me? Yet we are strangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour against Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water mark: but as I was the dupe of clamour last year against one of the bravest of men[1], I shall suspend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be somehow or other: it seems to me that we do nothing but expose ourselves in summer, in order to furnish inquiries for the winter; and then those inquiries expose us again. My great satisfaction is, that Mr. Conway is not only returned safe, but that all the world agrees that it is not his fault that he is so. He is still at Portsmouth to see the troops disembark. Hawke[2] is come and was graciously received—poor Sir John Mordaunt, who was sent for, was received as ill. I tell you no particulars of their campaign, for I know it slightly, and will wait till I know it exactly.

The Duke came last night. You will not hear much more of his affair: he will not do himself justice, and it proves too gross, to be possible to do him injustice.

I think all the comfort we extract from a thousand bitter herbs, is, that the Russians are gone back[3], gone precipitately, and as yet we don't know why.

Letter 544.—[1] Admiral Byng. *Walpole.*

[2] He commanded the fleet on the Rochefort expedition.

[3] The Russians had so completely laid waste the territory which they had invaded, that their only chance of subsistence lay in a retreat.

I have received yours of the 17th of last month, and you may quiet your fears about posts: we have received all that each has written, except my last, which could not be arrived at Florence when yours came away. Mine was of the 29th of last month, and had many particulars; I hope not too many to stop its journey!

To add to the ill-humour, our papers are filled with the new loss of Fort William Henry[4], which covered New York. That opulent and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done—nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you, I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces. Adieu!

545. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1757.

If you have received mine of Tuesday, which I directed to Portsmouth, you will perceive how much I agree with you. I am charmed with your sensible modesty. When I talked to you of defence, it was from concluding that you had all agreed that the attempt was impracticable, nay, impossible; and from thence I judged that the ministry intended to cast the blame of a wild project upon the officers. That they may be a little willing to do that, I still think—but I have the joy to find that it cannot be thrown on you. As your friend, and fearing, if I talked for you first, it would look like doubt of your behaviour, at least that you had bid me defend you at the expense of your friends, I said not a word, trusting that your innocence would break out and make its way. I have the satisfaction to find it has already done so. It comes from all quarters but your own, which makes it more honourable. My Lady

[4] At the southern end of Lake George. It was taken by Montcalm on August 9, 1757, after a siege of six days.

Suffolk told me last night, that she heard all the *seamen* said they wished the general had been as ready as Mr. Conway. But this is not all: I left a positive commission in town to have the truth of the general report sent me without the least disguise; in consequence of which I am solemnly assured that your name is never mentioned but with honour; that all the violence, and that extreme, is against Sir John Mordaunt and Mr. Cornwallis. I am particularly sorry for the latter, as I firmly believe him as brave as possible.

This situation of things makes me advise, what I know and find I need not advise, your saying as little as possible in your own defence, nay, as much as you can with any decency for the others. I am neither acquainted with, nor care a straw about, Sir John Mordaunt; but as it is known that you differed with him, it will do you the greatest honour to vindicate him, instead of disculpating yourself. My most earnest desire always is, to have your character continue as amiable and respectable as possible. There is no doubt but the whole will come out, and therefore your justification not coming from yourself will set it in a ten times better light. I shall go to town to-day to meet your brother[1]; and as I know his affection for you will make him warm in clearing you, I shall endeavour to restrain that ardour, of which you know I have enough on the least glimmering of a necessity: but I am sure you will agree with me, that, on the representation I have here made to you, it is not proper for your friends to appear solicitous about you.

The City talk very treason, and, connecting the suspension at Stade with this disappointment, cry out that the general had positive orders to do nothing, in order to obtain gentler treatment of Hanover. They intend in a violent manner to demand redress, and are too enraged to let any part of this affair remain a mystery.

LETTER 545.—[1] The Earl of Hertford.

I think, by your directions, this will reach you before you leave Bevismount[2]: I would gladly meet you at Park Place, if I was not sure of seeing you in town a day or two afterwards at farthest; which I will certainly do, if you let me know. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

546. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1757.

You never begged news at a worse time, for though I should tell you much, I have neither time nor inclination. This sounds brusque, but I will explain it. With regard to the expedition, I am so far easy about Mr. C.[1] that he will appear with great honour, but it is not pleasant to hear him complicated with others in the meantime. He cannot speak till forced. In short, there are twenty delicacies not for a letter. The big event is, the Duke's resignation. He is not so patient as Mr. C. under unmerited reproach, and has thrown up everything, Captain-General, regiment and all. You and I wish for a Fronde, but I don't expect one. At worst it will produce *Mémoires de la Fronde*. I rejoice that all your family is well, and beg my compliments to them. For this time you must excuse a very short letter; I am only in town for this evening to meet Mr. C., and I snatch a moment that you might not think me neglectful of you, which I certainly never will be. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

[2] General Mordaunt's seat near Portsmouth.
Letter 546.—[1] General Conway.

547. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1757.

It is impossible not to write to you upon the great event[1] that has happened, and yet it is difficult to know how to write to *you* upon it. Considering your situation, it is improper to make harsh comments: Europe, I suppose, will not be so delicate. Our ministers have kept the article out of our own papers; but they have as little power over foreign gazettes, as weight with foreign powers. In short, the Duke is arrived, was very ill received, and without that, would have done, what he did immediately, resign all his commissions. He does not, like his brother[2], go into opposition. He is even to make his usual appearances. He treated Munchausen[3], who had taken great liberties with his name, with proper severity—I measure my words extremely, not for my own sake, but yours.

General Mordaunt has demanded an inquiry. The form is not settled yet; nor can it be soon, as Sir Edward Hawke is gone upon a cruise with the fleet. I put a quick end to this letter; I have no more facts to tell you; reflections you

Letter 547.—[1] The Duke of Cumberland's resignation of the command of the army. *Walpole.*

[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[3] The Minister for Hanover. *Walpole.*—'The Duke sent for Munchausen, and said, "Mr. Privy Counsellor, I hear the King has sent for opinions of Hanoverian generals on my conduct; here are the opinions of the Hessian generals and of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle. As the King has ordered the former to be deposited among the archives of Hanover, I hope he will do me the justice to let these be registered with them. Take them and bring them back to me to-morrow." Munchausen returned with them the next day, and with a message from the King that his Majesty had been better informed, and thought better of his royal highness than he had done; and then Munchausen falling prostrate to kiss the lappet of his coat, the Duke with dignity and anger checked him, and said, "Mr. Privy Counsellor, confine yourself to that office; and take care what you say, even though the words you repeat should be my father's; I have all possible deference for him, but I know how to punish anybody else that presumes to speak improperly of me."' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. pp. 251–2.)

will make yourself. In the uncertainty of this reaching you, it is better to say no more. Adieu!

P.S. I wrote to you on the 13th last.

548. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1757.

I do not like to find that our correspondence is certainly deranged. I have received but one letter from you for a great while; it is of October 8th, and complaining on your side too. You say my last was of Sept. 3rd. Since that I wrote on the 29th, on the 13th, and 24th of last month. I have omitted a month, waiting to see if you got my letters, and to have something decisive to tell you. Neither has happened, and yet I know you will be unhappy not to hear from me, which makes me write now. Our Parliament was suddenly put off to the first of next month, on news that the King of Prussia had made a separate peace with France; as *the Speech* was prepared to ask money for him, it was necessary to set it to a new tune; but we have been agreeably surprised with his gaining a great victory over the Prince de Soubise[1]; but of this we have only the first imperfect account, the wind detaining his courier or aide-de-camp on the other side still. It is prodigious how we want all the good news we can amass together! Our fleet dispersed by a tempest[2] in America, where, into the bargain, we had done nothing, the uneasiness on the convention at Stade, which, by this time, I believe we have broken, and on the disappointment about Rochfort, added to the wretched

Letter 548.—[1] At Rosbach in Saxony, where, on Nov. 5, 1757, the King of Prussia totally defeated the allied French and Austrians under Soubise.

[2] On Sept. 25, 1757, when the fleet under Holburne, cruising off Louisbourg, encountered a storm, in which one ship was lost, and eleven were dismasted.

state of our internal affairs; all this has reduced us to a most contemptible figure. The people are dissatisfied, mutinous, and ripe for insurrections, which indeed have already appeared on the militia and on the dearness of corn, which is believed to be owing to much villainy in the dealers. But the other day I saw a strange sight, a man crying corn, 'Do you want any corn?' as they cry knives and scissors. To add to the confusion, the troubles in Ireland, which Mr. Conway had pacified, are broke out afresh, by the imprudence of the Duke of Bedford[3] and the ambition of the Primate[4]. The latter had offered himself to the former, who rejected him, meaning to balance the parties, but was insensibly hurried into Lord Kildare's[5], to please Mr. Fox. The Primate's faction have passed eleven resolutions on pensions and grievances, equal to any in 1641, and the Duke of Bedford's friends dared not say a word against them. The day before yesterday a messenger arrived from him for help; the council here will try to mollify; but Ireland is no tractable country. About what you will be more inquisitive, is the disappointment at Rochfort, and its consequences. Sir John Mordaunt demanded an inquiry which the City was going to demand. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave have held a public inquest, with the fairness of which people are satisfied; the report is not to be made to the King till to-morrow, for which I shall reserve my letter. You may easily imagine, that with all my satisfaction in Mr. Conway's behaviour, I am very unhappy about him: he is still more so; having guarded and gained the most perfect character in the world by the

[3] The Duke, who had begun his reign as Viceroy by declaring against granting pensions on the Irish establishment, was shortly afterwards persuaded to ask one for his sister-in-law, Lady Betty Waldegrave.

[4] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh. *Walpole.*

[5] Lady Kildare was sister of Lady Caroline Fox. *Walpole.*

severest attention to it, you may guess what he feels under anything that looks like a trial. You will see him more like himself, in a story his aide-de-camp, Captain Hamilton[6], tells of him. While they were on the isle of Aix, Mr. Conway was so careless and so fearless as to be trying a burning-glass on a bomb—yes, a bomb, the match of which had been cut short to prevent its being fired by any accidental sparks of tobacco. Hamilton snatched the glass out of Mr. Conway's hand before he had at all thought what he was about. I can tell you another story of him, that describes all his thought for others, while so indifferent about himself. Being with my Lady Ailesbury in his absence, I missed a favourite groom they used to have; she told me this story. The fellow refused to accompany Mr. Conway on the expedition, unless he would provide for his widow in case of accidents. Mr. C., who had just made his will and settled his affairs, replied coolly, 'I have provided for her.' The man, instead of being struck, had the command of himself to ask how? He was told, she would have two hundred pounds. Still uncharmed, he said it was too little! Mr. Conway replied he was sorry he was not content; he could not do more; but would only desire him to go to Portsmouth and see his horses embarked. He refused. If such goodness would make one adore human nature, such ingratitude would soon cure one!

Mr. Fox was going to write to you, but I took all the compliments upon myself, as I think it is better for you to be on easy than ceremonious terms. To promote this, I have established a correspondence between you; he will be glad if you will send him two chests of the best Florence wine every year. The perpetuity destroys all possibility of your making him presents of it. I have compounded for

[6] Afterwards Sir William Hamilton and Envoy to Naples: he was a younger son of Lord Archibald Hamilton. *Walpole.*

the vases, but he would not hear, nor must you think of giving him the wine, which you must transact with your brother and me. The chest of Florence which puzzled James and me so much, proves to be Lord Hertford's drams. We have got something else from Florence, not your brother James and I, but the public: here is arrived a Countess Rena, of whom my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, &c. I shall wonder if he deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife[7] in the world, and it seems to be some time since La Comtessa was so. Tell me more of her history: antique as she is, she is since my time. Alas! everything makes me think myself old since I have worn out my eyes, which, notwithstanding the cure I thought Mr. Chute had made upon them, are of very little use to me. You have no notion how it mortifies me: when I am wishing to withdraw more and more from a world of which I have had satiety, and which I suppose is as tired of me, how vexatious not to be able to indulge a happiness that depends only on oneself, and consequently the only happiness proper for people past their youth! I have often deluded you with promises of returning to Florence for pleasure, I now threaten you with it for your plague; for if I am to become a tiresome old fool, at least it shall not be in my own country. In the meantime, I must give you a commission for my press. I have printed one book (of which two copies are ready for you and Dr. Cocchi), and I have written another: it is a *Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England.* Richard I it seems was, or had a mind to pass for, a Provençal poet; nay, some of those compositions are extant, and you must procure them for me: Crescimbeni[8] says there are some in

[7] Elizabeth, sister of the Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[8] Giovanni Maria Crescimbeni (1663–1728). According to the notice of Richard I in *Royal and Noble Authors* (where Walpole calls Crescimbeni a 'miserable historian'), he was wrong as to the Vatican MS.

the library of San Lorenzo at Florence, in *uno de' Codici Provenzali*, and others *nel 3204 della Vaticana*. You will oblige and serve me highly if you can get me copies. Dr. Cocchi certainly knows Crescimbeni's Commentary on the Lives of the Provençal Poets.

I shall wind up this letter, which is pretty long for a blind man without spectacles, with an admirable *bon mot*. Somebody asked me at the play the other night what was become of Mrs. Woffington; I replied, she is taken off by Colonel Cæsar. Lord Tyrawley said, 'I suppose she was reduced to *aut Caesar aut Nullus*.'

The monument about which you ask you shall see in a drawing, when finished; it is a simple Gothic arch, something in the manner of the columbaria: a Gothic columbarium is a new thought of my own, of which I am fond, and going [9] to execute one at Strawberry. That at Linton is to have a beautiful urn, designed by Mr. Bentley, as the whole is, with this plain, very true inscription, 'Galfrido Mann, amicissimo, optimo, qui obiit . . . . H. W. P.'

Thank you for the King of Prussia's letter, though I had seen it before. It is lively and odd. He seems to write as well without Voltaire as he fights as well without the French—or without us.

Monday night.

The report is made, but I have not yet seen it, and this letter must go away this minute. I hear it names no names, says no reason appears why they did not land on the 25th, and gives no merit to all Mr. Conway's subsequent proposals for landing. Adieu!

[9] It was not executed. *Walpole.*

549. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

[Nov.] 1757.

I am this minute arrived, and going to dine at Brand's. I will come to you afterwards, before I go to North House. In the meantime I send you a most hasty performance, literally conceived and executed between Hammersmith and Hyde Park Corner. The Lord knows if it is not sad stuff. I wish for the sake of the subject it were better[1]!

To Mr. Conway.

When Fontenoy's empurpl'd plain
  Shall vanish from th' historic page,
Thy youthful valour shall in vain
  Have taught the Gaul to shun thy rage.

When hostile squadrons round thee stood
  On Laffelt's unsuccessful field,
Thy captive sabre, drench'd in blood,
  The vaunting victor's triumph seal'd.

Forgot be these! Let Scotland, too,
  Culloden from her annals tear,
Lest Envy and her factious crew
  Should sigh to meet thy laurels there.

When each fair deed is thus defac'd,
  A thousand virtues, too, disguis'd,
Thy *grateful* country's voice shall haste
  To censure worth so little priz'd.

Then, patient, let the thunder roll;
  Pity the blind you cannot hate;
Nor, blest with Aristides' soul,
  Repine at Aristides' fate.

Letter 549.—Not in C.; printed in *Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry* (vol. ii. p. 63), under date 'February, 1758.' (See *Notes and Queries*, April 14, 1900.)

[1] These verses were written at the time of the inquiry into the failure of the expedition to Rochefort.

550. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Saturday [Nov. 1757].

I beg you will get the enclosed stanzas inserted in the *Public Advertiser* on Monday next[1], just as I have written them. If not in the *Public*, then in the *Daily Advertiser*. My name must not be mentioned, nor anything but the initial letters H. C.

I am just going out of town, and shall not return till late on Wednesday. If you should have anything particular to say, write me a line to Strawberry. Yours ever,

H. W.

To Major-General H. C.

When Fontenoy's empurpl'd plain
Shall vanish from th' historic page,
Thy youthful valour shall in vain
Have taught the Gaul to shun thy rage.

When hostile squadrons round thee stood
On Laffelt's unsuccessful field,
Thy captive sabre, drench'd in blood,
The vaunting victor's triumph seal'd.

Forgot be these—let Scotland, too,
Culloden from her annals tear,
Lest Envy and her factious crew
Should blush to find thy laurels there.

When each fair deed is thus defac'd,
A thousand virtues, too, disguis'd,
Thy grateful country's voice shall haste
To censure worth so little priz'd.

Then, patient, hear the thunder roll;
Pity the blind you cannot hate;
Nor, blest with Aristides' soul,
Repine at Aristides' fate.

Letter 550.—[1] According to Cunningham they were printed in the *Public Advertiser*, on Nov. 28, 1757.

551. To George Montagu.

Sunday evening.

I leave Mr. Müntz in commission to do the honours of Strawberry to you: if he succeeds well, will you be troubled with him in your chaise to London on Wednesday?

He will tell you the *history* of Queen Mab being attacked —not in her virtue, but in her very palace—if all this does not fill up the evening, and you should have no engagement to your aunt Crossby[1], or to your grandmother, you know how welcome you will be at Cliveden. Adieu!

552. To Dr. Ducarel[1].

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 25, 1757.

The Dean of Exeter having showed me a letter in which you desire the name of the MS. which contains the illumination I wished to see, I take the liberty of troubling you with this. The book is called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers: translated out of Latyn into Frenshe, by Messire Jehan de Téonville*; and from thence rendered into English, by Earl Rivers.—I am perfectly ashamed, Sir, of giving you so much trouble, but your extreme civility and good-nature, and your great disposition to assist in anything that relates to literature, encouraged me to make my application to you; and the politeness with which you received it I shall always acknowledge with the greatest gratitude.—The Dean desired me to make his excuses to you for not writing himself; and my Lord Lyttelton returns you a thousand thanks for your kind offers of communication,

Letter 551.—[1] *Sic* in MS.; Mrs. Cosby is the person in question. (See Table II.)

Letter 552.—[1] Andrew Coltee Ducarel (1713–1785), Keeper of the Library at Lambeth Palace, and a well-known antiquary.

and proposes to wait on you himself, and talk those matters over with you. I shall not fail of paying my respects to you on Friday next, at one o'clock; and am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

553. To Lady Mary Coke.

DEAR MADAM, Arlington Street, Tuesday night.

Would you take me for a solicitor? you must, since I consider you as a minister, and the only one of whom I would ask a favour. The greatest man in this country to military eyes is my Lord Legonier: now all the world knows you govern him. I want an advancement for a young man who has served some time, and with great gallantry, and whose family are the worthiest people upon earth. Yet I will not deceive you, there is an objection to him, the one he cannot help, but I have too great a regard for you not to respect even your Ladyship's prejudices—in short, he is a Scotchman, a nation you don't love. However, if you can surmount your aversion, it will exceedingly oblige me; I am so unfortunate as to love that unfashionable people, and wish to serve them. Command my Lord Legonier to grant the enclosed request; the more earnest you are, the more generous the action will be; in short, if you don't do it, I will not believe, what hitherto I always had believed, that even fourscore cannot resist you. You must not be content that I, who am but half-way, am your absolute Slave,

HOR. WALPOLE.

How is your cold?

LETTER 553.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Journal of Lady Mary Coke*, vol, iii. p, x.

554. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1758.

You express so much concern and tenderness for Mr. Conway and me in your letter of December 17th, which I received two days ago, that I am impatient and happy to tell you, that after keeping the report of the court-martial a week, the King yesterday approved the sentence, which is a full acquittal of Sir John Mordaunt, and was unanimous. If the commander-in-chief is so fully cleared, what must the subordinate generals be? There are still flying whispers of its being brought into Parliament in some shape or other, though every public and private *reason*, I say *reason*, forbid it. Sure this is not a season to relume heats, when tranquillity is so essential and so established! In a private light who can wish to raise such a cloud of enemies as the whole army, who murmur grievously at hearing that an acquittal is not an acquittal; who hold it tyranny, if they are not to be as safe by their juries as the rest of their fellow-subjects; and who think a judgement of twenty-one general officers not to be trifled with? I shall tremble if any rashness drives the army to distinguish or think themselves distinguished from the civil government!

You are by this time, I suppose, in weepers for Princess Caroline[1]; though her state of health has been so dangerous for years, and her absolute confinement for many of them, her disorder was in a manner new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive—in short I, no royalist, could be lavish in her praise. What will divert you is, that the Duke of Norfolk's and Lord Northumber-

Letter 554.—[1] Third daughter of King George II.

land's upper servants have asked leave to put themselves in mourning, not out of regard for this admirable Princess, but to be more *sur le bon ton*. I told the Duchess I supposed they would expect her to mourn hereafter for their relations.

Well, it seems I guessed better about Sir James Grey than he knew about himself. Sir Benjamin Keene[2] is dead: I dined to-day where Colonel Grey did; he told me it is a year and a half since the King named his brother for Spain, and that he himself was told but yesterday that Sir James was too well at Naples to be removed, and that reasons of state called for somebody else. Would they called for you! and why not? You are attached to nobody; your dear brother had as much reason to flatter himself with Mr. Pitt's favour, as he was marked by *not* having Mr. Fox's. Your not having the least connection with the latter cannot hurt you. Such a change, for so great an object, would overrule all my prudence: but I do not know whether it were safe to hint it, especially as by this time, at least before your application could come, it must be disposed of. Lord Rochford wishes it, Lord Huntingdon has asked it; Lord Tyrawley and Lord Bristol[3] are talked of. I am so afraid of ticklish situations for you, that in case of the latter's removal, I should scarce wish you Turin. I cannot quit this chapter without lamenting Keene! my father had the highest opinion of his abilities, and indeed his late negotiations have been crowned with proportionate success. He had great wit, agreeableness, and an indolent good-humour that was very pleasing: he loved our dearest Gal!

The King of Prussia is quite idle[4]; I think he has done nothing this fortnight but take Breslau, and Schweidnitz,

[2] Minister at Madrid.

[3] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol. He succeeded Keene at Madrid.

[4] On Dec. 5, 1757, the King totally defeated the Austrians under Daun at the battle of Leuthen or Lissa; on Dec. 29 he retook Breslau. Except for a garrison in Schweidnitz, now closely blockaded by Frederick, the Austrians had been driven from Silesia.

and ten or a dozen generals, and from thirty to fifty thousand prisoners—in this respect he contradicts the *omne majus continet in se minus.* I trust he is galloping somewhere or other with only a groom to get a victory. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick[5] has galloped a little *from* one: when we were expecting that he would drive the French army into the sea, and were preparing to go to Harwich and see it, he turned back, as if he wanted to speak with the King of Prussia. In a street very near me they do not care to own this; but as my side[6] of Arlington Street is not ministerial, we plain-dealing houses speak our mind about it. Pray, do not you about that or anything else; remember you are an envoy, and though you must not presume to be as false as an ambassador, yet not a grain of truth is consistent with your character. Truth is very well for such simple people as me, with my *Fari quae sentiat,* which my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me; but I am errantly wicked enough to desire *you* should lie and prosper. I know you don't like my doctrine, and therefore I will compound with you for holding your tongue. Adieu! my dear child—shall we never meet? Are we always to love one another at the discretion of a sheet of paper? I would tell you in another manner that I am ever yours.

P.S. I will not plague you with more than a postscript on my eyes: I write this after midnight quite at my ease; I think the greatest benefit I have found lies between old rum and elder-flower water (three spoonfuls of the latter to one of the former), and dipping my head in a pail of cold

[5] Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (1721–1792), brother of the reigning Duke of Brunswick. He entered the Prussian service in 1740. He was now in command of the Hanoverian army, which had taken up arms again on George II's refusal to ratify the Convention of Kloster Zeven.

[6] Earl Granville and Mr. Pelham lived on the opposite side. *Walpole.*

water every morning the moment I am out of bed. This I am told may affect my hearing, but I have too constant a passion for my eyes to throw away a thought on any rival.

555. To Dr. Ducarel.

Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 12, 1758.

I have the pleasure to let you know, that his Grace the Archbishop[1] has, with the greatest politeness and goodness, sent me word, by the Dean of Exeter[2], that he gives me leave to have the illumination[3] copied, either at your chambers, or at my own house, giving you a receipt for it. As the former would be so inconvenient to me as to render this favour useless, I have accepted the latter with great joy; and will send a gentleman of the Exchequer, my own deputy, to you, Sir, on Monday next, with my receipt, and shall beg the favour of you to deliver the MS. to him, Mr. Bedford. I would wait on you myself, but have caught cold at the visit I made you yesterday, and am besides going to Strawberry Hill, from whence I propose to bring you a little print, which was never sold, and not to be had from anybody else: which is, *The arms of the two Clubs at Arthur's*[4]; a print exceedingly in request last year. When I have more leisure, for at this time of the year I am much hurried, I shall be able, I believe, to pick you out some other curiosities; and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 555.—[1] Matthew Hutton; d. March 19, 1758.

[2] Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

[3] This illumination, from a MS. at Lambeth, was engraved by Grignion as a frontispiece to *Royal and Noble Authors*.

[4] Described in letter to Montagu, April 20, 1756. It was engraved by Grignion.

556. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1758.

One would not have believed that I could so long have wanted something to form a letter; but I think politics are gone into winter quarters: Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout, and the King of Prussia writing sonnets to Voltaire; but his Majesty's lyre is not half so charming as his sword: if he does not take care, Alexander will ride home upon his verses. All England has kept his birthday; it has taken its place in our calendar next to Admiral Vernon's[1] and my Lord Blakeney's; and the people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of *Old England*. We had bonfires and processions, illuminations and French horns playing out of windows all night. In the meantime there have been some distant grumblings of a war with Spain, which seem blown over: a new Russian army in march has taken its place. The Duke of Richelieu is said to be banished for appropriating some contributions[2] to his own use: if he does not take care to prove that he meant to make as extravagant use of them as ever Marquis Catiline did, it will be a very bourgeois termination of such a gallant life! By the rage of expense in our pleasures, in the midst of such dearness and distress, one would think we had opportunities of contributions too! The simple Duke of St. Albans[3], who is retired to Brussels for debt, has made a most sumptuous funeral in public for a dab of five months old that he had by his cookmaid. But our glaring extra-

Letter 556.—[1] On Admiral Vernon's taking Porto Bello in 1740, the populace of London celebrated his birthday, and some doubts arising on the specific day, they celebrated it again, and I think continued to do so for two or three subsequent years. *Walpole.*

[2] He plundered the Electorate so indecently, that on his return to Paris, having built a pavilion in his garden, it was nicknamed *le Pavillon d'Hanovre*. *Walpole.*

[3] The third Duke of that title. *Walpole.*

vagance is the constant high price given for pictures: the other day at Mr. Furnese's[4] auction a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas; and a Carlo Maratti, which too I am persuaded was a Giuseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the rate of two hundred and sixty pounds. Mr. Spencer[5] gave no less than two thousand two hundred pounds for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originality: my father, I think, preferred the Andrea Sacchi to his own Guido, and once offered seven hundred pounds for it, but Furnese said, 'Damn him, it is for him; *he* shall pay a thousand.' There is a pewterer, one Cleeve[6], who some time ago gave a thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures. I know but one dear picture not sold, Cooper's[7] head of Oliver Cromwell, an unfinished miniature; they asked me four hundred pounds for it! But pictures do not monopolize extravagance: I have seen a little ugly shell called a ventletrap sold for twenty-seven guineas. However, to do us justice, we have magnificence too that is well judged. The *Palmyra* and *Balbec*[8] are noble works to be undertaken and executed by private men. There is now established a Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce that is likely to be very serviceable; and I was pleased yesterday with a very grand seigneurial design of the Duke of Richmond[9], who has collected a great many fine casts of the best antique statues, has placed them in a large room in his garden[10], and designs to throw it

[4] Henry Furnese had been a Lord of the Treasury. He was a friend of Lord Bath, and personally an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

[5] John, first Earl Spencer. *Walpole.*—Son of Hon. John Spencer, and great-grandson of the first Duke of Marlborough; cr. Viscount Spencer in 1761, and Earl Spencer in 1765; d. 1783.

[6] Bourchier Cleeve, of Foots Cray Place, Kent; d. 1760.

[7] Samuel Cooper (1609–1672), miniature painter.

[8] *The Ruins of Baalbec*, by Robert Wood, assisted by Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Bouverie.

[9] Charles Lenox, third Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[10] At Whitehall. Cipriani and

open to encourage drawing. I have offered him to let my eagle be cast.

Adieu! If anything happens, I will not, nor ever do wait for a regular interval of writing to you.

557. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1758.

This campaign does not open with the vivacity of the last; the *hero of the age* has only taken Schweidnitz yet—he had fought a battle or two by this time last year. But this is the case of Fame! A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same andante key. I have heard a good answer of one of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, who dining with him at a City feast, and being teased by a stupid alderman, who said to him, 'Sir, yours must be a very laborious employment!' replied, 'Oh no; we fight about four hours in a morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves.' *I* shall not be quite so impatient about our own campaign as I was last year, though we have another secret expedition on foot—they say, to conquer France, but I believe we must compound for taking *the Isle of Wight*, whither we are sending fourteen thousand men. The Hero's uncle[1] reviewed them yesterday in Hyde Park on their setting out. The Duke of Marlborough commands, and is, in reality, commanded by Lord George Sackville. We shall now see how much greater generals we have than Mr. Conway, who has pressed to go *in any capacity*, and is not suffered!

Mr. Pitt is again laid up with the gout, as the Duke of Bedford is confined in Ireland by it. His Grace, like other

Joseph Wilson were chosen as directors.

Letter 557.—[1] George II, uncle of the King of Prussia. *Walpole.*

Kings I have known, is grown wonderfully popular there since he was taken prisoner and tied hand and foot. To do faction justice, it is of no cowardly nature: it abuses while it attacks, and loads with panegyric those it defeats.

We have nothing in Parliament but a quiet struggle for an extension of the Habeas Corpus. It passed our House swimmingly, but will be drowned with the same ease in the House of Lords. On the new taxes we had an entertaining piece of pomp from the Speaker: Lord Strange[2] (it was in a committee) said, 'I will bring him down from the gallery,' and proposed that the Speaker should be exempted from the Place Tax. He came down, and besought not to be excepted—Lord Strange persisted—so did the Speaker. After the debate, Lord Strange going out said, 'Well, did not I show my dromedary well?' I should tell you that one of the fashionable sights of the winter has been a dromedary and camel, the proprietor of which has entertained the town with a droll variety of advertisements.

You would have been amazed, had you been here at Sir Luke Schaub's auction of pictures. He had picked up some good old copies cheap when he was in Spain during the contentions there between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, and when many grandees being confiscated, the rest piqued themselves on not profiting of their spoils. With these Sir Luke had some fine small ones, and a parcel of Flemish, good in their way. The late Prince offered him twelve thousand pounds for the whole, leaving him the enjoyment for his life. As he knew the twelve thousand would not be forthcoming, he artfully excused himself by saying he loved pictures so much that he knew he should fling away the money. Indeed, could he have touched it, it had been well; the collection was indubitably not worth four thousand pounds. It has sold for near eight! A

[2] Son of the Earl of Derby. *Walpole.*

copy[3] of the King of France's Raphael went for seven hundred pounds. A Sigismunda, called by Corregio, but certainly by Furoni his scholar, was bought in at upwards of four hundred pounds. In short, there is Sir James Lowther, Mr. Spencer, Sir Richard Grosvenor[4], boys with twenty and thirty thousand a year, and the Duchess of Portland, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Egremont, and others with near as much, who care not what they give. I want to paint my coat and sell it off my back—there never was such a season. I am mad to have the Houghton pictures sold now; what injury to the creditors to have them postponed, till half of these vast estates are spent, and the other half grown ten years older!

Lord Corke is not the editor of Swift's History[5], but one Dr. Lucas, a physicianed apothecary, who some years ago made much factious noise in Ireland—the book is already fallen into the lowest contempt. I wish you joy of the success of the Cocchi family; but how three hundred crowns a year sound after Sir Luke Schaub's auction! Adieu! my dear Sir.

558. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1758.

Though the inactivity of our parliamentary winter has let me be an idle correspondent, I am far from having been so remiss as the posts have made me seem. I remember to have thought that I had no letter on board the packet that was taken; but since the 20th of Nov. I have writ to you on Dec. 14, Jan. 11, Feb. 9. The acquittal of General Mordaunt would, I thought, make you entirely easy about Mr. Conway. The paper war on their subject is still kept

[3] It was purchased by the Duchess Dowager of Portland. *Walpole.*

[4] Sir Richard Grosvenor (1731–1802), seventh Baronet, of Eaton, Chester; cr. Baron Grosvenor in 1759, and Earl Grosvenor in 1784.

[5] *History of the Four Last Years of the Queen.*

up; but all inquiries are at an end. When Mr. Pitt, who is laid up with the gout, is a little cool again, I think he has too much eagerness to perform something of *éclat*, to let the public have to reproach him with not employing so brave a man and so able as Mr. Conway. Though your brothers do not satisfy your impatience *to know*, you must a little excuse them; the eldest lives out of the world, and James not in that world from whence he can learn or inform *you*. Besides our dear Gal's warmth of friendship, he had innumerable opportunities of intelligence. He, who lent all the world money for nothing, had at least a right to know something.

I shall be sorry on my own account if one particular[1] letter has miscarried, in which I mentioned some trifles that I wished to purchase from Stosch's collection. As you do not mention any approaching sale, I will stay to repeat them till you tell me that you have received no such letter.

Thank you for the *éloge* on your friend poor Cocchi; you had not told me of his death, but I was prepared for it, and heard it from Lord Huntingdon. I am still more obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about King Richard. You have convinced me of Crescimbeni's blunder as to Rome. For Florence, I must entreat you to send me another copy, for your copyist or his original have made undecipherable mistakes; particularly in the last line; *La Mère Lovis*[2] is impossible to be sense: I should wish, as I am to print it, to have every letter of the whole sonnet more distinct and certain than most of them are. I don't know how to repay you for all the fatigue I give you. Mr. Fox's urns are arrived, but not yet delivered from the Custom House. You tell me no more of Botta[3]: is he

LETTER 558. — [1] The letter of Dec. 17th, which was lost. *Walpole.*

[2] This phrase in Old French means 'the mother of Louis.' A critical text of King Richard's poem is printed in Toynbee's *Specimens of Old French* (pp. 131–3).

[3] Marshal Botta, commander at

invisible in dignity, like Richcourt; or sunk to nothing, like our poor old friend the Prince[4]? Here is a good epigram on the Prince de Soubise, with which I must conclude, writing without anything to tell you, and merely to show you that I do by no means neglect you:

Soubise, après ses grands exploits,
Peut bâtir un palais qui ne lui coûte guère;
Sa femme lui fournit le bois,
Et chacun lui jette la pierre.

559. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1758.

Between my letters of Nov. 20th and Jan. 11th, which you say you have received, was one of Dec. 11th, lost, I suppose, in the packet: what it contained it is impossible for me to recollect; but I conclude the very notices about the expedition, the want of which troubled you so much. I have nothing now to tell you of any moment; writing only to keep up the chain of our correspondence, and to satisfy you that there is nothing particular.

I forgot in my last to say a word of our East Indian hero, Clive[1], and his victories: but we are growing accustomed to success again! There is Hanover retaken!—if to have *Hanover* again is to have success! We have no news but what is military; Parliaments are grown idle things, or busy like quarter sessions. Mr. Pitt has been in the House of Commons but twice this winter, yet we have some

Florence for the Emperor Francis. *Walpole.*

[4] The Prince de Craon, chief of the Council, superseded by the Comte de Richcourt. *Walpole.*

Letter 559.—[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Clive (1725–1773), cr. (March 15, 1762) Baron Clive of Plassey. He was Governor of Fort St. David's, 1756; Governor of the East India Company's possessions, 1758–60, 1764–67; K.B., 1764; Commander-in-Chief of the East India Company's forces, 1764–67. On June 19, 1756, he recaptured Calcutta from Surajah Dowlah, and on June 23, 1757, totally defeated him at Plassey.

grumblings: a Navy Bill of Mr. George Grenville, rejected last year by the Lords, and passed again by us, has by Mr. Fox's underhand management been made an affair by the Lords; yet it will pass. An extension of the Habeas Corpus, of forty times the consequence, is impeded by the same dealings, and is not likely to have so prosperous an issue. Yet these things scarce make a heat within doors, and scarce conversation without.

Our new Archbishop[2] died yesterday; but the Church loses its head with as little noise as a question is now carried or lost in Parliament.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is returned from Russia, having lost his senses upon the road. This is imputed to a lady at Hamburgh, who gave him, or for whom he took *some assistance* to his passion; but we hope he will soon recover.

The most particular thing I know is what happened the other day: a frantic Earl of Ferrers[3] has for this twelvemonth supplied conversation by attempting to murder his wife[4], a pretty, harmless young woman, and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, to which the House of Lords tied him last year, the cause was trying again there on Friday last. Instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford to appear against a highwayman, one Page, of extraordinary parts and escapes. The Earl had pulled out a pistol, but trembled so that the robber laughed, took it out of his hand quietly, and said, 'My Lord, I know you always carry more pistols about you; give me the rest.' At the trial, Page pleaded that my Lord was excommunicated, consequently could not give evidence, and got acquitted.

[2] (I think) Archbishop Hutton. *Walpole.*—Hutton died less than a year after his translation to Canterbury.

[3] Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers. More of him will appear in some following letters. *Walpole.*

[4] Mary (d. 1807), daughter of Amos Meredith; m. 1. (1752) fourth Earl Ferrers; 2. (1769) Lord Frederick Campbell, second son of fourth Duke of Argyll.

There is just published Swift's History of the *Four Last Years of Queen Anne*: Pope and Lord Bolingbroke always told him it would disgrace him, and persuaded him to burn it. Disgrace him indeed it does, being a weak libel, ill-written for style, uninformed, and adopting the most errant mob-stories. He makes the Duke of Marlborough a coward, Prince Eugene an assassin, my father remarkable for nothing but impudence, and would make my Lord Somers anything but the most amiable character in the world, if unfortunately he did not praise him while he tries to abuse.

Trevor[5] of Durham is likely to go to Canterbury. Adieu!

560. To Charles Lyttelton Dean of Exeter.

Strawberry Hill, March 23, 1758.

Your letter found Mr. Ward[1] here, and though a word from you would be strongest recommendation, his own quickness and knowledge had already made such way with me, that I cannot assume the merit of having liked him on any account but his own. I wish I had had more materials worth his notice; what he thought so I have lent him.

Mr. Whitworth[2] promised to furnish me with the accounts I asked after Easter; my haste is not immediate; if he is very dilatory, as I expect, I shall trouble you to quicken him again. My own book is still likely to drag on for three weeks: you may believe I shall transmit one of the first to you, less indeed from thinking it has any merit, than in hopes that you will send me your corrections, in

[5] Dr. Richard Trevor. This did not happen. *Walpole.*—Hon. Richard Trevor (d. 1771), second son of first Baron Trevor.

Letter 560. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

[1] Probably the Mr. Cæsar Ward mentioned in letter to Zouch of Jan. 12, 1759.

[2] Horace Walpole had probably applied to some member of the Whitworth family for information respecting Lord Whitworth, whose *Account of Russia as it was in the Year* 1710 was published by Walpole in October of this year.

case I should be obliged to another edition from the faults of the first sketch.

Well! there is another Archbishop[3] dead! will none of their deaths operate to your deanery? are you always to serve everybody, and are you never to be served? Must some future Mr. Ward tell how much you promoted every work of learning, and yet how much the learned world lost by your not having greater power of being a patron? It is believed that *St. Durham*[4] goes to Canterbury, and St. Asaph[5] follows him; I don't fancy St. Asaph for you, but considering the ages of London and Winchester[6], can no regulation be made for you when those vacancies shall happen—why not get a promise? Cure your cough, be promised and be a Bishop—so prays,

Your affectionate Beadsman,

THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

561. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1758.

As you was disappointed of any intelligence that might be in it (I don't know what was), I am sorry my letter of Dec. 14th miscarried; but with regard to my commissions in Stosch's collection, it did not signify, since they propose to sell it in such great morsels. If they are forced to relent, and separate it, what I wish to have, and had mentioned to you, were, 'his sculptured gems that have vases on them, of which he had a large ring box': the following modern medals, *Anglia, resurges*, I think, of Julius III[1]; the Capitol;

[3] Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, d. March 19, 1758.

[4] Dr. Richard Trevor.

[5] Hon. Robert Drummond, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

[6] Sherlock and Hoadley.

LETTER 561.—[1] These medals are mentioned by Mann:—'1. Paul 3rd, with the Ganymede on the reverse. . . . 2. Julius 3rd, with the reverse: *Anglia, resurges.* 3. Innocent 10th, with the reverse: the Capitol. 4. Gregory 13th, with the reverse: *Hugonotorum Strages.* This medal

the *Hugonotorum Strages*; the Ganymede, a reverse of a Pope's medal, by Michael Angelo; the first medal of Julius III; all these were in silver, and very fine; then the little Florentine coin in silver, with *Jesus Rex noster* on the reverse: he had, besides, a fine collection of drawings after nudities and prints in the same style, but you may believe I am not *old* enough to give much for these. I am not very anxious about any, consequently am not tempted to purchase wholesale.

Thank you for the second copy of King Richard: my book[2] is finished; I shall send it you by the first opportunity. I did receive the bill of lading for Mr. Fox's wine; and my reason for not telling you how he liked his vases was, because I did not, nor do yet know, nor does he; they are at Holland House, and will not be unpacked till he settles there: I own *I* have a little more impatience about new things!

My letters will grow more interesting to you, I suppose, as the summer opens: we have had no winter campaign, I mean, no parliamentary war. You have been much misinformed about the King's health—and had he been ill, do you think that the recovery of Hanover would not cure him? Yesterday the new convention with the King of Prussia was laid before the Houses, and is to be considered next week: I have not yet read it, and only know that he is to receive from us two millions in three years, and to make no peace without us. I hope he will make one for us before these three years are expired. A great camp is forming in the Isle of Wight, reckoned the best spot for

becomes very rare from the pains that the Court of Rome takes to buy them and destroy them. 5. The mezzo piastro fiorentino, with the reverse, *Jesus Rex noster et Deus noster*, which was struck in Savannerola's (*sic*) time, when, by his advice, this state was put under the protection of Jesus;—this is very rare.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. pp. 5–6.)

[2] *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, with Lists of their Works.*

defence or attack. I suppose both will be tried reciprocally.

Sir Charles Williams's disorder appears to have been lightheadedness from a fever; he goes about again: but the world, especially a world of enemies, never care to give up their title to a man's madness, and will consequently not believe that he is yet in his senses.

Lord Bristol[3] certainly goes to Spain; no successor is named for Turin. You know how much I love a prescriptive situation for you, and how I should fear a more eminent one—and yet you see I notify Turin being open, if you should care to push for it. It is not to recommend it to you, that I tell you of it, but I think it my duty as your friend not to take upon me to decide for you without acquainting you.

I rejoice at Admiral Osborn's[4] success. I am not patriot enough to deny but that there are captains and admirals whose glory would have little charms for me; but Osborn was a steady friend of murdered Byng!

The Earl and Countess of Northumberland[5] have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their court to my Lady Yarmouth[6]; the dessert was a *chasse* at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by a chaise and six containing a man with a blue riband and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever hear such a vulgarism! The person complimented is not half so German, and consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage. Adieu!

[3] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[4] Admiral Henry Osborn (d. 1771). In Feb., 1758, he intercepted a squadron of three French ships of the line under Duquesne (sent to raise the blockade of the French fleet at Carthagena), and took two of them.

[5] Hugh and Elizabeth Percy, Earl and Countess of Northumberland. He was afterwards created a Duke. *Walpole.*

[6] Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of George II. *Walpole.*

562. To Dr. Birch.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.

Sir,

I thought myself very unlucky in being abroad when you was so good as to call here t'other day. I not only lost the pleasure of your company, but the opportunity of obtaining from you (what however I will not despair of) any remarks you may have made on the many errors which I fear you found in my book. The hurry in which it was written, my natural carelessness and insufficiency, must have produced many faults and mistakes. As the curiosity of the world, raised I believe only by the smallness of the number printed, makes it necessary for me to provide another edition, I should be much obliged to whoever would be enough my friend to point out my wrong judgements and inaccuracies,—I know nobody, Sir, more capable of both offices than yourself, and yet I have no pretensions to ask so great a favour, unless your own zeal for the cause of literature should prompt you to undertake a little of this task. I shall be always ready to correct my faults, never to defend them.

563. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 4, 1758.

You are the first person, I believe, that ever thought of a Swiss transcribing Welsh, unless, like some commentator on the Scriptures, you have discovered great affinity between those languages, and that both are dialects of the Phœnician. I have desired your brother to call here to-day, and to help us in adjusting the inscriptions. I can find no Lady Cutts in your pedigree, and till I do, cannot accommodate her with a coronet.

My book is marvellously in fashion, to my great astonish-

ment. I did not expect that so much truth and such notions of liberty would have made their fortune in this our day. I am preparing an edition for publication, and then I must expect to be a little less civilly treated. My Lord Chesterfield tells everybody that he subscribes to all my opinions; but this mortifies me about as much as the rest flatter me; I cannot, because it is my own case, forget how many foolish books he has diverted himself with commending. The most extraordinary thing I have heard about mine is, that it being talked of at Lord Arran's table, Doctor King[1], the Dr. King of Oxford, said of the passage on my father[2], 'It is very modest, very genteel, and VERY TRUE.' I asked my Lady Cardigan if she would forgive my making free with her grandmother[3]; she replied very sensibly, 'I am sure she would not have hindered anybody from writing against me; why should I be angry at any writing against her?'

The history promised you of Dr. Brown[4] is this. Sir Charles Williams had written an answer to his first silly volume of the *Estimate*, chiefly before he came over, but finished while he was confined at Kensington. Brown had lately lodged in the same house, not mad now, though he has been so formerly. The landlady told Sir Charles, and offered to make affidavit that Dr. Brown was the most profane curser and swearer that ever came into her house. Before I proceed in my history, I will tell you another anecdote of this great reformer: one of his antipathies is the Opera—yet the only time I ever saw him was in last Passion-week, singing the Romish *Stabat mater* with the

LETTER 563.—[1] Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall.

[2] 'Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, is only mentioned in this place in his quality of author: It is not proper nor necessary for me to touch his Character here—Sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his retirement have already written his Elogium!'

[3] The Duchess of Marlborough.

[4] John Brown (1715–1766), author of *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, which was published in 1757, and went through several editions.

Mingotti behind a harpsichord at a great concert at my Lady Carlisle's[5].—Well—in a great apprehension of Sir Charles divulging the story of his swearing, Brown went to Dodsley in a most scurrilous and hectoring manner, threatening Dodsley if he should publish anything personal against him, abusing Sir Charles for a coward and most abandoned man, and bidding Dodsley tell the latter that he had a cousin in the army who would call Sir Charles to account for any reflections on him, Brown. Stay; this Christian message from a divine, who by the way has a chapter in his book against duelling, is not all. Dodsley refused to carry any such message, unless in writing. The Doctor, enough in his senses to know the consequences of this, refused; and at last a short verbal message, more decently worded, was agreed on. To this Sir Charles made Dodsley write down this answer: 'that he could not but be surprised at Brown's message, after that he, Sir Charles, had at Ranby's desire sent Brown a written assurance that he intended to say nothing personal of him—nay, nor should yet, unless Brown's impertinence made it necessary.' This proper reply Dodsley sent: Brown wrote back, that he should send an answer to Sir Charles himself; but bid Dodsley take notice, that printing the works of a supposed lunatic might be imputed to the printer himself, and which he, the Doctor, should *chastise*. Dodsley, after notifying this new and unprovoked insolence to Mr. Fox and Garrick, the one, friend of Sir Charles, the other of Brown, returned a very proper, decent, yet firm answer, with assurances of *repaying chastisement* of any sort. Is it credible? This audacious man sent only a card back, saying, 'Footman's language I never return, J. Brown.' You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is; how little apt to

[5] Hon. Isabella Byron (d. 1795), daughter of fourth Baron Byron; m. 1. (1743) as his second wife, Henry Howard, fourth Earl of Carlisle; 2. (1759) Sir William Musgrave, Baronet.

forget or disguise his having been a footman! but there is no exaggerating this behaviour by reflections! On the same card he tells Dodsley that he cannot now accept, but returns his present of the two last volumes of his *Collection of Poems*, and assures him that they are not soiled by the reading—He wrote in the first volumes himself—nothing else is worth his reading. But the best picture of him is his own second volume, which beats all the Scaligers and Scioppius's for vanity and insolent impertinence. What is delightful; in the first volume he had deified Warburton, but the success of that trumpery has made Warburton jealous, and occasioned a coolness—but enough of this jackanapes!

Your brother has been here, and as he is to go to-morrow, and the pedigree is not quite finished, and as you will be impatient, and as it is impossible for us to transcribe Welsh, which we cannot read, without your assistance, who don't understand it neither, we have determined that the Colonel should carry the pedigree to you; you will examine it, and bring it with you to Strawberry, where it can be finished under your own eye, better than it is possible to do without. Adieu! I have not writ so long a letter this age, and am quite weary.

Yours ever,

H. W.

564. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 31, 1758.

This is rather a letter of thanks than of course, though I have received, I verily believe, three from you since my last. Well, then, this is to thank you for them too—chiefly for that of to-day, with the account of the medals you have purchased for me from Stosch, and those your own munificence bestows on me. I am ashamed to receive the latter; I must positively know what you paid for the former; and

beg they may all be reserved till a very safe opportunity. The price for the Ganymede is so monstrous that I must not regret not having it—yet if ever he should lower, I should still have a hankering, as it is one of the finest medals I ever saw. Are any of the others in silver? old Stosch had them so. When any of the other things I mentioned descend to more mortal rates, I would be sorry to lose them.

Should not you, if you had not so much experienced the contrary, imagine that services begot gratitude? You know they don't—shall I tell you what they do beget?—at best, expectations of more services. This is my very case now—you have just been delivered of one trouble for me—I am going to get you with twins—two more troubles. In the first place, I shall beg you to send me a case of liqueurs; in the next, all the medals in copper of my poor departed friend the Pope[1], for whom I am as much concerned as his subjects have reason to be. I don't know whether I don't want samples of his coins, and the little pieces struck during the *sede vacante*. I know what I shall want, any authentic anecdotes of the Conclave. There! are there commissions enough? I did receive the Pope's letter on my inscription, and the translation of the epitaph on Theodore, and liked both much, and thought I had thanked you for them—but I perceive I am not half so grateful as troublesome.

Here is the state of our news and politics. We thought *our foreign King*[2] on the road to Vienna; he is now said to be prevented by Daun, and to be reduced to besiege Olmütz, which has received considerable supplies. Accounts make Louisbourg[3] reduced to wait for being taken by us as the easiest way of avoiding being starved—in short, we are to be those unnatural fowl, *ravens* that *carry* bread. But our

LETTER 564.—[1] Benedict XIV, on whose portrait Mr. W. wrote the inscription, which is in a former letter. *Walpole.*

[2] The King of Prussia. *Walpole.*

[3] An expedition under Amherst and Boscawen had been dispatched thither.

biggest of all expectations is from our own invasion of France, which took post last Sunday; fourteen thousand landmen, eighteen ships of the line, frigates, sloops, bombs, and four volunteers, Lord Downe, Sir James Lowther, Sir John Armitage[4], and Mr. Delaval—the latter so ridiculous a character, that it has put a stop to the mode which was spreading. All this commanded by Lord Anson, who has beat the French; by the Duke of Marlborough[5], whose name has beaten them; and by Lord George Sackville, who is to beat them. Every port and town on the coast of Flanders and France have been guessed for the object. It is a vast armament, whether it succeeds or is lost.

At home there are seeds of quarrels. Pratt[6] the Attorney-General has fallen on a necessary extension of the Habeas Corpus to private cases. The interpreting world ascribes his motives to a want of affection for my Lord Mansfield, who unexpectedly is supported by the late Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and that part of the ministry; and very expectedly by Mr. Fox, as this is likely to make a breach between the united powers. The bill passed almost unanimously through our House. It will have a very different fate in the other, where Lord Temple is almost single in its defence, and where Mr. Pitt seems to have little influence. If this should produce a new revolution, you will not be surprised. I don't know that it will; but it has already shown how little cordiality subsists since the last.

[4] Second Baronet, of Kirklees, Yorkshire; killed at St. Cast, Sept. 1758.

[5] Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*—He was the third Duke; he succeeded his aunt, who was the second bearer of the title.

[6] Charles Pratt (1714–1794), third son of Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; knighted, 1761; cr. (July 17, 1765) Baron Camden, of Camden Place, Kent, and Earl Camden, 1786. He was Attorney-General, 1757; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1762; Lord Chancellor, 1766–70; Lord President of the Council, 1782–83, 1784–94. He was a close friend and political adherent of Pitt. In the next reign he was a prominent member of the opposition to Lord North's ministry, and to the American War.

I had given a letter for you to a young gentleman of Norfolk, an only son, a friend of Lord Orford, and of much merit, who was going to Italy with Admiral Broderick[7]. He is lost in that dreadful catastrophe of the *Prince George* —it makes one regret him still more, as the survivors mention his last behaviour with great encomiums.

Adieu! my dear child! when I look back on my letter, I don't know whether there would not be more propriety in calling you *my factor.*

P.S. I cannot yet learn who goes to Turin: it was offered, upon his old request, to my Lord Orford, but he has declined it.

565. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, June 4, 1758.

The Habeas Corpus is finished, but only for this year. Lord Temple threatened to renew it the next; on which Lord Hardwicke took the party of proposing to order the judges to prepare a bill for extending the power of granting the writ in vacation to all the judges. This prevented a division; though Lord Temple, who protested alone t'other day, had a flaming protest ready, which was to have been signed by near thirty. They sat last night till past nine. Lord Mansfield spoke admirably for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Except Lord Ravensworth and the Duke of Newcastle, whose meaning the first never knows himself, and the latter's nobody else, all who spoke,

[7] Admiral Thomas Brodrick (d. 1769). 'Early in 1758, Brodrick was appointed as second in command in the Mediterranean, with his flag on board the *Prince George* of 90 guns. On April 13, being then off Ushant, the *Prince George* caught fire, and out of a complement of nearly 800, some 250 only were saved; the Admiral himself was picked up, stark naked, by a merchant-ship's boat, after he had been swimming for about an hour.' (*D. N. B.*)

spoke well; they were Lord Temple, Lord Talbot, Lord Bruce[1], and Lord Stanhope, for; Lord Morton, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Mansfield, against the bill. T'other day in our House, we had Lady Ferrers' affair: her sister was heard, and Lord Westmoreland, who had a seat within the bar. Mr. Fox opposed the settlement; but it passed.

The Duke of Grafton[2] has resigned. Norborne Berkeley has converted a party of pleasure into a campaign, and is gone with the expedition[3], without a shirt but what he had on, and what is lent him. The night he sailed he had invited women to supper. Besides him, and those you know, is a Mr. Sylvester Smith. Everybody was asking, 'But who is Sylvester Smith?' Harry Townshend[4] replied, 'Why, he is the son of Delaval, who was the son of Lowther, who was the son of Armitage, who was the son of Downe[5].'

The fleet sailed on Thursday morning. I don't know why, but the persuasion is that they will land on this side

Letter 565.—[1] Thomas Brudenell-Bruce (1729–1814), second Baron Bruce of Tottenham; cr. Earl of Ailesbury, 1776; Lord of the Bedchamber to George III, 1760; Governor to Prince of Wales, May–June, 1776; Lord Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, 1781–92; Treasurer to Queen Charlotte, 1792.

[2] Augustus Henry Fitzroy (1735–1811), third Duke of Grafton; Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1756–58; Secretary of State for the Northern Province (in the Rockingham Ministry), 1765–66; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1766–70; Chancellor of Cambridge University, 1768; K.G., 1769; Lord Privy Seal (in the North Ministry), 1771–75, March–Dec., 1782. Grafton's ministry was marked by Wilkes' struggle with the House of Commons, by the beginning of the troubles which led to the American War, and by the fierce attacks of 'Junius' on the Duke, both in his public and private capacity. During Grafton's public career he is, of course, frequently mentioned by Horace Walpole. His conduct to his first wife, who was afterwards Countess of Ossory and the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, made him an object of interest to the latter in private life. At the instigation of his friend and secretary, Richard Stonhewer (who was also a friend of Gray), Grafton appointed Gray to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. Gray, in consequence, wrote the Ode performed at Grafton's Installation as Chancellor in 1769.

[3] Against St. Maloes. *Walpole.*

[4] Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Townshend, third son of Hon. Thomas Townshend, second son of second Viscount Townshend. He was killed at the battle of Wilhelmthal in 1762.

[5] All these gentlemen had been volunteers on successive expeditions to the coast of France. *Walpole.*

Ushant, and that we shall hear some events by Tuesday or Wednesday. Some believe that Lord Anson[6] and Howe have different destinations. Rochfort, where there are twenty thousand men, is said positively not to be the place. The King says there are eighty thousand men and three marshals in Normandy and Bretagne. George Selwyn asked General Campbell if the ministry had yet told the King the object?

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos[7] is arrived, to my supreme felicity—I cannot say very handsome or agreeable; but I had been prepared on the article of her charms. I don't say, like Harry VIII of Anne of Cleves, that she is a Flanders mare, though to be sure she is rather large: on the contrary, I bear it as well as ever prince did who was married by proxy—and she does not find me *fricassé dans de la neige*[8]. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I forgot to tell you of another *galanterie* I have had, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth left here while I was out of town. The servant said it was a present, but he had orders not to say from whom.

[6] 'Lord Anson, with the larger ships, kept out at sea; Howe led the transports, which for some days were kept back by contrary winds, but anchored on the fifth in Cancalle bay, near St. Maloes. The troops landed without opposition; when the commanders (as in former expeditions) seeming dispatched, so scanty was their intelligence, to *discover* the coast of France, rather than to master it, soon perceived that the town was so strongly situated, and approachable only by a narrow causeway, that after burning a parcel of small vessels, they returned to their ships; and the French learned that they were not to be conquered by every Duke of Marlborough.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 305.)

[7] The portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos, now at Strawberry Hill, given to Mr. Walpole by the old Countess of Sandwich, daughter to the famous Lord Rochester. She died at Paris in the year 1755. *Walpole.*

[8] Madame de Sévigné, in her Letters to her daughter, reports that Ninon thus expressed herself relative to her son, the Marquis de Sévigné, who was one of her lovers. *Walpole.*

566. To Dr. Ducarel.

Sir, June, 1758.

I am very much obliged to you for the remarks and hints you have sent me on my *Catalogue*. They will be of use to me; and any observations of my friends I shall be very thankful for, and disposed to employ, to make my book, what it is extremely far from being, more perfect.—I was very glad to hear, Sir, that the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury[1] has continued you in an employment[2] for which nobody is so fit, and in which nobody would be so useful. I wish all manner of success to, as well as continuance of, your labours; and am, &c., &c.

Hor. Walpole.

567. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sunday morning, June 11, 1758.

This will not depart till to-morrow, by which time probably there will be more news; but I am obliged to go into the country to-day, and would not let so much history set out, without my saying a word of it, as I know you trust to no gazette but mine. Last Thursday se'nnight our great expedition departed from Portsmouth—and soon separated; Lord Anson with the great ships to lie before Brest, and Commodore Howe[1], our naval hero, with the transports and a million of small fry on the secret enterprise. At one o'clock on Thursday night, *alias* Friday morning, a cutter brought advice that on Sunday night the transports had made land in Concalle Bay, near

Letter 566.—[1] Thomas Secker, translated from Oxford; d. 1768.
[2] Keeper of the Library at Lambeth Palace.

Letter 567.—[1] Richard, after the death of his elder brother, Viscount Howe. *Walpole.*

St. Maloes, had disembarked with no opposition or loss, except of a boatswain and two sailors, killed from a little fort, to which Howe was near enough to advise them not to resist. However, some peasants in it fired and then ran away. Some prisoners have assured our troops that there is no force within twenty leagues. This may be *apocryphal*, a word which, as I am left at liberty, I always interpret *false*. It is plain, however, that we were not expected at St. Maloes at least. We are in violent impatience to hear the consequences—especially whether we have taken the town, in which there is but one battalion, many old houses of wood, and the water easily to be cut off.

If you grow wise and ask me with a political face, whether St. Maloes is an object worth risking fourteen thousand of our best troops, an expense of fifty thousand pounds, and half of the purplest blood of England, I shall toss up my head with an air of heroism and contempt, and only tell you—*There! there is a Duke of Marlborough in the heart of France* (for in the heroic dictionary the heart and the coast signify the same thing); *what would you have? Did Harry V or Edward III mind whether it was a rich town or a fishing town, provided they did but take a town in France? We are as great as ever we were in the most barbarous ages, and you are asking mercantile questions with all the littleness of soul that attends the improvements in modern politics!* Well! my dear child, I smile, but I tremble; and though it is pleasanter to tremble when one invades, than when one is invaded, I don't like to be at the eve even of an Agincourt. There are so many of my friends upon heroic ground, that I discern all their danger through all their laurels. Captain Smith, aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville, dated his letter to the Duke of Dorset, 'from his Majesty's dominions in France.' Seriously, what a change is here! *His Majesty*, since this time twelvemonth, has not

only recovered his dominions in Germany, but is on the acquiring foot in France. What heads, what no heads must they have in France! Where are their Cardinals, their Saxes, their Belleisles? Where are their fleets, their hosts, their arts, their subsidies? Subsidies, indeed! Where are ours? we pay none, or almost none, and are ten times greater than when we hired half Europe. In short, the difference of our situation is miraculous; and if we can but keep from divisions at home, and the King of Prussia does not prosper too fast for us, we may put France and ourselves into situations to prevent them from being formidable to us for a long season. Should the Prussian reduce too suddenly the Empress-Queen to beg and give him a secure peace, considering how deep a stake he still plays for, one could not well blame his accepting it—and then we should still be to struggle with France.

But while I am politicizing, I forget to tell you half the purport of my letter—part indeed you will have heard; Prince Ferdinand's passage of the Rhine[2], the most material circumstance of which, in my opinion, is the discovery of the amazing weakness of the French in their army, discipline, councils, and conduct. Yesterday, as if to amuse us agreeably till we hear again from St. Maloes, an express arrived of great conquests and captures which three of our ships have made on the river Gambia, to the destruction of the French trade and settlements there[3]. I don't tell you the particulars, because I don't know them, and because you will see them in the *Gazette*. In one week we strike a medal with *Georgius Germanicus, Gallicus, Africanus.*

Mr. M'Kinsy, brother of Lord Bute, has kissed hands for Turin; you remember him at Florence. He is very well bred, and you will find him an agreeable neighbour enough.

[2] On June 1, 1758.

[3] On April 23, 1758, a small squadron, under Captain Marsh, attacked and captured the French fort of St. Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal river.

I have seen the vases at Holland House, and am perfectly content with them: the forms are charming. I assure you Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline do not like them less than I do. Good night! am not I a very humane conqueror to condescend to write so long a letter?

568. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

June 16, 1758, 2 o'clock noon.

Well, my dear Harry! you are not the only man in England who have not conquered France[1]! Even Dukes of Marlborough[2] have been there without doing the business. I don't doubt but your good heart has even been hoping, in spite of your understanding, that our heroes have not only taken St. Maloes, but taken a trip 'cross the country to burn Rochefort, only to show how easy it was. We have waited with astonishment at not hearing that the French court was removed in a panic to Lyons, and that the Mesdames had gone off in their shifts with only a provision of rouge for a week. Nay, for my part, I expected to be deafened with encomiums on my Lord Anson's continence, who, after being allotted Madame Pompadour as his share of the spoils, had again imitated Scipio, and, in spite of the violence of his *temperament*, had restored her unsullied to the King of France.—Alack! we have restored nothing but a quarter of a mile of coast to the right owners. A messenger arrived in the middle of the night with an account that we have burned two frigates and an hundred and twenty small fry; that it was found impossible to bring up the cannon against the town; and that, the French army approaching the coast, Commodore Howe, with the expedition of Harlequin as well

Letter 568.—[1] Alluding to the expedition against Rochefort the year before, on which Mr. Conway was second in command. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke of Marlborough commanded the troops on this expedition against St. Maloes. *Walpole.*

as the taciturnity, reimbarked our whole force in seven hours, volunteers and all, with the loss only of one man, and they are all gone to seek their fortune somewhere else. Well! in half a dozen more wars we shall know something of the coast of France. Last war we discovered a fine bay near Port l'Orient: we have now found out that we knew nothing of St. Maloes. As they are popular persons, I hope the City of London will send some more gold boxes to these discoverers. If they send a patch-box to Lord George Sackville, it will hold all his laurels. As our young nobility cannot at present travel through France, I suppose this is a method for finishing their studies. George Selwyn says he supposes the French ladies will have scaffolds erected on the shore to see the English go by.—But I won't detain the messenger any longer; I am impatient to make the Duchess[3] happy, who I hope will soon see the Duke returned from his coasting voyage.

The Churchills will be with you next Wednesday, and I believe I too; but I can take my own word so little, that I will not give it you. I know I must be back at Strawberry on Friday night; for Lady Hervey and Lady Stafford are to be there with me for a few days from to-morrow se'nnight. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

569. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, June 16, 1758.

I stayed to write to you, in obedience to your commands, till I had something worth telling you. St. Maloes is taken

[3] Lady Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond, only child of the Countess of Ailesbury by her first marriage. She was at Park Place with her mother during the Duke of Richmond's absence, who was a volunteer upon this expedition. *Walpole.*

by storm. The governor leaped into the sea at the very name of the Duke of Marlborough. Sir James Lowther put his hand into his pocket, and gave the soldiers two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to drink the King's health on the top of the great church. Norborne Berkeley begged the favour of the Bishop to go back with him and see his house in Gloucestershire. Delaval is turned capuchin, with remorse for having killed four thousand French with his own hand. Commodore Howe[1] does nothing but *talk*[2] of what he has done. Lord Downe, who has killed the *intendant*, has sent for Dupré[3] to put in his place; and my Lord Anson has ravished three abbesses, the youngest of whom was eighty-five. Sure, my Lord, this account is glorious enough! Don't you think one might 'bate a little of it? How much will you give up? Will you compound for the town capitulating, and for threescore men-of-war and two hundred privateers burned in the harbour? I would fain beat you down as low as I could. What if we should not have taken the town? Shall you be very much shocked, if, after burning two ships of fifty-four and thirty-six guns, and a bushel of privateers and small-ware, we had thought it prudent to leave the town where we found it, and had re-embarked last Monday in seven hours (the dispatch of which implies at least as much precipitation as conduct), and that of all the large bill of fare above, nothing should be true but Downe's killing the *intendant*; who coming out to reconnoitre, and not surrendering, Downe, at the head of some grenadiers, shot him dead. In truth, this is all the truth, as it came in the middle of the night; and if your Lordship is obstinately bent on the conquest of France, you must wait till we have found another loophole into it, which it seems our fleet is gone to look for. I fear it is not even

LETTER 569.—[1] The present Earl Howe. *Walpole.*

[2] He was extremely taciturn.

[3] A French master. *Walpole.*

true that we have beat them in the Mediterranean! nor have I any hopes but in Admiral Forbes, who must sail up the Rhone, burn Lyons, and force them to a peace at once.

I hope you have had as favourable succession of sun and rain as we have. I go to Park Place next week, where I fancy I shall find our little Duchess[4] quite content with the prospect of recovering her Duke, without his being loaded with laurels like a boar's head. Adieu! my dear Lord. My best compliments to my Lady and her whole menagerie.

Yours ever,
HORACE WALPOLE.

570. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1758.

I WRITE to you again so soon, only to laugh at my last letter. What a dupe was I! at my years to be dazzled with glory! to be charmed with the rattle of drums and trumpets, till I fancied myself at Cressy or Poictiers! In the middle of all this dream of conquest, just when I had settled in what room of my castle I would lodge the Duke of Alençon or Montpensier, or whatever illustrious captive should be committed to the custody of Seneschal *Me*, I was awakened with an account of our army having re-embarked, after burning some vessels at St. Maloes. This is the history, neither more nor less, of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up, stayed from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here were erected into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide and seek somewhere else. This campaign being

[4] Of Richmond. *Walpole.*

rather naked, is coloured over with the great damage we have done, and with the fine disposition and dispatch made for getting away—the same colours that would serve to paint pirates or a flight. However, the City is pleased; and Mr. Pitt maintains that he never intended to take St. Maloes, which I believe, *because* when he did intend to have Rochfort taken last year, he sent no cannon; this year, when he never meant to take St. Maloes, he sent a vast train of artillery. Besides, one of the most important towns in France, lying some miles up in the country, was very liable to be stormed; a fishing town on the coast is naturally impracticable. The best side of the adventure is, that they were very near coming away without attempting the conflagration, and only thought of it by chance—then indeed

Diripuere focos—
Atque omnis facibus Pubes accingitur atris.—

Perhaps the metamorphosis in Virgil of the ships into mermaids is not more absurd than an army of twelve or thirteen thousand of the flower of our troops and nobility performing the office of link-boys, making a bonfire, and running away! The French have said well, 'Les Anglois viennent nous casser des vitres avec des guinées.' We have lost six men; they five, and about a hundred vessels, from a fifty-gun ship to a mackerel-boat.

I don't only ask my own pardon for swelling out my imagination, but yours, for making you believe that you was to be representative of the Black Prince or Henry V. I hope you had sent no bullying letter to the Conclave on the authority of my last letter, to threaten the cardinals, that if they did not elect the Archbishop of Canterbury Pope, you would send for part of the squadron from St. Maloes to burn Civita Vecchia. I had promised you the duchy of Bretagne, and we have lost Madras[1]!

Letter 570.—[1] This was not the case.

Our expedition is still afloat—whither bound, I know not; but pray don't bespeak any more laurels; wait patiently for what they shall send you from the Secretary's office.

I gave your brother James my new work to send you—I grieve that I must not, as usual, send a set for poor Dr. Cocchi. Good night!

571. To Lord Lyttelton.

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1758.

I was unluckily at Park Place when your Lordship sent to my house in town; and I more unluckily still left Park Place the very day your Lordship was expected there. I twice waited on you in Hill Street, to thank you for the great favour of lending me your History, which I am sorry I kept longer than you intended; but you must not wonder. I read it with as great attention as pleasure: it is not a book to skim, but to learn by heart, if one means to learn anything of England. You call it the *History of Henry the Second*. It is literally the history of our Constitution, and will last much longer than I fear the latter will; for alas! my Lord, your style, which will fix and preserve our language, cannot do what nature cannot do, reform the nature of man. I beg to know whither I shall send this book, too valuable to be left in a careless manner with a servant. I repeat my warmest thanks, and am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's much obliged and
most obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

572. To Sir David Dalrymple[1].

Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

Inaccurate and careless as I must own my book[2] is, I cannot quite repent having let it appear in that state, since it has procured me so agreeable and obliging a notice from a gentleman whose approbation makes me very vain. The trouble you have been so good as to give yourself, Sir, is by no means lost upon me; I feel the greatest gratitude for it, and shall profit not only of your remarks, but with your permission of your very words, wherever they will fall in with my text. The former are so judicious and sensible, and the latter so well chosen, that if it were not too impertinent to propose myself as an example, I should wish, Sir, that you would do that justice to the writers of your own country, which my ignorance has made me execute so imperfectly and barrenly.

Give me leave to say a few words to one or two of your notes. I should be glad to mention more instances of Queen Elizabeth's fondness for praise, but fear I have already been too diffuse on that head. Bufo[3] is certainly Lord Halifax: the person at whom you hint is more nearly described by the name of Bubo[4], and I think in one place is even called Bubb. The number of volumes of *Parthenissa*[5] I took from the list of Lord Orrery's writings in the *Biographia*: it is probable, therefore, Sir, that there were different editions of that romance. You will excuse my repeating once more,

Letter 572. — [1] Sir David Dalrymple, Baronet (1726–1792), afterwards Lord Hailes; Lord of Session, 1766; Lord Justice Clerk, 1776. He was the author of the *Annals of Scotland*, besides many less important works.

[2] *Royal and Noble Authors.*

[3] 'Pope in the portrait of Bufo in the Epistle to Arbuthnot has returned the ridicule, which his Lordship, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.' (*Royal and Noble Authors.*)

[4] George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

[5] A romance by Roger Boyle (1621–1679), first Earl of Orrery.

Sir, my thanks for your partiality to a work so little worthy of your favour. I even flatter myself that whenever you take a journey this way, you will permit me to have the honour of being acquainted with a gentleman to whom I have so particular an obligation.

573. To John Chute.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

The Tower guns have sworn through thick and thin that Prince Ferdinand has entirely demolished the French[1], and the City bonfires all believe it. However, as no officer is yet come, nor confirmation, my crackers suspend their belief. Our great fleet is stepped ashore again near Cherbourg[2]; I suppose, to singe half a yard more of the coast. This is all I know; less, as you may perceive, than anything but the *Gazette*.

What is become of Mr. Montagu[3]? Has he stolen to Southampton, and slipped away a-volunteering like Norborne Berkeley, to conquer France in a dirty shirt and a frock? He might gather forty load more of laurels in my wood. I wish I could flatter myself that you would come with him.

My Lady Suffolk has at last entirely submitted her barn to our *ordination*. As yet it is only in *Deacon's orders*; but will very soon have our last imposition of hands. Adieu! Let me know a word of you.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 573.—[1] At Crefeld, where, on June 23, 1758, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick defeated the French under Clermont.

[2] Bad weather prevented the attempt on Cherbourg, and the expedition returned to St. Helens.

[3] Mr. George Montagu. *Walpole.*

574. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 6, 1758.

You may believe I was thoroughly disappointed in not seeing you here, as I expected. I grieve for the reason, and wish you had told me that your brother was quite recovered. Must I give you over for the summer? sure you are in my debt.

That regiments are going to Germany is certain; which, except the Blues, I know not. Of all secrets, I am not in any Irish ones. I hope for your sake, your Colonel is not of the number—but how can you talk in the manner you do of Prince Ferdinand? Don't you know that, next to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Delaval, he is the most fashionable man in England? Have not the Tower guns, and all the parsons in London, been ordered to pray for him? You have lived in Northamptonshire till you are ignorant that Hanover is in Middlesex, as the Bishop's palace at Chelsea is in the diocese of Winchester. In hopes that you will grow better acquainted with *your own country*, I remain your affect.

Horatius Valpolhausen.

575. To Dr. Birch.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

Sir,

As you have been so good as to favour me with your assistance, I flatter myself you will excuse my begging it once more. I am told that you mentioned to Dr. Jortin[1] a Lord Mountjoy[2], who lived in the reign of Henry VIII, as an author. Will you be so good as to tell me anything you know of him, and what he wrote? I shall entreat the

Letter 575.—[1] John Jortin (1698–1770), author of a *Life of Erasmus*.

[2] William Blount (d. 1534), fourth Baron Mountjoy, pupil and friend of Erasmus, to whom he addressed three Latin letters.

favour of this notice as soon as possibly you can; because my book is printing off, and I am afraid of being past the place where he must come in. I am just going out of town, but a line put into the post any night before nine o'clock will find me next morning at Strawberry Hill.

576. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

You have made me laugh; do you think I found much difficulty to persist in thinking as well of you as I used to do, though you have neither been as great a Poliorcetes as Almanzor, who could take a town alone, nor have executed the commands of another Almanzor[1], who thought he could command the walls of a city to tumble down as easily as those of Jericho did to the march of Joshua's first regiment of Guards? Am I so apt to be swayed by popular clamour? But I will say no more on that head—as to the wording of the sentence I approve your objection; and as I have at least so little of the author in me as to be very corrigible, I will, if you think proper, word the beginning thus:—

'In dedicating a few trifles to you[2], I have nothing new to tell the world. My esteem still accompanies your merit, on which it was founded, and to which, with such abilities as mine, I can only bear testimony; I must not pretend to vindicate it. If your virtues,' &c.

It shall not be said that I allowed prejudice and clamour to be the voice of the world against you. I approve, too, the change of *proposed* for *would have undertaken*: but I cannot like putting in *prejudice and malice*. When one accuses others of malice, one is a little apt to feel it; and

Letter 576.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Mr. Pitt.

[2] Horace Walpole's *Fugitive Pieces*, printed at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to General Conway.

could I flatter myself that such a thing as a Dedication would have weight, or that anything of mine would last, I would have it look as dispassionate as possible. When after some interval I assert coolly that you was most wrongfully blamed, I shall be believed—if I seem angry, it will look like a party quarrel still existing.

Instead of resenting your not being employed in the present follies, I think you might write a letter of thanks to my Lord Legonier[3], or to Mr. Pitt, or even to the *person*[4] who is *appointed* to *appoint* generals himself, to thank them for not exposing you a second year. All the puffs in the newspapers cannot long stifle the ridicule which the French will of course propagate through all Europe on the foolish figure we have made. You shall judge by one sample: the Duc d'Aiguillon[5] has literally sent a vessel with a flag of truce to the Duke of Marlborough, with some teaspoons which, in his hurry, he left behind him. I know the person who saw the packet before it was delivered to Blenheimeius. But what will you say to this wise commander himself? I am going to tell you no secret, but what he uttered publicly at the levee. The King asked him, if he had raised great contributions? 'Contributions, Sir! we saw nothing but old women.' What becomes of the thirty thousand men that made them retire *with such expedition to their transports*? My Lord Downe, as decently as he can, makes the greatest joke of their enterprise, and has said at Arthur's, that five hundred men posted with a grain of common sense would have cut them all to pieces. I was not less pleased at what Monsr. de Monbazon[6], the young prisoner, told Charles Townshend t'other day at Stanley's:

[3] The Commander-in-Chief.

[4] The King.

[5] Armand Vignerot du Plessis-Richelieu (1720–1780), Duc d'Aiguillon, Governor of Brittany, in which capacity he gained an unenviable notoriety by his treatment of La Chalotais. He subsequently became Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

[6] Probably Louis Armand Constantin (1730–1794), Prince de Montbazon.

he was actually in Rochfort when you landed, where he says they had six thousand men, most impatient for your approach, and so posted that not one of you would ever have returned. This is not an evidence to be forgot.

Howe and Lord George are upon the worst terms, as the latter is with the military too. I can tell you some very curious anecdotes when I see you; but what I do not choose, for particular reasons, to write. What is still more curious, when Lord George kissed hands at Kensington, not a word was said to him.

How is your fever? tell me, when you have a mind to write, but don't think it necessary to answer my gazettes; indeed I don't expect it.

Yours ever,
H. W.

577. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 8, 1758.

If you will not take Prince Ferdinand's victory at Crevelt in full of all accounts, I don't know what you will do—*autrement*, we are insolvent. After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from St. Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel-ship with the prisoner-spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea-equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles! and how plain by this sarcastic compliment what they think of us! Yet we fancy that we detain forty thousand men on the coast from Prince Clermont's[1]

Letter 577.—[1] Louis de Bourbon-Condé (1709–1771), Comte de Clermont. He was a churchman, but had received a dispensation to enable him to bear arms.

army! We are sending nine thousand men to Prince Ferdinand; part, those of the expedition: the remainder are to make another attempt; perhaps to batter Calais with a pair of tea-tongs.

I am sorry for the Comte de la Marche[2], and much more sorry for the Duc de Gisors[3]. He was recommended to me when he was in England; I knew him much, and thought as well of him as all the world did. He was graver, and with much more application to improve himself, than any young Frenchman of quality I ever saw. How unfortunate Belleisle is, to have outlived his brother[4], his only son, and his hearing! You will be charmed with an answer of Prince Ferdinand to our Princess Gouvernante of Holland[5]. She wrote by direction of the States to complain of his passing over the territories of the Republic. He replied, 'That he was sorry, though he had barely crossed over a very small corner of their dominions; and should not have trespassed even there, if he had had the same Dutch guides to conduct him that led the French army last year to Hanover.'

I congratulate you on your *regalo*[6] from the Northumberlands. How seldom people think of all the trouble and expense they put you to—I amongst the rest! Apropos, if they are not bespoken, I will not trouble you for the case of drams. Lord Hertford has given me some of his; the fashion is much on the decline, and never drinking any myself, these will last me long enough; and considering that I scarce ever give you a commission, but somehow or

[2] Louis François Joseph de Bourbon (1734–1814), Comte de la Marche; son of the Prince de Conti, whom he succeeded in 1776.

[3] Only son of Marshal Belleisle, was killed at the battle of Crevelt: the Comte de la Marche was not. *Walpole.*

[4] The Chevalier de Belleisle, killed at Exilles, in 1747.

[5] Anne, eldest daughter of George II, and Princess Dowager of Orange. *Walpole.*

[6] A 'prodigious fine snuff-box,' sent to Mann as a recognition of his efforts in procuring pictures for the Earl of Northumberland.

other ends at your expense (witness the medals you gave me of your own), it is time for me to check my pen that asks so flippantly. As I am not mercenary, I cannot bear to turn you to account; if I was, I should bear it very easily: but it is ridiculous to profit of one's friends, when one does not make friendships with that view.

Methinks you don't make a Pope very fast. The battle of Crevelt has restored him a little, or the head of our church was very declining. He said the other day to Lady Coventry[7] in the Drawing-room, 'Don't look at me, I am a dismal figure; I have entirely lost one eye.' Adieu!

578. To David Hume.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1758.

It is impossible to trouble my Lady Hervey with transcribing what I wish to say in answer to your kind objections to a very few passages in my *Catalogue*[1]: yet as I cannot deny myself the pleasure, and indeed the duty, of making some reply to such undeserved civilities from a gentleman of your abilities, you must excuse me, Sir, if I take the liberty of addressing my letter directly to you. It is, I assure you, neither with vanity nor presumption; even your flattery, Sir, cannot make me forget the distance between the author of the best history of England, and a compiler of English writers. Were it known what countenance I have received from men of such talents as Mr. Hume and Sir David Dalrymple, I should with reason be suspected of partiality to Scotland. What I did say of your country[2], Sir, was dictated by conviction, before the least selfishness or gratitude could have biased me.

[7] Maria Gunning, the celebrated beauty. *Walpole.*

Letter 578. — [1] *Of Royal and Noble Authors.*

[2] 'It is not my purpose to give an exact account of the Royal and

I must premise, Sir, that what I am going to say is not directly to defend what you criticize, it is rather an explanation which I owe to such criticisms, and to apologize for not correcting my work in consequence of your remarks; but unhappily for me, the greater part of your notes regard passages in pages already printed off for the future edition. I will touch them in order.

I perceive by what you and others have said to me, Sir, that the freedom I have taken with Sir Philip Sidney is what gives most offence: yet I think if my words are duly weighed, it will be found that my words are too strong, rather than my argument weak. I say, *when we at this distance of time inquire what prodigious merits excited such admiration.* What admiration? why, that all the learned of Europe praised him, all the poets of England lamented his death, the republic of Poland thought of him for their king. I allow Sir Philip great valour, and from some of his performances good sense; but, dear Sir, compare his talents with the admiration they occasioned, and that in no unlettered, no unpolished age, and can we at this distance help wondering at the vastness of his character? Allowing as much sense to Sir Philip as his warmest admirers can demand for him, surely this country has produced many men of far greater abilities, who have by no means met with a proportionate share of applause. It were a vain parade to name them—take Lord Bacon alone, who I believe of all our writers, except Newton, is most known to foreigners, and to whom Sir Philip was a puny child in genius,—how far was he from attaining an equal degree of fame and honour? To say the truth, I attribute the great

Noble Authors of Scotland: I am not enough versed in them to do justice to Writers of the most accomplished Nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense, I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular.' (*Royal and Noble Authors*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 201.)

admiration of Sir Philip Sidney to his having so much merit and learning for a man of his rank,

> *Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.*

Indeed, Sir, if your good sense and philosophy did not raise you above being blinded, I should suspect that you had conceived still more undeserved esteem from the same surprise for another author, who is the only one, that, by being compared with Sir Philip Sidney, could make me think the latter a very great man. I have already thrown in a note to illustrate my argument, and to excuse myself to some gentlemen who thought I had not paid attention enough to Sir Philip's *Defence of Poesy*; but whether one or two particular tracts are a little better or not than I have represented his general writings, it does not affect the scope of my reasoning, the whole result of which is, as I said, that he was not a great man in proportion to his fame.

I will not be equally diffuse in my defence of the character of Lord Falkland[3]; the same kind of answer must serve for that too. The greatest part of page 194 was intended as an answer to your objection, Sir, as I apprehended it would be made. When the King originally, and the Patriots subsequently, had drawn upon their country all the violences of a civil war, it might be just abstractedly, but I think was not right for the consequences it might have, to consider that the King was become the party aggrieved. I cannot but be of opinion, that assisting an oppressed king is, in reality, helping him to tyranny. It is the nature of man and power, not to be content with being restored to their due and former rights. And however illegal and tyrannous the conduct of a victorious Parliament may be, I should

[3] Lucius Cary (1610–1643), second Viscount Falkland, killed at the first battle of Newbury.

think it more likely to come to its rational senses, than a victorious king—perhaps mine are principles rather than arguments. On the coolest examination of myself and of the history of those times, I think I should have been one of the last to have had recourse to arms, because an encroaching prince can never take such strides as a triumphant; but I should have been one of the last, too, to lay them down, for the reasons I have given you. As to the trifling affair of the clean shirt[4], it was Whitlocke[5], as I have quoted him, page 195, and not Lord Clarendon, that mentioned it; and I was glad it was Whitlocke, to show that I equally blamed the republican and royalist writers for thinking Lord Falkland of consequence enough to have every little circumstance relating to him recorded. For the transaction[6] of the King and Glamorgan, I must own, Sir, you have helped me to a strong argument against the King, which I had overlooked, as I had another, which I have mentioned in my new edition, though a fault not equally culpable, in my opinion,—the indulgences granted to the Catholics. If the argument I have proposed in the note, page 213, does not seem a strong one to you for the reality of Glamorgan's commission, I might use more words, but I fear without conveying more conviction.

The reference to the *General Dictionary* was certainly wrong, though too late for me now to correct. Instead of vol. iii, page 359, I ought to have referred to vol. x, page 76, where if not a new or satisfactory, is at least so long a discussion, that I should have thought myself unpardonable to repeat it, as I had nothing new to offer on either side of the

[4] 'His putting on a clean shirt to be killed in is no proof of sense either in his Lordship or in the historian who thought it worth relating.' (See notice of Falkland in *R. and N. A.*)

[5] Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605–1676), author of *Memorials of English Affairs*.

[6] Relative to the commissions by which the Earl of Glamorgan was empowered to raise an army of Irish rebels and foreign Roman Catholics for the assistance of Charles I.

question. But, Sir, this is only a single and a slight mistake, in comparison of the many which I fear still remain. As my work has been so fortunate to find some favour, it would look like a boast to mention how rapidly it was compiled and composed; and I must waive my truest apology rather than plead it with an air of arrogance. But now, Sir, though I can a little defend myself against myself, what sort of an apology shall I use for the liberty I have taken with you? A liberty which you have reprimanded in the genteelest, though severest manner, by your gentle observations on a work so faulty as mine. When you allow that I am at all justifiable in mistaking your sense, I must not retract, and therefore I will only say that the words, *conduct much more natural could not however procure Lord Halifax*[7] *the character of integrity*, did seem to me to say, that though his trimming more probably flowed from integrity than policy, yet it could not attain the reputation of the former. In general, too, I must own that you seemed to make him figure as a more considerable minister than I had thought him; for thus, Sir, one compares one's own scanty and superficial reading, with the study of an historian, who has long and diligently weighed every circumstance. All men are not fortunate, like me, to write from slight knowledge, and then to be examined with the mildest good-nature by men far more able and better informed.

I am sensible, Sir, that I have transgressed all bounds; I meant to thank you, and to explain myself; instead of that, I have wearied you, while I was amusing myself with the pleasure of talking to a man whose works I have so long admired. I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

Hor. Walpole.

[7] George Savile (1633–1695), Marquis of Halifax.

579. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1758.

Your gazette, I know, has been a little idle; but we volunteer gazettes, like other volunteers, are not easily tied down to regularity and rules. We think we have so much merit, that we think we have a right to some demerit too; and those who depend upon us, I mean us gazettes, are often disappointed. A common-foot newspaper may want our vivacity, but is ten times more useful. Besides, I am not in town, and ten miles out of it is an hundred miles out of it for all the purposes of news. You know, of course, that Lord George Sackville refused to go *a-buccaneering* again, as he called it; that *my friend*, Lord Ancram[1], who loves a dram of anything, from glory to brandy, is *out of order*; that just as Lord Panmure was going to take the command, he missed an eye; and that at last they have routed out an old General Blighe[2] from the horse armoury in Ireland, who is to undertake the codicil to the expedition. Moreover, you know that Prince Edward is bound 'prentice[3] to Mr. Howe. All this you have heard, yet, like my cousin the *Chronicle*, I repeat what has been printed in every newspaper of the week, and then finish with one paragraph of *spick and span*. Alack! my postscript is not very fortunate: a convoy[4] of twelve thousand men, &c., was going to the King of Prussia, was attacked unexpectedly by five thousand Austrians, and cut entirely to pieces; provisions, ammuni-

Letter 579.—[1] William Henry Kerr (1710–1775), Earl of Ancram, succeeded his father as fourth Marquis of Lothian, 1767. He entered the army, 1735; was present at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745; commanded the cavalry at the battle of Culloden, 1746; General, 1770.

[2] General Edward Bligh (1685–1775).

[3] Prince Edward had entered the navy as a midshipman, and was on the *Essex*, under Howe's care.

[4] The convoy was attacked by Loudon at Domstädtl, in Moravia, on June 30. A small part of it escaped.

tion, &c., all taken. The King instantly raised the siege[5], and retreated with so much precipitation, that he was forced to nail up sixty pieces of cannon[6]. I conclude the next we hear of him will be a great victory: if he sets overnight in a defeat, he always rises next morning in a triumph—at least, we that have nothing to do but expect and admire, shall be extremely disappointed if he does not. Besides, he is three months debtor to Fame.

The only private history of any freshness is my Lady Dalkeith's christening; the child[7] had *three* godfathers: and I will tell you why: they had thought of the Duke of Newcastle, my Lord and George Townshend: but of two Townshends and his Grace, God could not take the word of any two of them, so all three were forced to be bound.

I draw this comfort from the King of Prussia's defeat, that it may prevent the folly of another expedition: I don't know how or why, but no reason is a very good one against a thing that has no reason in it. Eleven hundred men are ill from the last enterprise. Perhaps Don William Quixote[8] and Admiral Amadis[9] may determine to send them to the Danube; for, as no information ever precedes their resolutions, and no impossibilities ever deter them, I don't see why the only thing worthy their consideration should not be, how glorious and advantageous an exploit it would be, if it could be performed. Why did Bishop Wilkins[10] try to fly? Not that he thought it practicable, but because it would be very convenient. As he did not happen to be a particular favourite of the city of London, he was laughed

[5] Of Olmütz.

[6] This was not the case; only one cannon and four or five mortars were left behind.

[7] Thomas Charles, eldest son of the Countess of Dalkeith by her second husband, Hon. Charles Townshend.

[8] William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, then Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[9] Lord Anson, then First Lord of the Admiralty. *Walpole.*

[10] John Wilkins (d. 1672), Bishop of Chester.

at: they prepossessed in his favour, and he would have received twenty gold boxes, though twenty people had broken their necks off St. Paul's with trying the experiment.

I have heard a whisper, that you do not go into Yorkshire this summer. Is it true? It is fixed that I go to Ragley[11] on the 13th of next month; I trust you do so too. Have you had such deluges for three weeks well counted, as we have? If I had not cut one of my perroquet's wings, and there were an olive-tree in the country, I would send to know where there is a foot of dry land.

You have heard, I suppose,—if not, be it known to you,—that Mr. Keppel[12], the canon of Windsor, espouses my niece Laura; yes, Laura[13]. I rejoice much; so I receive your compliments upon it, lest you should, as it sometimes happens, forget to make them. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

July 22.

For the pleasure of my conscience I had written all the above last night, expecting Lord Lyttelton, the Dean, and other company to-day. This morning I receive yours; and having already told you all I know, I have only a few paragraphs to answer.

I am pleased that you are pleased about my book: *you* shall see it very soon; though there will scarce be a new page: nobody else shall see it till spring. In the first place, the prints will not be finished: in the next, I intend that two or three other things shall appear before it from my

[11] The seat of the Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

[12] Hon. Frederick Keppel (1729–1777), fifth son of second Earl of Albemarle; Bishop of Exeter, 1762; Dean of Windsor and Registrar of the Order of the Garter, 1765.

[13] Eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

press, of other authors; for I will not surfeit people with my writings, nor have them think that I propose to find employment alone for a whole press—so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.

I will certainly try to see you during your waiting. Adieu!

580. To the Rev. Henry Zouch[1].

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1758.

I have received, with much pleasure and surprise, the favour of your remarks upon my *Catalogue*; and whenever I have the opportunity of being better known to you, I shall endeavour to express my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself in contributing to perfect a work, which, notwithstanding your obliging expressions, I fear you found very little worthy the attention of so much good sense and knowledge, Sir, as you possess.

I am extremely thankful for all the information you have given me; I had already met with a few of the same lights as I have received, Sir, from you, as I shall mention in their place. The very curious accounts of Lord Fairfax[2] were entirely new and most acceptable to me. If I decline making use of one or two of your hints, I believe I can explain my reasons to your satisfaction. I will, with your leave, go regularly through your letter.

As Caxton laboured in the monastery of Westminster, it is not at all unlikely that he should wear the habit, nor, considering how vague our knowledge of that age is, impossible but he might enter the order[3].

Letter 580.—[1] Vicar of Sandal Magna, Yorkshire; d. 1795.

[2] Thomas Fairfax (1612–1671), third Baron Fairfax.

[3] This paragraph relates to the frontispiece to *Royal and Noble Authors*, stated by Horace Walpole to represent 'Earl Rivers presenting his book and Caxton his printer to Edward IV.' Caxton, however, was not a monk.

I have met with Henry's *Institution of a Christian*[4], and shall give you an account of it in my next edition. In that, too, I shall mention, that Lord Cobham's[5] allegiance professed at his death to Richard II, probably means to Richard and his right heirs, whom he had abandoned for the house of Lancaster. As the article is printed off, it is too late to say anything more about his works.

In all the old books of genealogy you will find, Sir, that young Richard Duke of York[6] was solemnly married to a child of his own age, Anne Mowbray, the heiress of Norfolk, who died young as well as he.

The article of the Duke of Somerset[7] is printed off too; besides, I should imagine the letter you mention not to be of his own composition, for, though not illiterate, he certainly could not write anything like classic Latin. I may, too, possibly have inclusively mentioned the very letter; I have not Ascham's book, to see from what copy the letter was taken, but probably from one of those which I have said is in Bennet Library[8].

The catalogue of Lord Brooke's[9] works is taken from the volume of his works; such pieces of his as I found doubted, particularly the tragedy of *Cicero*, I have taken notice of as doubtful.

In my next edition you will see, Sir, a note on Lord Herbert[10], who, besides being with the King at York, had offended the Peers by a speech in his Majesty's defence. Mr. Wolseley's preface I shall mention, from your informa-

[4] *De Christiani Hominis Institutione*, by Henry VIII.

[5] Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham, hanged as a traitor, 1417.

[6] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, brother of Edward V, with whom he was murdered in the Tower, 1483. He was married, at the age of five, to the Countess of Norfolk, aged six.

[7] The Protector Somerset.

[8] The library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

[9] Fulke Greville (1554–1628), first Baron Brooke.

[10] Edward Herbert (1583–1648), first Baron Herbert of Cherbury. His *Life*, written by himself, was printed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill.

tion. Lord Rochester's[11] letters to his son are letters to a child, bidding him mind his book and his grandmother. I had already been told, Sir, what you tell me of Marchmont Needham[12].

Matthew Clifford I have altered to Martin[13], as you prescribed; the blunder was my own, as well as a more considerable one, that of Lord Sandwich's[14] death—which was occasioned by my supposing, at first, that the translation of Barba[15] was made by the second Earl[16], whose death I had marked in the list, and forgot to alter, after I had writ the account of the father. I shall take care to set this right, as the second volume is not yet begun to be printed.

Lord Halifax's *Maxims*[17] I have already marked down, as I shall Lord Dorset's share in *Pompey*.

The account of the Duke of Wharton's death I had from a very good hand—Captain Willoughby; who, in the convent where the Duke died[18], saw a picture of him in the habit. If it was a Bernardine convent, the gentleman might confound them; but, considering that there is no life of the Duke but bookseller's trash, it is much more likely that they mistook.

I have no doubts about Lord Belhaven's[19] speeches; but unless I could verify their being published by himself, it were contrary to my rule to insert them.

[11] John Wilmot (1648–1680), second Earl of Rochester.

[12] Marchmont Needham (1620–1678), journalist.

[13] Martin Clifford (d. 1677), Master of the Charterhouse, to whom the Duke of Buckingham addressed an essay in the form of a letter on *Human Reason*.

[14] Edward Montagu (1625–1672), first Earl of Sandwich.

[15] *The Art of Metals*, by Alvares Alonzo Barba.

[16] Edward Montagu (d. 1688), second Earl of Sandwich.

[17] *Maxims of State applicable to all Times*, by the Marquis of Halifax.

[18] The Duke of Wharton died in a Franciscan monastery at Poblet, in north-eastern Spain.

[19] John Hamilton (1656–1708), second Baron Belhaven. Two of his speeches, delivered in the Scottish Parliament, protesting against the proposed union of England and Scotland, were printed and sold in the streets in London and Edinburgh, and were afterwards published in Defoe's *History of the Union*.

If you look, Sir, into Lord Clarendon's account of Montrose's death, you will perceive that there is no probability of the book of his actions being composed by himself.

I will consult Sir James Ware's[20] book on Lord Totness's[21] translation ; and I will mention the Earl of Cork's[22] *Memoirs.*

Lord Leppington is the Earl of Monmouth[23], in whose article I have taken notice of his *Romulus and Tarquin.*

Lord Berkeley's[24] book I have actually got, and shall give him an article.

There is one more passage, Sir, in your letter, which I cannot answer, without putting you to new trouble—a liberty which all your indulgence cannot justify me in taking ; else I would beg to know on what authority you attribute to Laurence Earl of Rochester[25] the famous preface to his father's history, which I have always heard ascribed to Atterbury, Smallridge, and Aldridge. The knowledge of this would be an additional favour ; it would be a much greater, Sir, if, coming this way, you would ever let me have the honour of seeing a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged.

[20] Sir James Ware, Knight (1594–1666), Irish antiquary and historian. His *History of Irish Writers* is the book mentioned by Horace Walpole.

[21] George Carew, Earl of Totnes. 'Sir James Ware states that this Earl translated into English a History of the Affairs of Ireland, written by Maurice Regan, servant and interpreter to Dermot, son of Murchard, King of Leinster, in 1171, and which had been turned into French verse by a friend of Regan.' (See notice of Totnes in *R. and N. A.*)

[22] Richard Boyle (1566–1643), first Earl of Cork ; author of *True Remembrances* of his own time, printed in Birch's *Life of Robert Boyle* (1744).

[23] Henry Carey (1596–1661), second Earl of Monmouth. Leppington was his second title.

[24] George Berkeley (1627–1698), first Earl of Berkeley ; author of *Historical Applications and Occasional Meditations upon Several Subjects.*

[25] Laurence Hyde (1642–1711), first Earl of Rochester ; he was the author of the preface in question.

581. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

It were a disrespect to your order, of which I hope you think me incapable, not to return an immediate answer to the favour of your last, the engaging modesty of which would raise my esteem if I had not felt it before for you. I certainly do not retract my desire of being better acquainted with you, Sir, from the knowledge you are pleased to give me of yourself. Your profession is an introduction anywhere; but, before I learned that, you will do me the justice to observe, that your good sense and learning were to me sufficient recommendation; and though, in the common intercourse of the world, rank and birth have their proper distinctions, there is certainly no occasion for them between men whose studies and inclinations are the same. Indeed, I know nothing that gives me any pretence to think any gentleman my inferior: I am a very private person myself, and if I have anything to boast from my birth, it is from the good understanding, not from the nobility of my father. I must beg, therefore, that, in the future correspondence, which I hope we shall have, you will neither show me, nor think I expect, a respect to which I have no manner of title, and which I wish not for, unless it would enable me to be of service to gentlemen of merit, like yourself. I will say no more on this head, but to repeat, that if any occasion should draw you to this part of England (as I shall be sorry if it is ill-health that has carried you from home), I flatter myself you will let me have the satisfaction and, for the last time of using so formal a word, the honour of seeing you.

In the meantime, you will oblige me by letting me know how I can convey my *Catalogue* to you. I ought, I know,

to stay till I can send you a more correct edition; but, though the first volume is far advanced, the second may profit by your remarks. If you could send me the passage and the page in Wareus[1], relating to the Earl of Totness, it would much oblige me; for I have only the English edition, and, as I am going a little journey for a week, cannot just now get the Latin.

You mention, Sir, Mr. Thoresby's Museum[2]: is it still preserved entire?

I would fain ask you another question, very foreign to anything I have been saying, but from your searches into antiquity, you may possibly, Sir, be able to explain what nobody whom I have consulted hitherto can unravel. At the end of the second part of the *Cabala*[3], p. 105, in the folio edition, is a letter from Henry VIII to the Cardinal Cibo[4], dated from 'our palace, Mindas[5], 10th July, 1527.' In no map, topographical account, or book of antiquity, can I possibly find such house or place as Mindas.

582. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

It is not a thousand years since I wrote to you, is it?—nay, if it is, blame the King of Prussia, who has been firing away his time at Olmütz; blame Admiral Howe, who never said a word of having taken Cherbourg till yesterday. —Taken Cherbourg!—yes, he has—he landed within six miles of it on the 6th, saw some force, who only stayed

Letter 581.—[1] Sir James Ware, mentioned in the preceding letter. This name was printed 'Wardus' in previous editions. (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 31, 1898.)

[2] 'Thoresby's museum and library were bequeathed to his son Ralph, after whose death they were sold by auction in London in 1764.' (*D. N. B.*)

[3] *Cabala, sive Scrinia Sacra: Mysteries of State and Government, in Letters*, published in London (in folio), 1691.

[4] Cardinal Innocent Cibo, d. 1550.

[5] Windsor. See letter to Zouch, Oct. 5, 1758.

to run away; attacked a fort, a magazine blew up, the Guards marched against a body of French, who again made fools of them, pretending to stand, and then ran away—and then, and then, why then we took Cherbourg. We pretended to destroy the works, and a basin that has just cost two millions. We have not lost twenty men. The City of London, I suppose, is drinking brave Admiral Howe's and brave Cherbourg's health; but I miss all these festivities by going into Warwickshire to-morrow to Lord Hertford. In short, Cherbourg comes very opportunely: we had begun to grow peevish at Louisbourg not being arrived, and there are some people[1] at least as peevish that Prince de Soubise has again walked into Hanover, after having demolished the Hessians[2]. Prince Ferdinand, who a fortnight ago was as great a hero as if he had been born in Thames Street, is kept in check by Monsieur de Contades[3], and there are some little apprehensions that our Blues, &c., will not be able to join him. Cherbourg will set all to rights; the King of Prussia may fumble as much as he pleases, and though the French should not be frightened out of their senses at the loss of this town, we shall be fully persuaded they are, and not a gallon less of punch will be drunk from Westminster to Wapping.

I have received your two letters of July 1st and 7th, with the prices of Stosch's medals, and the history of the new pontificate. I will not meddle with the former, content with and thanking you much for those you send me; and for the case of liqueurs, which I don't intend to present myself with, but to pay you for.

You must, I think, take up with this scrap of a letter;

LETTER 582.—[1] The King. *Walpole.*

[2] At Sangerhausen in Saxony, where, on July 23, 1758, the Hessian troops, under Prince Isenburg, were defeated by a superior force of French under Soubise and Broglie.

[3] Louis Georges Erasme (1704–1793), Marquis de Contades, Maréchal de France, who had taken command in place of Clermont.

consider it contains a conquest. If I wrote any longer, before I could finish my letter, perhaps I should hear that our fleet was come back again, and, though I should be glad they were returned safely, it diminishes the lustre of a victory to have a tame conclusion to it—without that you are left at liberty to indulge vision—Cherbourg is in France, Havre and St. Maloes may catch the panic, Calais may be surprised, that may be followed by a battle which we may gain; it is but a march of a few days to Paris, the King flies to his good allies the Dutch for safety, Prince Edward takes possession of the Bastile in his brother's name, to whom the King, content with England and Hanover—alas! I had forgot that he has just lost the latter.—Good night!

Sunday morning.

Mr. Conway, who is just come in to carry me away, brings an account of an important advantage gained by a detachment of six battalions of Hanoverians[4], who have demolished fourteen of the French, and thereby secured the magazines and a junction with the English.

583. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1758.

After some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg and Louisbourg to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am willing to presume you do too; that is, myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you: first to the Vine, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is

[4] At Mehr, in Rhenish Prussia, where, on August 5, 1758, the Hanoverians, under Baron Imhoff, defeated a greatly superior force under Chevert.

quite beautified and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange [1], that sweet house of my Lord Keeper's, that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vandyke's sketch for part of that great work, that he was to have executed in the Banqueting House. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a woman, who was evidently some princess of the White Rose.

I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house; where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute—or Bentley—touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the *salon* with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the Eighths, and Charles the Seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, and written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found and brought up to have repaired an incomparable picture of Van Helmont [2] by Sir Peter Lely.—But now for recoveries—think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two Lords Conway [3], Secretaries of State. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! —They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the Second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full, all which, during the absence of the last [4] and the minority of the present lord,

LETTER 583.—[1] The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, the seat of Sir Robert Henley, the Lord Keeper.

[2] Francis Van Helmont (1618–1690), resided at Ragley as physician to Anne Finch, Viscountess Conway.

[3] Edward Conway (d. 1631), first Viscount Conway; Edward Conway (d. 1683), first Earl of Conway.

[4] Francis Seymour Conway (1679–1732), first Baron Conway.

were by the ignorance of a steward consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber-room, where, spread on the pavements, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking all together, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats, yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Garrard [5], Master of the Charterhouse, all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are handwritings of everybody, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamation of Charles the First, signed by the Privy Council, a letter to King James from his son-in-law of Bohemia [6], with his seal, and many, very many letters of negotiation from the Earl of Bristol [7] in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton [8], Lord Chichester [9], and Sir Thomas Roe [10].—What say you? will not here be food for the Press?

I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield.—You see I continue to labour in my vocation,—of which I can give you a comical instance; I remembered a rose in painted

[5] Rev. George Garrard, Master of the Charterhouse, 1637–50. He was a correspondent of the great Earl of Strafford and of Dr. Donne.

[6] Frederick, King of Bohemia and Elector Palatine; d. 1632.

[7] John Digby (1580–1654), first Earl of Bristol, at different times Ambassador in Spain.

[8] Sir Dudley Carleton, Knight (1573–1632), cr. Viscount Dorchester in 1628; Ambassador and Secretary of State.

[9] Arthur Chichester (1563–1625), first Baron Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland and Ambassador to the Elector Palatine.

[10] Sir Thomas Roe (d. 1644), explorer and ambassador.

glass in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago, told Mr. Conway on *which* hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Aulcester[11] of Sir Fulke Grevile's[12] father and mother, and a wretched old house, with a very handsome gateway of stone, at Colton[13], belonging to Sir Rob. Throckmorton[14]. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass. You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward[15], a learned clergyman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber-room, with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture: and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk in to dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttelton was there, and the conversation turned on literature—finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder, but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys—he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with anything of the kind. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[11] Alcester.

[12] Sir Fulke Greville, Knight (d. 1606). The tomb is that of his father, also Sir Fulke Greville, who married an heiress of the Willoughby family.

[13] Coughton, near Alcester.

[14] Fourth Baronet (1702–1791).

[15] Rev. Thomas Seward (1708–1790), Canon of Lichfield; father of Anna Seward, the poetess.

584. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Aug. 22, 1758.

By my ramble into Warwickshire I am so behindhand in politics, that I don't know where to begin to tell you any news, and which by this time would not be news to you. My table is covered with *Gazettes*, victories and defeats which have come in such a lump, that I am not quite sure whether it is Prince Ferdinand or Prince Boscawen that has taken Louisbourg [1], nor whether it is the late Lord Howe [2] or the present that is killed at Cherbourg. I am returning to Strawberry, and shall make Mr. Müntz's German and military *sang-froid* set the map in my head to rights.

I saw my Lord Lyttelton and Miller at Ragley; the latter put me out of all patience. As he has heard me talked of lately, he thought it not below him to consult me on ornaments for my Lord's house. I, who know nothing but what I have purloined from Mr. Bentley and you, and who have not forgot how little they tasted your real taste and charming plan, was rather lost. To my comfort, I have seen the plan of their hall; it is stolen from Houghton, and mangled frightfully: and *both* their eating-room and *salon* are to be stucco, with pictures.

I have not time or paper to give you a full account of a vast treasure that I have discovered at Lord Hertford's, and brought away with me. If I were but *so lucky* as to be thirty years older, I might have been much luckier. In short, I have got the remains of vast quantities of letters

Letter 584.—[1] Louisbourg surrendered to the English under Amherst and Boscawen on July 25, 1758.

[2] George Augustus Howe (circ. 1724–1758), third Viscount Howe. He entered the army in 1749. He was killed in a skirmish with the French during the English advance on Ticonderoga.

and state papers of the two Lords Conway, Secretaries of State—forty times as many have been using for the oven and the house, by sentence of a steward during my Lord's minority. Most of what I have got are gnawed by rats, rotten, or not worth a straw; and yet I shall save some volumes of what is very curious and valuable—three letters of Mr. Garrard, of the Charterhouse, some of Lord Strafford, and two of old Lenox, the Duchess [3], &c., &c. In short, if I can but continue to live thirty years extraordinary, in lieu of those I have missed, I shall be able to give to the world some treasures from the press at Strawberry. Do tell me a little of your motions, and good night.

585. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 24, 1758.

You must go into laurels, you must go into mourning. Our expedition has taken Cherbourg shamefully—I mean the French lost it shamefully, and then stood looking on while we destroyed all their works, particularly a basin that had cost vast sums. But, to balance their awkwardness with ours, it proved to be an open place, which we might have taken when we were before it a month ago. The fleet is now off Portland, expecting orders for landing or proceeding. Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball, and told them he was too young to know what was good breeding in France, therefore he would behave as he should if meaning to please in England—and kissed them all. Our next and greatest triumph is the taking of Cape Breton, the account of which came on Friday. The French have not improved like their wines by crossing the sea; but lost their spirit at

[3] Hon. Frances Howard (d. 1639), daughter of first Viscount Howard of Bindon; m. 1. Henry Pranell; 2. Edward Seymour, first Earl of Hertford of the third creation; 3. Ludovic Stuart, second Duke of Lennox and Richmond.

Louisbourg as much as on their own coast. The success, especially in the destruction of their fleet, is very great: the triumphs not at all disproportionate to the conquest, of which you will see all the particulars in the *Gazette*. Now for the chapter of cypresses. The attempt on Crown Point[1] has failed; Lord Howe was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterward by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at Ticonderoga[2]. There is a *Gazette*, too, with all the history of this. My hope is that Cape Breton may buy us Minorca and a peace. I have great satisfaction in Captain Hervey's[3] gallantry; not only he is my friend, but I have the greatest regard for and obligations to my Lady Hervey[4]; he is her favourite son and she is particularly happy.

Mr. Wills is arrived and has sent me the medals, for which I give you a million of thanks; the scarce ones are not only valuable for the curiosity of them, but for their preservation. I laughed heartily at the Duke of Argyll[5], and am particularly pleased with the *Jesus Rex noster*[6].

Chevert[7], the best and most sensible of the French officers,

LETTER 585.—[1] Known to the French as Fort Frédéric, and situated on the south-western shore of Lake Champlain, north of Ticonderoga.

[2] The English, under Abercrombie, attacked Ticonderoga on July 9, 1758, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

[3] Augustus Hervey, second son of John, Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his brother as third Earl of Bristol in 1775. He entered the navy in 1740; was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1763; Vice-Admiral of the Blue, 1778. He married privately in 1744 Elizabeth Chudleigh, who married (during his lifetime) the Duke of Kingston, and who was tried for bigamy in 1776. In July, 1758, he destroyed the *Rose*, a French 36-gun frigate.

[4] Mary Lepelle, widow of John, Lord Hervey. *Walpole.*

[5] On a medal thus described by Mann (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. p. 6), 'A most ridiculous vulgar brass medal struck by some Irish priest at Rome. On one side is a figure with a halter, by which the devil is leading it to hell; with the words, "Make room for Sir Robert!" and at the bottom, "No Excise!" On the other side is a figure in robes and in armour, with "The Generouse Duke of Argyll," and at bottom, "No Petitioners!"'

[6] Inscription on a silver coin of the Republic of Florence, who declared Jesus Christ their King, to prevent the usurpation of Pope Clement VII. *Walpole.*

[7] François de Chevert (1695–1769).

has been beat by a much smaller number under the command of Imhoff, who, I am told would be very stupid, if a *German* could be so.—I think they hope a little still for Hanover, from this success. Of the King of Prussia—not a word.

My Lady Bath [8] has had a paralytic stroke, which drew her mouth aside and took away her speech. I never heard a greater instance of cool sense; she made signs for a pen and ink, and wrote 'Palsy.' They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered.

As I wrote to you but a minute ago, I boldly conclude this already. Adieu!

586. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1758.

As you know a great deal more of Somerset House than I do, I will beg you some day as you go by to call there, and inquire carefully of the keeper of the King's pictures, or of the housekeeper, if there is any such thing as a picture of Lord Wimbledon there. In an old MS. of Vertue, I find this memorandum:—

'Among the King's pictures at Somerset House, a picture of Colonel Cecil Viscount Wimbledon, ætat: 37, anno 1610. Corn. Johnson pinx.'

You may imagine why I am solicitous to see this portrait [1].

Adieu, dear Sir,

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

[8] Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

Letter 586.—[1] It was probably with a view to the *Anecdotes of Painting*, begun in September of this year.

587. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1758.

I guessed right, I find: my journey to Matson would again interfere with one of yours; and as all parties of pleasure should be as much so as possible, we will defer ours if you please, till we can accommodate it to the satisfaction of both. I will deal frankly with you, which we have known one another long enough to do. I could not well set out before the tenth; and I own, besides the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Williams, I did propose this time to look at Berkeley Castle, Lord Ducie's[1], Mr. Morris's, and finish with Bath; you see what a furious list I had prepared, and how far this would carry you towards winter; and having missed your letter at Ragley, it would be to return back all this way for a day or two. Now whenever you shall really have nothing else to do, and will let me make Matson my head quarters, this will be more agreeable to me, and I shall have the satisfaction of thinking I don't constrain you. Instead of my going this year to Matson, you will come hither when you have again had enough of London and Betty[2]; and in October if you are still idle, we may go and fetch Mr. Williams from Bath. What say you to this?

I will speak to Scarlet about the picture the first moment I am in town. Do write me a line as soon as you receive this, for I will still be at your command if you insist upon it. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 587. — Not in C.; now first printed from original in South Kensington Museum (Dyce and Forster Collection).

[1] Matthew Ducie Moreton (d. 1770), second Baron Ducie. His seat was Tortworth, in Gloucestershire.

[2] Betty Neale, who kept a fruit shop in St. James' Street.

588. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 2, 1758.

It is well I have got something to pay you for the best letter that ever was! A vast victory, I own, does not entertain me so much as a good letter; but you are bound to like anything military better than your own wit, and therefore I hope you will think a defeat of the Russians a better *bon mot* than any you sent me. Should you think it clever if the King of Prussia has beaten them? How much cleverer if he has taken three lieutenant-generals and a hundred pieces of cannon? How much cleverer still, if he has left fifteen thousand Muscovites dead on the spot[1]? Does the loss of *only* three thousand of his own men take off from or sharpen the sting of this joke? In short, all this is fact, as a courier arrived at Sion Hill[2] this morning affirms. The City, I suppose, expect that his Majesty will now be at leisure to step to Ticonderoga and repair our mishap[3]. But I shall talk no more politics; if this finds you at Chatsworth, as I suppose it will, you will be better informed than from me.

Lady Mary Coke arrived at Ragley between two and three in the morning; how unlucky that I was not there to offer her part of an aired bed! But how could you think of the proposal you have made me? Am not I already in love with *the youngest, handsomest, and wittiest widow in England*? As *herculean a labourer* as I am, as Tom Hervey says, I don't choose another. I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley[4], which, either by the fault of their servants or of the waggoner, is

Letter 588.—[1] The defeat of the Russians at Zornsdorff. *Walpole.*—On Aug. 25, 1758.

[2] At Isleworth, the residence of the Earl of Holdernesse, Secretary of State.

[3] The repulse of General Abercrombie at Ticonderoga. *Walpole.*

[4] The Conway papers in the reign of James I. *Walpole.*

not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much of it, that, when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now *to recover the Palatinate*[5]. Good night!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

589. To DAVID MALLET.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 8, 1758.

The pamphlet I mentioned to you t'other day, of which I could not remember the title, is called *Reflections concerning Innate Moral Principles*, written in French by the late Lord Bolingbroke, and translated into English. Printed in both languages 1752.

May I mention this as Lord Bolingbroke's[1]?

Be so good as to tell Mrs. Mallet how extremely obliged I am for her note, and I hope she knows that I have scarce been in town two days this whole summer. When she returns she shall have no reason to think me insensible to her goodness. I am, Sir,

Hers and your most obedient

Humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

590. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1758.

WELL! the King of Prussia is found again—where do you think? only in Poland, up to the chin in Russians!

[5] The loss (in 1620) of the possessions of the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I, was doubtless the subject of some of the Conway correspondence.

LETTER 589.—[1] The pamphlet is mentioned among Bolingbroke's works in the second edition of *Royal and Noble Authors*. It was 'said to have been written for the "Entresol" Club, founded by Alari.' (*D. N. B.*)

Was ever such a man! He was riding home from Olmütz; they ran and told him of an army of Muscovites, as you would of a covey of partridges; he galloped thither, and shot them. But what news I am telling you!—I forgot that all ours comes by water-carriage, and that you must know everything a fortnight before us. It is incredible how popular he is here; except a few, who take him for the same person with Mr. Pitt, the lowest of the people are perfectly acquainted with him: as I was walking by the river the other night, a bargeman asked me for something to drink the King of Prussia's health. Yet Mr. Pitt specifies his own glory as much as he can: the standards taken at Louisbourg have been carried to St. Paul's with much parade; and this week, after bringing it by *land* from Portsmouth, they have dragged the cannon of Cherbourg into Hyde Park, on pretence of diverting a man[1], at whom, in former days, I believe, Mr. Pitt has laughed for loving such rattles as drums and trumpets. Our expedition, since breaking a basin at Cherbourg, has done nothing, but are dodging about still. Prince Edward gave a hundred guineas to the poor of Cherbourg, and the general and admiral twenty-five apiece. I love charity, but sure this is excess of it, to lay out thousands, and venture so many lives, for the opportunity of giving a Christmas-box to your enemies! Instead of beacons, I suppose, the coast of France will be hung with pewter-pots with a slit in them, as prisons are, to receive our alms.

Don't trouble yourself about the Pope[2]: I am content to find that he will by no means eclipse my friend. You please me with telling me of a collection of medals bought for the Prince of Wales. I hope it is his own taste; if it is only thought right that he should have it, I am glad.

LETTER 590.—[1] The King. *Walpole.* [2] Clement XIII; d. 1769.

I am again got into the hands of builders, though this time to a very small extent; only the addition of a little cloister and bedchamber. A day may come that will produce a gallery, a round tower, a larger cloister, and a cabinet, in the manner of a little chapel: but I am too poor for these ambitious designs yet, and I have so many ways of dispersing my money, that I don't know when I shall be richer. However, I amuse myself infinitely; besides my printing-house, which is constantly at work, besides such a treasure of taste and drawing as my friend Mr. Bentley, I have a painter[3] in the house, who is an engraver too, a mechanic, and everything. He was a Swiss engineer in the French service; but his regiment being broken at the peace, Mr. Bentley found him in the isle of Jersey and fixed him with me. He has an astonishing genius for landscape, and added to that, all the industry and patience of a German. We are just now practising, and have succeeded surprisingly in a new method of painting, discovered at Paris by Count Caylus[4], and intended to be the encaustic method of the ancients. My Swiss has painted, I am writing the account[5], and my press is to notify our improvements. As you will know that way, I will not tell you here at large. In short, to finish all the works I have in hand, and all the schemes I have in my head, I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more. What pleasure it would give me to see you here for a moment! I should think I saw you and your dear brother at once! Can't you form some violent secret expedition against Corsica or Port Mahon, which may make it necessary for you to come and settle here? Are we to correspond till we meet in some unknown world? Alas! I fear so; my dear Sir, you are as little likely to save money as I am—

[3] J. H. Müntz. *Walpole.*

[4] Anne Claude de Lévis (1692–1763), Comte de Caylus, soldier and writer on art.

[5] Müntz left Mr. W. and published another account himself. *Walpole.*

would you could afford to resign your crown and be a subject at Strawberry Hill! Adieu!

P.S. I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter[6] is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. . . .[7] The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than beauty. It is the second, Maria[8], who is beauty itself! her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one, is that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty. I must tell you too of their brother[9]: he was on the expedition to St. Maloes; a party of fifty men appearing on a hill, he was dispatched to reconnoitre with only eight men. Being stopped by a brook, he prepared to leap it; an old sergeant dissuaded him, from the inequality of the numbers. 'Oh!' said the boy, 'I will tell you what; our profession is bred up to so much regularity that any novelty terrifies them—with our light English horses we will leap the stream; and I'll be d——d if they don't run.' He did so—and they did so. However, he was not content; but insisted that each of his party should carry back a prisoner before them. They had got eight, when they overtook an elderly man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, they were English, the enemies of his King and country; that he hated them, and had rather be killed.

[6] Laura, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married to Dr. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Exeter. *Walpole.*

[7] Passage erased in MS.

[8] Maria, second daughter, married first to James, second Earl of Waldegrave, and afterwards to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George the Third. *Walpole.*

[9] Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole, died young. *Walpole.*

My nephew hesitated a minute, and then said, 'I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death, but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you.' The fellow directly flung down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough sent my brother word of this, adding, it was the only clever action in their whole exploit. Indeed I am pleased with it; for besides his spirit, I don't see, with this thought and presence of mind, why he should not make a general. I return to one little word of the King of Prussia—shall I tell you? I fear all this time he is only fattening himself with glory for Marshal Daun, who will demolish him at last, and then, for such service, be shut up in some fortress or in the Inquisition—for it is impossible but the house of Austria must indemnify themselves for so many mortifications by some horrid ingratitude!

591. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 14, 1758.

Though the approaching edition of my *Catalogue* is so far advanced that little part is left now for any alteration, yet as a book of that kind is always likely to be reprinted from the new persons who grow entitled to a place in it, and as long as it is in my power I shall wish to correct and improve it, I must again thank you, Sir, for the additional trouble you have given yourself. The very first article strikes me much. May I ask where, and what page of what book, I can find Sir R. Cotton's account of Richard II being an author[1]: does not he mean Richard I?

The *Basilicon Doron* is published in the folio of K. James's

Letter 591.—[1] Croker states that in a letter to Archbishop Usher, Sir Robert Cotton requests the Archbishop to procure for him a poem of Richard II.

Works, and contains instructions to his son, Prince Henry. In return, I will ask you where you find those verses of Herbert; and I would also ask you, how you have had time to find and know so much?

Lord Leicester, and much less the Duke of Monmouth, will scarce, I fear, come under the description I have laid down to myself of authors. I doubt the first did not compose his own *Apology*.

Did the Earl of Bath publish, or only design to publish, *Dionysius*? Shall I find the account in Usher's letters? Since you are so very kind, Sir, as to favour me with your assistance, shall I beg, Sir, to prevent my repeating trouble to you, just to mark at any time where you find the notices you impart to me; for though the want of a citation is the effect of my ignorance, it has the same consequence to you.

I have not the *Philosophical Transactions*, but I will hereafter examine them on the hints you mention, particularly for Lord Brounker, who I did not know had written, though I have often thought it probable he did. As I have considered Lord Berkeley's *Love-Letters*, I have no doubt but they are a fiction, though grounded on a real story.

That Lord Falkland was a writer of controversy appears by the list of his works, and that he is said to have assisted Chillingworth[2]: that he wrote against Chillingworth, you see, Sir, depends upon very vague authority; that is, upon the assertion of an anonymous person, who wrote so above a hundred years ago.

James Earl of Marlborough[3] is entirely a new author to me—at present, too late. Lord Raymond[4] I had inserted, and he will appear in the next edition.

[2] William Chillingworth (1602–1644). In *Royal and Noble Authors* (under Falkland) Walpole says, 'He is said to have assisted Chillingworth in his book called *The Religion of Protestants*.'

[3] James Ley (1552–1629), first Earl of Marlborough. He wrote pamphlets on antiquarian subjects.

[4] Robert Raymond (1682–1732), first Baron Raymond.

I have been as unlucky, for the present, about Lord Totness. In a collection published in Ireland, called *Hibernica*[5], I found, but too late, that he translated another very curious piece, relating to Richard II. However, Sir, with these, and the very valuable helps I have received from you, I shall be able, at a proper time, to enrich another edition much.

592. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 19, 1758.

I have all my life laughed at ministers in my letters; but at least with the decency of obliging them to break open the seal. You have more noble frankness, and send your satires to the post with not so much as a wafer, as my Lord Bath did sometimes in my father's administration. I scarce laughed more at the inside of your letter than at the cover—not a single button to the waistband of its breeches, but all its nakedness fairly laid open! what was worse, all Lady Mary's nakedness was laid open at the same time. Is this your way of treating a *dainty widow*? nay, and your own wife! every clerk in the post office knows that a gentleman before your face desired *to lay with her*! What will Mr. Pitt think of all this? Will he be pleased with your suffering such proposals to your wife, or begin to believe that you have some spirit, when, with no fear of Dr. Shebbeare's example[1] before your eyes, you speak your mind so freely, without any modification? As Mr. Pitt may be cooled a little to his senses, perhaps he may *now* find out that a grain of prudence is no bad ingredient in a mass of

[5] Published in Dublin in 1747 by Walter Harris. The piece in question is a translation of a French contemporary account of the visit of Richard II to Ireland.

Letter 592.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Shebbeare had been tried for libel, after the publication of his sixth *Letter to the People of England*.

courage; in short, he and the mob are at last undeceived, and have found, by sad experience, that *all* the cannon of France has not been brought into Hyde Park. An account, which you will see in the *Gazette* (though a little better disguised than your letters), is come, that after our troops had been set on shore, and left there, till my Lord Howe went somewhere else and cried 'Hoop!' having nothing else to do for four days to amuse themselves, nor knowing whether there was a town within an hundred miles, went staring about the country to see whether there were any Frenchmen left in France: which Mr. Pitt, in very fine words, had assured them there was not, and which my Lord Howe, in very fine silence, had confirmed. However, somehow or other (Mr. Deputy Hodges says they were not French, but Papists sent from Vienna to assist the King of France), twelve battalions fell upon our rear-guard, and, which General Blighe says is *very common* (I suppose he means that rashness and folly should run itself into a scrape), were all cut to pieces or taken[2]. The town says, Prince Edward ran hard to save himself; I don't mean, too fast, but scarcely fast enough; and the general says that Lord Frederick, your friend, is safe; the thing he seems to have thought of most, except a little vain parade of his own self-denial on his nephew. I shall not be at all surprised if, to show he was not in the wrong, Mr. Pitt should get ready another expedition by the depth of winter, and send it in search of the cannon and colours of these twelve battalions. Pray Heaven your letter don't put it in his head to give you the command! It is *not* true that he made the King ride upon one of the cannons to the Tower.

I was really touched with my Lady Howe's[3] advertise-

[2] At St. Cast in Brittany on Sept. 11, 1758. The French attacked the rear-guard as they descended a rocky defile previous to re-embarking. The English loss amounted to nearly 1,000 men.

[3] Mary Sophia Charlotte Kilmansegge (d. 1782), generally supposed

ment, though I own at first it made me laugh, for seeing an address to the voters for Nottingham signed *Charlotte Howe*, I concluded (they are so manly a family) that Mrs. Howe[4], who rides a fox-chase, and dines at the *table d'hôte* at Grantham, intended to stand for member of Parliament.

Sir John Armitage died on board a ship before the landing; Lady Hardwicke's nephew, Mr. Cocks, scarce recovered of his Cherbourg wound, is killed. He had 7,000*l.* a year, and was a volunteer. I don't believe his uncle and aunt advised his venturing so much money.

My Lady Burlington is very ill, and the distemper shows itself oddly; she breaks out all over in—curses and blasphemies. Her maids are afraid of catching them, and will hardly venture into her room.

On reading over your letter again, I begin to think that the connection between Mr. Pitt and my *dainty widow*[5] is stronger than I imagined. One of them must have caught of the other that noble contempt which makes a thing's being *impossible not signify*. It sounds very well in *sensible* mouths; but how terrible to be the chambermaid or the army of such people! I really am in a panic, and having some mortal impossibilities about me which a dainty widow might not allow to signify, I will balance a little between her and my Lady Carlisle, who, I believe, knows that im-

to be the daughter of George I by the Countess of Darlington; m. (1719) Emanuel Scrope Howe, second Viscount Howe (d. 1735). Her advertisement was as follows:—

'To the gentlemen, clergy, freeholders, and burgesses of the town and county of Nottingham.

As Lord Howe is now absent upon the public service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Howe is with his regiment at Louisbourg, it rests upon me to beg the favour of your votes and interests, that Lieutenant-Colonel Howe may supply the place of his late brother, as your representative in Parliament.

Permit me, therefore, to implore the protection of every one of you, as the mother of him, whose life has been lost in the service of his country.

CHARLOTTE HOWE.

Albemarle Street, Sept. 14, 1758.'

(*Ann. Reg.* 1758, p. 73.)

[4] Eldest daughter of second Viscount Howe, married to John Howe, of Hanslope, Buckinghamshire.

[5] Lady Mary Coke.

possibilities do signify. These were some of my reflections on reading your letter again; another was, that I am now convinced you sent your letter open to the post on purpose; you knew it was so good a letter, that everybody ought to see it—and yet you would pass for a modest man!

I am glad I am not in favour enough to be consulted by *my Lord Duchess*[6] on the Gothic farm; she would have given me so many fine and unintelligible reasons why it should not be as it should be, that I should have lost a little of my patience. You don't tell me if the goose-board in hornbeam is quite finished; and have you forgot that I actually was in t'other goose-board, the conjuring room?

I wish you joy on your preferment in the militia, though I do not think it quite so safe an employment as it used to be. If George Townshend's *disinterested* virtue should grow impatient for a *regiment*, he will persuade Mr. Pitt that the militia are the only troops in the world for taking Rochfort. Such a scheme would answer all his purposes; would advance his own interest, contradict the Duke's opinion, who holds militias cheap, and by the ridiculousness of the attempt would furnish very good subjects to his talent of buffoonery in black-lead.

The King of Prussia you may believe is in Petersburg, but he happens to be in Dresden. Good night! Mine and Sir Harry Hemlock's[7] services to my Lady Ailesbury.

Yours ever,

H. W.

593. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1758.

The confusion of the first accounts and the unwelcomeness of the subject, made me not impatient to dispatch

[6] The Duchess of Norfolk. She had planted a game of the goose in hornbeam, at Worksop. *Walpole.*

[7] No doubt Sir Henry Hunloke, fourth Baronet, of Wingerworth, Derbyshire; d. 1804.

another letter so quickly after my last. However, as I suppose the French relations will be magnified, it is proper to let you know the exact truth. Not being content with doing nothing at St. Maloes, and with being suffered to do all we could at Cherbourg (no great matter), our land and sea heroes, Mr. Pitt and Lord Howe, projected a third—I don't know what to call it. It seems they designed to take St. Maloes, but being disappointed by the weather, they—what do you think?—landed fifteen miles from it, with no object nor near any—and lest that should not be absurd enough, the fleet sailed away for another bay, leaving the army with only two cannons, to scramble to them across the country as they could. *Nine* days they were staring about France; at last they had notice of twelve battalions approaching, on which they stayed a little before they hurried to the transports. The French followed them at a distance, firing from the upper grounds. When the greatest part were re-embarked, the French descended and fell on the rear, on which it was necessary to sacrifice the Guards to secure the rest. Those brave young men did wonders—that is, they were cut to pieces with great intrepidity. We lost General Dury and ten other officers; Lord Frederick Cavendish with twenty-three others were taken prisoners. In all we have lost seven hundred men, but more shamefully for the projectors and conductors than can be imagined, for no shadow of an excuse can be offered for leaving them so exposed, with no purpose or possible advantage, in the heart of an enemy's country. What heightens the distress, the army sailed from Weymouth with a full persuasion that they were to be sacrificed to the vainglorious whims of a man of words and a man of none[1]!

LETTER 593.—[1] The two brothers, successively Lords Howe, were remarkably silent. *Walpole.*

Three expeditions we have sent,
And if you bid me show where,
I know as well as those who went,
To St. Maloes, Cherbourg, nowhere.

Those whose trade or amusement is politics may comfort themselves with their darling Prussian; he has strode back over 20 or 30,000 Russians, and stepped into Dresden. They even say that Daun is retired. For my part, it is to inform *you* that I dwell at all on these things. I am shocked with the iniquities I see and have seen. I abhor their dealings,

And from my soul sincerely hate
Both Kings and Ministers of State!

I don't know whether I can attain any goodness by shunning them, I am sure their society is contagious. Yet I will never advertise my detestation, for if I professed virtue, I should expect to be suspected of designing to be a minister. Adieu! you are good, and will keep yourself so.

Sept. 25th.

I had sealed my letter, but as it cannot go away till to-morrow, I open it again on receiving yours of Sept. 9th. I don't understand Marshal Botta's being so well satisfied with our taking Louisbourg. Are the Austrians disgusted with the French? Do they begin to repent their alliance? or has he so much sense as to know what improper allies they have got? It is very right in *you* who are a minister, to combat hostile ministers—had I been at Florence, I should not have so much contested the authority of the Abbé de Ville's[2] performance: I have no more doubt of the convention of Closter Severn having been scandalously broken, than it was shamelessly disavowed by those who *commanded* it.

[2] Abbé Jean Ignace de la Ville (d. 1774), head of the ministry of Foreign Affairs in France.

In our loss are included some of our volunteers; a Sir John Armitage, a young man of fortune, just come much into the world, and engaged to the sister[3] of the hot-headed and cool-tongued Lord Howe; a Mr. Cocks, nephew of Lady Hardwicke, who could not content himself with seven thousand pounds a year, without the addition of an ensign's commission: he was not quite recovered of a wound he had got at Cherbourg. The royal volunteer, Prince Edward, behaved with much spirit. Adieu!

594. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 3, 1758.

Having no news to send you, but the massacre of St. Cas, not agreeable enough for a letter, I stayed till I had something to send you, and behold a book[1]! I have delivered to portly old Richard, your ancient nurse, the new produce of the Strawberry Press.

You know that the wife of Bath is gone to maunder at St. Peter, and before he could hobble to the gate, my Lady Burlington, cursing and blaspheming, overtook t'other Countess, and both together made such an uproar, that the cock flew up into the tree of life for safety, and St. Peter himself turned the key and hid himself; and as nobody could get into t'other world, half the Guards are come back again, and appeared in the Park to-day, but such dismal ghostly figures, that my Lady Townshend was really frightened, and is again likely to turn Methodist.

Do you design, or do you not, to look at Strawberry as you come to town? if you do, I will send a card to my neighbour, Mrs. Holman, to meet you any day five weeks

[3] Mary, their youngest sister, was afterwards married to General Pitt, brother of George, Lord Rivers. *Walpole.*

Letter 594. — [1] *An Account of Russia as it was in the year* 1710. By Charles, Lord Whitworth.

that you please—or I can amuse you without cards—such fat bits of your *dear dad*, old Jammy[2], as I have found among the Conway papers, such morsels of all sorts!—but come and see.—Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

595. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1758.

You make so many apologies for conferring great favours on me, that if you have not a care, I shall find it more convenient to believe that, instead of being grateful, I shall be very good if I am forgiving. If I am impertinent enough to take up this style, at least I promise you I will be very good, and I will certainly *pardon* as many obligations as you shall please to lay on me.

I have that *Life of Richard II.* It is a poor thing, and not even called in the title-page Lord Holles's[1]; it is a still lower trick of booksellers to insert names of authors in a catalogue, which, with all their confidence, they do not venture to bestow on the books themselves; I have found several instances of this.

Lord Preston's[2] Boetius I have. From Scotland, I have received a large account of Lord Cromerty[3], which will appear in my next edition: as my copy is in the press, I do not exactly remember if there is the Tract on Precedency: he wrote a great number of things, and was held in great contempt living and dead.

I have long sought, and wished to find, some piece of Duke Humphrey[4]: he was a great patron of learning, built

[2] King James I.

Letter 595.—[1] Denzil Holles (1599–1680), first Baron Holles.

[2] Richard Graham (1648–1695), first Viscount Preston, sometime Secretary of State. He translated Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy*.

[3] George Mackenzie (1630–1714), first Earl of Cromartie.

[4] It does not appear that Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was an author.

the Schools, I think, and gave a library to Oxford. Yet, I fear, I may not take the authority of Pits[5], who is a wretched liar; nor is it at all credible that in so blind an age a Prince, who, with all his love of learning, I fear, had very little of either learning or parts, should write on astronomy;—had it been on astrology, it might have staggered me.

My omission of Lord Halifax's *Maxims* was a very careless one, and has been rectified. I did examine the *Musae Anglicanae*, and I think found a copy or two, and at first fancied I had found more, till I came to examine narrowly. In the *Joys and Griefs of Oxford and Cambridge* are certainly many noble copies; but you judge very right, Sir—they are not to be mentioned, no more than exercises at school, where, somehow or other, every peer has been a poet. To my shame, you are still more in the right about the Duke of Buckingham[6]: if you will give me leave, instead of thinking that he wrote, hoping to be mistaken for his predecessor, I will believe that he hoped so after he had written.

You are again in the right, Sir, about Lord Abercorn[7], as the present Lord himself informed me. I don't know Lord Godolphin's[8] verses: at most, by your account, he should be in the Appendix; but if they are only signed Sidney Godolphin, they may belong to his uncle, who, if I remember rightly, was one of the troop of verse-writers of that time.

You have quite persuaded me of the mistake in *Mindas*; till you mentioned it, I had forgot that they wrote Windsor

[5] John Pits (1560–1616), Catholic divine and writer of biography.

[6] John Sheffield (1647–1721), first Duke of Buckingham and Normanby.

[7] James Hamilton (d. 1744), seventh Earl of Abercorn, author of *Calculations and Tables relating to the Attractive Power of Loadstones.*

[8] Sidney Godolphin (1645–1712), first Earl of Godolphin. He was no poet. The verses were probably by his uncle and namesake, Sidney Godolphin (1610–1643).

'Windesore,' and then by abbreviation the mistake was easy.

The account of Lord Clarendon is printed off; I do mention as printed his account of Ireland[9], though I knew nothing of Borlase[10]. Apropos, Sir, are you not glad to see that the second part of his *History* is actually advertised to come out soon after Christmas?

Lord Nottingham's[11] letter I shall certainly mention.

I yesterday sent to Mr. Whiston a little piece[12] that I have just mentioned[13] here, and desired him to convey it to you; you must not expect a great deal from it: yet it belongs so much to my *Catalogue*, that I thought it a duty to publish it. A better return to some of your civilities is to inform you of Dr. Jortin's *Life of Erasmus*, with which I am much entertained. There are numberless anecdotes of men thought great in their day, now so much forgotten, that it grows valuable again to hear about them. The book is written with great moderation and goodness of heart: the style is not very striking, and has some vulgarisms, and in a work of that bulk I should rather have taken more pains to digest and connect it into a flowing narrative, than dryly give it as a diary: yet I dare promise it will amuse you much.

With your curiosity, Sir, and love of information, I am sure you will be glad to hear of a most valuable treasure that I have discovered; it is the collection of state papers amassed by the two Lords Conway, that were Secretaries of

[9] *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in Ireland*, printed in 1726.

[10] Edmund Borlase, physician and historic writer. He compiled a *History of the Irish Rebellion*. 'For the purposes of his work, Borlase obtained a copy of an unpublished treatise on Irish affairs by Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. This he unskilfully altered and interpolated, to make it accord with his views.' (*D. N. B.*)

[11] Daniel Finch (1647–1730), seventh Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. His *Letter* was addressed to Dr. Waterland.

[12] Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia*.

[13] Probably a slip for 'printed.'

State, and their family: vast numbers have been destroyed; yet I came time enough to retrieve vast numbers, many, indeed, in a deplorable condition. They were buried under lumber upon the pavement of an unfinished chapel, at Lord Hertford's in Warwickshire, and during his minority, and the absence of his father, an ignorant steward delivered them over to the oven and kitchen, and yet had not been able to destroy them all. It is a vast work to dry, range, and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds, and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and were all jumbled and matted together. I propose, by degrees, to print the most curious; of which, I think, I have already selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my *Catalogue*. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice.

596. To Lady Hervey.

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.

Your Ladyship, I hope, will not think that such a strange thing as my own picture seems of consequence enough to me to write a letter about it: but obeying your commands does seem so; and lest you should return and think I had neglected it, I must say that I have come to town three several times on purpose, but Mr. Ramsay[1] (I will forgive him) has been constantly out of town. — So much for that.

I would have sent you word that the King of Portugal[2] coming along the road at midnight, which was in his own room at noon, his foot slipped, and three balls went through

Letter 596. — [1] Allan Ramsay (1713–1784). [2] Joseph, King of Portugal; d. 1777.

his body; which, however, had no other consequence than giving him a stroke of a palsy, of which he is quite recovered, except being dead[3]. Some, indeed, are so malicious as to say that the Jesuits, who are the most conscientious men in the world, murdered him, because he had an intrigue with another man's wife: but all these histories I supposed your Ladyship knew better than me, as, till I came to town yesterday, I imagined you was returned. For my own part, about whom you are sometimes so good as to interest yourself, I am as well as can be expected after the murder of a king, and the death of a person of the next consequence to a king, the Master of the Ceremonies, poor Sir Clement[4], who is supposed to have been suffocated by my Lady Macclesfield's[5] kissing hands.

This will be a melancholy letter, for I have nothing to tell your Ladyship but tragical stories. Poor Dr. Shawe[6] being sent for in great haste to Claremont (it seems the Duchess had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whisker getting up her nose and making her sneeze)—the poor Doctor, I say, having eaten a few mushrooms before he set out, was taken so ill, that he was forced to stop at Kingston; and, being carried to the first apothecary's, prescribed a medicine for himself which immediately cured him. This catastrophe so alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, that he immediately ordered all the mushroom beds to be destroyed, and even the toadstools in the park did not escape scalping in this general massacre. What I tell you is literally true. Mr. Stanley, who dined there last Sunday, and is not partial against that court, heard the edict repeated, and confirmed it to me last night. And a voice

[3] An allusion to the confused accounts of the attempt on his life. The fact was concealed as much as possible, and it was given out that the King had fallen down in his palace.

[4] Sir Clement Cotterel. *Walpole.*

[5] She had been a common woman. *Walpole.*

[6] Physician to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, *Chloe*[7] weeping for *her* mushrooms, and they are not!

After all these important histories, I would try to make you smile, if I was not afraid you would resent a little freedom taken with a great name[8].—May I venture?

> Why Taylor the quack calls himself *Chevalier*,
> 'Tis not easy a reason to render;
> Unless blinding eyes, that he thinks to make clear,
> Demonstrates he's but a *Pretender*.

A book has been left at your Ladyship's house; it is Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia*. Monsieur Kniphausen[9] has promised me some curious anecdotes of the Czarina Catherine—so my shop is likely to flourish.

I am your Ladyship's most obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

597. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Oct. 17, 1758.

I HAVE read your letter, as you may believe, with the strictest attention, and will tell you my thoughts as sincerely as you do and have a right to expect them.

In the first place, I think you far from being under any obligation for this notice[1]. If Mr. Pitt is sensible that he has used you very ill, is it the part of an honest man to require new submissions, new supplications from the person he has injured? If he thinks you proper to command, as one must suppose by this information, is it patriotism that forbids him to employ an able officer, unless that officer sues to be employed? Does patriotism bid him send out

[7] The Duke of Newcastle's cook. *Walpole.*

[8] That of the Pretender. Lady Hervey was partial to the Stuarts.

[9] Baron von Kniphausen, Prussian Minister in London.

LETTER 597.—[1] Pitt had made a point of explaining to Lord Hertford that Conway's exclusion from the proposed expedition to the West Indies was not due to him.

a man that has had a stroke of a palsy, preferable to a young man of vigour and capacity, only because the latter has made no application within these two months?—But as easily as I am inclined to believe that your merit makes its way even through the cloud of Mr. Pitt's proud prejudices, yet I own in the present case I question it. I can see two reasons why he should wish to entice you to this application: the first is, the clamour against his giving all commands to young or improper officers is extreme; Holmes, appointed Admiral of the Blue but six weeks ago, has writ a warm letter on the chapter of subaltern commanders: the second, and possibly connected in his mind with the former, may be this; he would like to refuse you, and then say you had asked when it was too late; and at the same time would have to say that he would have employed you if you had asked sooner. This leads me to the point of time: Hobson[2] is not only appointed, but Haldane, though going governor to Jamaica, is made a brigadier and joined to him,—Colonel Barrington set out to Portsmouth last night. All these reasons, I think, make it very improper for you to ask this command now. You have done more than enough to satisfy your honour, and will certainly have opportunities again of repeating offers of your service. But though it may be right to ask in general to serve, I question much if it is advisable to petition for particulars, any failure in which would be charged entirely on you. I should wish to have you vindicated by the rashness of Mr. Pitt and the miscarriages of others, as I think they hurry to make you be; but while he bestows only impracticable commands, knowing that, if there is blood enough shed, the City of London will be content even with disappointments, I hope you will not be sacrificed either to the mob or the minister. And this leads me to the article of the expedition itself. Mar-

[2] Major-General Hopson; d. 1759.

tinico is the general notion; a place the strongest in the world, with a garrison of ten thousand men. Others now talk of Guadaloupe, almost as strong and of much less consequence. Of both, everybody that knows, despairs. It is almost impossible for *me* to find out the real destination. I avoid every one of the three factions—and though I might possibly learn the secret from the chief of one of them, if he knows it, yet I own I do not care to try; I don't think it fair to thrust myself into secrets with a man [3], of whose ambition and view I do not think well, and whose purposes (in those lights) I have declined and will decline to serve. Besides, I have reason just now to think that he and his court are meditating some attempt which may throw us again into confusion; and I had rather not be told what I am sure I shall not approve: besides, I cannot ask secrets of this nature without hearing more with which I would not be trusted, and which, if divulged, would be imputed to me. I know you will excuse me for these reasons, especially as you know how much I would do to serve you, and would even in this case, if I was not convinced that it is too late for you to apply; and being too late, they would be glad to say you had asked too late. Besides, if any information could be got from the channel at which I have hinted, the Duke of Richmond could get it better than I; and the Duke of Devonshire could give it you without.

I can have no opinion of the expedition itself, which certainly started from the disappointment at St. Cas, if it can be called a disappointment where there was no object. I have still more doubts on Lord Milton's authority; Clarke [4] was talked to by the Princess yesterday much more than

[3] Mr. Fox. *Walpole.*

[4] A Scotch military adventurer favoured by Lord Bute. He was largely responsible for the expedition to Rochefort.

anybody in the room. Cunningham[5] is made Quarter-master-General to this equipment; these things don't look as if *your interest* was increased. As Lord George[6] has sent over his commands for Cunningham, might not his art at the same time have suggested some application to you—tell me, do you think he would ask this command for himself? I, who am not of so honest and sincere a nature as you are, suspect that this hint is sent to you with some bad view—I don't mean on Lord Milton's part, who I dare say is deceived by his readiness to serve you; and since you do me the honour of letting me at all judge for you, which in one only light I think I am fit to do, I mean, as your spirit naturally makes you overlook everything to get employed, I would wish you to answer to Lord Milton, 'that you should desire of all things to have had this command, but that having been discouraged from asking what you could not flatter yourself would be granted, it would look, you think, a vain offer, to sue for what is now given away, and would not be consistent with your honour to ask when it is too late.' I hint this, as such an answer would turn their arts on themselves, if, as I believe, they mean to refuse you, and to reproach you with asking too late.

If the time is come for Mr. Pitt to want you, you will not long be unemployed; if it is not, then you would get nothing by asking. Consider, too, how much more graceful a reparation of your honour it will be, to have them forced to recall you, than to force yourself on desperate service, as if you yourself, not they, had injured your reputation.

I can say nothing now on any other chapter, this has so much engrossed all my thoughts. I see no one reason upon earth for your asking *now*. If you ever should *ask* again,

[5] Major Cunningham, who had greatly distinguished himself at Minorca. He died at Guadaloupe in 1759.
[6] Lord George Sackville.

you will not want opportunities; and the next time you ask, will have just the same merit that this could have, and by asking in time, would be liable to none of the objections of that sort which I have mentioned. Adieu! *Timeo* Lord George *et dona.*

598. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1758.

Every letter I receive from you is a new obligation, bringing me new information: but, sure, my *Catalogue* was not worthy of giving you so much trouble. Lord Fortescue[1] is quite new to me; I have sent him to the press. Lord Dorset's poem it will be unnecessary to mention separately, as I have already said that his works are to be found among those of the minor poets.

I don't wonder, Sir, that you prefer Lord Clarendon to Polybius; nor can two authors well be more unlike: the *former* wrote a general history in a most obscure and almost unintelligible style; the *latter*[2], a portion of private history, in the noblest style in the world. Whoever made the comparison, I will do them the justice to believe that they understood bad Greek better than their own language in its elevation. For Dr. Jortin's *Erasmus*, which I have very nearly finished, it has given me a good opinion of the author, and he has given me a very bad one of his subject. By the Doctor's labour and impartiality, Erasmus appears a begging parasite, who had parts enough to discover truth, and not courage enough to profess it: whose vanity made him always writing; yet his writings ought to have cured

Letter 598.—[1] John Fortescue-Aland (1670–1746), first Baron Fortescue, Justice of the Common Pleas, 1728–46. He edited a treatise by his ancestor, Sir John Fortescue, on *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy.*

[2] 'Former' and 'latter' should evidently be transposed in this sentence.

his vanity, as they were the most abject things in the world. *Good Erasmus's honest mean* was alternate time-serving. I never had thought much about him, and now heartily despise him.

When I speak my opinion to you, Sir, about what I dare say you care as little for as I do (for what is the merit of a mere man of letters?), it is but fit I should answer you as sincerely on a question about which you are so good as to interest yourself. That my father's life is likely to be written, I have no grounds for believing. I mean I know nobody that thinks of it. For myself, I certainly shall not, for many reasons, which you must have the patience to hear. A reason to me myself is, that I think too highly of him, and too meanly of myself, to presume I am equal to the task. They who do not agree with me in the former part of my position, will undoubtedly allow the latter part. In the next place, the very truths that I should relate would be so much imputed to partiality, that he would lose of his due praise by the suspicion of my prejudice. In the next place, I was born too late in his life to be acquainted with him in the active part of it. Then I was at school, at the university, abroad, and returned not till the last moments of his administration. What I know of him I could only learn from his own mouth in the last three years of his life; when, to my shame, I was so idle, and young, and thoughtless, that I by no means profited of his leisure as I might have done; and, indeed, I have too much impartiality in my nature to care, if I could, to give the world a history, collected solely from the person himself of whom I should write. With the utmost veneration for his truth, I can easily conceive, that a man who had lived a life of party, and who had undergone such persecution from party, should have had greater bias than he himself could be sensible of. The last, and that a reason which

must be admitted, if all the others are not—his papers are lost. Between the confusion of his affairs, and the indifference of my elder brother to things of that sort, they were either lost, burnt, or, what we rather think, were stolen by a favourite servant of my brother, who proved a great rogue, and was dismissed in my brother's life; and the papers were not discovered to be missing till after my brother's death. Thus, Sir, I should want vouchers for many things I could say of much importance. I have another personal reason that discourages me from attempting this task, or any other, besides the great reluctance that I have to being a voluminous author. Though I am by no means the learned man you are so good as to call me in compliment; though, on the contrary, nothing can be more superficial than my knowledge, or more trifling than my reading,—yet, I have so much strained my eyes, that it is often painful to me to read even a newspaper by daylight. In short, Sir, having led a very dissipated life, in all the hurry of the world of pleasure, I scarce ever read, but by candlelight, after I have come home late at nights. As my eyes have never had the least inflammation or humour, I am assured I may still recover them by care and repose. I own I prefer my eyes to anything I could ever read, much more to anything I could write. However, after all I have said, perhaps I may now and then, by degrees, throw together some short anecdotes of my father's private life and particular story, and leave his public history to more proper and more able hands, if such will undertake it. Before I finish on this chapter, I can assure you he did forgive my Lord Bolingbroke[3]—his nature was forgiving: after all was over, and he had nothing to fear or disguise, I can say with truth,

[3] 'He . . . wrote against Sir Robert Walpole, who did forgive him; against the Pretender and the clergy, who never will forgive him.' (Notice of Bolingbroke in *R. and N. A.*)

that there were not *three* men of whom he ever dropped a word with rancour. What I meant of the clergy not forgiving Lord Bolingbroke, alluded not to his doctrines, but to the direct attack and war he made on the whole body. And now, Sir, I will confess my own weakness to you. I do not think so highly of that writer, as I seem to do in my book; but I thought it would be imputed to prejudice in me, if I appeared to undervalue an author of whom so many persons of sense still think highly. My being Sir Robert Walpole's son warped me to praise, instead of censuring Lord Bolingbroke. With regard to the Duke of Leeds[4], I think you have misconstrued the decency of my expression. I said, *Burnet had treated him severely*; that is, I chose that Burnet should say so, rather than myself. I have never praised where my heart condemned. Little attentions, perhaps, to worthy descendants, were excusable in a work of so extensive a nature, and that approached so near to these times. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity, at one day or other, of showing you some passages suppressed on these motives, which yet I do not intend to destroy.

Crew[5], Bishop of Durham, was as abject a tool as possible. I would be very certain he is an author before I should think him worth mentioning. If ever you should touch on Lord Willoughby's[6] sermon, I should be obliged for a hint of it. I actually have a printed copy of verses by his son, on the marriage of the Princess Royal; but they are so ridiculously unlike measure, and the man was so mad and so poor, that I determined not to mention them.

If these details, Sir, which I should have thought interest-

[4] Thomas Osborne (1631 – 1712), first Duke of Leeds.

[5] Nathaniel Crew (1633–1721), third Baron Crew of Stene; Bishop of Oxford, 1671–74; Bishop of Durham, 1674–1721.

[6] George Verney (1659 – 1728), twelfth Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Dean of Windsor, 1714–28. He published in 1712 a sermon *On the Blessedness of Doing Good.* His son and successor died in 1752.

ing to no mortal but myself, should happen to amuse you, I shall be glad; if they do not, you will learn not to question a man who thinks it his duty to satisfy the curiosity of men of sense and honour, and who, being of too little consequence to have secrets, is not ambitious of the less consequence of appearing to have any.

P.S. I must ask you one question, but to be answered entirely at your leisure. I have a play in rhyme called *Saul*[7], said to be written by a peer. I guess Lord Orrery. If ever you happen to find out, be so good to tell me.

599. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 24, 1758.

I am a little sorry that my preface, like the show-cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the *bears* that it invited you in to see. I don't mean that I am not glad to have written anything that meets your approbation, but if Lord Whitworth's[1] work is not better than my preface, I fear he has much less merit than I thought he had.

Your complaint of your eyes makes me feel for you: mine have been very weak again, and I am taking the bark, which did them so much service last year. I don't know how to give up the employment of them, I mean reading—for as to writing, I am absolutely winding up my bottom, for twenty reasons. The first, and perhaps the best, I have writ enough.—The next; by what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool, which was just what I wished them to think, having always lived in terror of that oracular saying, Ηρωων παιδες λωβοι[2], which Mr. Bentley translated

[7] *King Saul*, a tragedy, 'written by a deceased person of quality,' and first published in 1705. Its authorship is uncertain.

Letter 599.—[1] Charles Whitworth (1675–1725), first Baron Whitworth, sometime Minister at Vienna and Berlin.

[2] Without breathing or accents in MS.

with so much more parts than the vain and malicious *hero* could have done that set him the task, I mean his father, 'the sons of heroes are loobies.' My last reason is, I find my little stock of reputation very troublesome, both to maintain and to undergo the consequences—it has dipped me in *erudite* correspondences—I receive letters every week that compliment my learning—now, as there is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man, except an unlearned one, this title is insupportable to me; if I have not a care, I shall be called learned, till somebody abuses me for *not* being learned, as they, not I, fancied I was. In short, I propose to have nothing more to do with the world, but divert myself in it as an obscure passenger—pleasure, virtù, politics, and literature, I have tried them all, and have had enough of them.—Content and tranquillity, with now and then a little of three of them, that I may not grow morose, shall satisfy the rest of a life that is to have much idleness, and I hope a little goodness—for politics—a long adieu! With some of the Cardinal de Retz's[3] experience, though with none of his genius, I see the folly of taking a violent part without any view (I don't mean to commend a violent part *with* a view, that is still worse). I leave the state to be scrambled for by Mazarine[4], at once cowardly and enterprising, ostentatious, jealous, and false; by Louvois[5], rash and dark; by Colbert[6], the affector of national interest, with designs not much better; and I leave the Abbé de la Rigbiere[7] to sell the weak Duke of Orléans[8] to whoever has money to buy him, or would buy him to get money—at least these are my present reflections—if I should change them to-morrow, remember I am not only a human creature, but that I am I, that is, one of the weakest of human

[3] Jean François Paul de Gondi (1614–1679), Cardinal de Retz, prominent in the war of the *Fronde*.
[4] The Duke of Newcastle.
[5] Henry Fox.
[6] Pitt.
[7] Richard Rigby.
[8] The Duke of Bedford.

creatures; and so sensible of my fickleness that I am sometimes inclined to keep a diary of my mind, as people do of the weather.—To-day you see it temperate—to-morrow it may again blow politics and be stormy—for while I have so much quicksilver left, I fear my passionometer will be susceptible of sudden changes. What do years give one? Experience. Experience, what? Reflections. Reflections, what?—nothing that I ever could find—nor can I well agree with Waller, that

> The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.—

Chinks I am afraid there are, but instead of new light, I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe! I look back through my chinks—I find errors, follies, faults—forwards, old age and death; pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place—*il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects!

I am glad Mr. Frederick Montagu[9] thinks so well of me as to be sure I shall be glad to see him without an invitation. For you, I had already perceived that you would not come to Strawberry this year. Adieu! Remember, nobody is to see this letter, but yourself and the clerks of the post office.

Yours ever,
H. W.

600. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1758.

It is a very melancholy present I send you here, my dear Sir; yet, considering the misfortune that has befallen us,

[9] Frederick Montagu (1733–1800), of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire; Lord of the Treasury, 1782, 1783. He was a friend of the poets Gray and Mason.

perhaps the most agreeable I could send you. You will not think it the bitterest tear you have shed when you drop one over this plan of an urn inscribed with the name of your dear brother, and with the testimonial of my eternal affection to him! This little monument is at last placed over the pew of your family at Linton, and I doubt whether any tomb was ever erected that spoke so much truth of the departed, and flowed from so much sincere friendship in the living. The thought was my own, adopted from the antique columbaria, and applied to Gothic. The execution of the design was Mr. Bentley's, who alone, of all mankind, could unite the grace of Grecian architecture and the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic. Kent and many of our builders sought this, but have never found it. Mr. Chute, who has as much taste as Mr. Bentley, thinks this little sketch a perfect model. The soffite is more beautiful than anything of either style separate. There is a little error in the inscription; it should be *Horatius Walpole posuit.* The urn is of marble, richly polished; the rest of stone. On the whole, I think there is simplicity and decency, with a degree of ornament that destroys neither.

What do you say in Italy on the assassination of the King of Portugal? Do you believe that Portuguese subjects lift their hand against a monarch for gallantry? Do you believe that when a slave murders an absolute prince, he goes a-walking with his wife the next morning and murders her too[1]? Do you believe the dead King is alive? and that the Jesuits are as *wrongfully* suspected of this assassination as they have been of many others they have committed? If you do believe this, and all this, you are not very near turning Protestants. It is scarce talked of here, and to save trouble, we admit just what the Portuguese minister is ordered to publish. The King of Portugal murdered, throws

LETTER 600.—[1] This did not prove true. *Walpole.*

us two hundred years back—the King of Prussia *not* murdered, carries us two hundred years forward again.

Another King I know has had a little blow: the Prince de Soubise has beat[2] some Isenbourgs and Obergs, and is going to be Elector of Hanover this winter. There has been a great sickness among our troops in the other German army; the Duke of Marlborough has been in great danger, and some officers are dead. Lord Frederick Cavendish is returned from France. He confirms and adds to the amiable accounts we had received of the Duc d'Aiguillon's behaviour to our prisoners. You yourself, the pattern of attentions and tenderness, could not refine on what he has done both in good-nature and good breeding: he even forbad any ringing of bells or rejoicings wherever they passed—but how your representative blood will curdle when you hear of the absurdity of one of your countrymen: the night after the massacre at St. Cas, the Duc d'Aiguillon gave a magnificent supper of eighty covers to our prisoners—a Colonel Lambert got up at the bottom of the table, and asking for a bumper, called out to the Duc, 'My Lord Duke, here's the Roy de Franse!' You must put all the English you can crowd into the accent. *My Lord Duke* was so confounded at this preposterous compliment, which it was impossible for him to return, that he absolutely sank back into his chair and could not utter a syllable: our own people did not seem to feel more.

You will read and hear that we have another expedition sailing, somewhither in the West Indies. Hobson, the commander, has in his whole life had but one stroke of a palsy, so possibly may retain half of his understanding at least. There is great tranquillity at home, but I should think not promising duration. The disgust in the army on the late frantic measures will furnish some warmth probably

[2] The allied Hessians and Hanoverians were defeated at Lutternberg, on Oct. 10, 1758.

to Parliament—and if the French should think of returning our visits, should you wonder? There are even rumours of some stirring among your little neighbours at Albano [3]—keep your eye on them—if you could discover anything in time, it would do you great credit. Apropos to *them*, I will send you an epigram that I made the other day on Mr. Chute's asking why Taylor the oculist called himself Chevalier [4]?

601. To the Duke of Newcastle.

My Lord,

Some time ago Mr. West [1], by your Grace's order, treated with me for the sale of my place in the Custom House, which bringing in to me at the lowest thirteen hundred per ann., with the contingence of 100 per ann. more on the death of Mrs. Leneve, besides other advantages which I shall mention presently, was thought worth, by those who understand, and whom I consulted on, these sort of things, from fourteen to fifteen thousand pounds. The affair, as I understood, went off by my brother, who has the reversion after me, expecting much more for his small share and great reversion, than was thought reasonable.

This being a brief state of the case, I have now thought of a plan, by which I believe I could accommodate your Grace in a much easier manner, and which I shall here propose to be accepted or rejected as your Grace shall think proper.

The post of Master of the Mint, held at present by Mr. Chetwynd [2], is, I think, reckoned at 1,200*l.* per ann. If it is less, even 1,000*l.*, I will exchange mine for it on the following terms. If your Grace will give me the reversion

[3] The Pretender and his family had a villa at Albano, near Rome. *Walpole.*

[4] The Pretender went by the name of Chevalier de St. George. *Walpole.*

Letter 601.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. pp. 371–3.

[1] James West, Joint Secretary to the Treasury.

[2] Hon. William Chetwynd, afterwards third Viscount Chetwynd.

of the Master of the Mint after Mr. Chetwynd, for my life, I will immediately on his death resign my share and profits of the place in the Custom House to whomever your Grace pleases. That is, I will give up fourteen hundred a year, precarious, for 1,200 or 1,000 certain; on which your Grace will please to make these observations: If my brother will not part with his contingency, whoever shall have my share will still be a great gainer. For instance, the Master of the Mint must be given to somebody—if to me, I give in lieu my profits (I believe, greater than those), besides what I hinted at above; and in our place there are seven or eight places in mine and my brother's gift alternately, of which two at least are *very* good—I shall give up my nominations with my place. If Mr. Chetwynd outlives me, as my profits would go to another, not a farthing of money is thrown away, and when Mr. Chetwynd shall drop, his place will be in your Grace's disposal, as it is at present. If my brother dies before me and Mr. Chetwynd, the whole profit of the Custom House place will be in your Grace's disposal, and I shall be to wait for Mr. Chetwynd's reversion, or to die myself; neither of which will be of any consequence but to myself. In short, my Lord, instead of paying me a large sum of money as was before proposed, your Grace will only have the trouble of asking the King to consent to my exchange of my place, that your Grace may have the very fair pretence of asking at the same time for one or two lives in the Custom House place, which on this agreement with me your Grace would ensure to your family (and would be a great provision for a younger son of my Lord Lincoln); and as I should be ready to resign mine (by much the largest share), I should suppose his Majesty would not refuse your Grace a suit so advantageous to you, and which then you would have so reasonable foundation for asking. And I own I have one pleasure in reflecting how, different

from most reversions, this would be rather a service than anyways offensive to Mr. Chetwynd.

There is one thing more I ought to mention. I don't know the exact value of Mr. Chetwynd's place; it may be more than I have stated it, and I have no thoughts of making any clandestine advantage. If it should exceed 13 or 1,400*l.* per ann., I by no means desire to be a gainer in income, and shall readily agree to pay to whomever your Grace pleases as much as it shall exceed my present place; as on the other hand if it falls short, I am content to be the sufferer.

I have treated this exchange as very advantageous to your Grace, and it certainly would be exceedingly so; yet I do not mean either to be artful for my own profit, or to pretend to make any court by it. It would be below me not to deal frankly with your Grace: I have neither ambition nor avarice to satisfy; I have as much from the government as I desire, or have any pretensions to; I want no more; but I do wish to be secure for my life, and to keep nearly what I have. If I can keep it honourably, as I should, by this exchange, I should be glad: if I cannot, I shall be content with much less, for I would do nothing unworthy of me, to obtain any advantage. Your Grace sent to me in a very handsome manner before; I hope my compliance then, and the much better proposal for your Grace that I make now, mark my attention and desire of obliging your Grace, in which, without any disguise, I mean, my Lord, at once to pay a civility to you, and to secure myself in a way which leaves me nothing to be ashamed of, and gives your Grace some reason to be satisfied with my plain dealing—in a word, a way as creditable to you as it will be little expensive.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's, &c.,

Nov. 12, 1758. Hor. Walpole.

602. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 26, 1758.

How can you make me formal excuses for sending me a few covers to frank? Have you so little right to any act of friendship from me, that you should apologize for making me do what is scarce any act at all?—However, your man has not called for the covers, though they have been ready this fortnight.

I shall be very glad to see your brother in town, but I cannot quite take him in full of payment. I trust you will stay the longer for coming the later.

There is not a syllable of news. The Parliament is met, but empty and totally oppositionless. Your great Cu[1] moved in the Lords, but did not shine much. The great Cu of all Cues[2] is out of order; not in danger, but certainly breaking.

My eyes are performing such a strict quarantine, that you must excuse my brevity. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,

H. W.

603. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1758.

It seems strange that at this time of the year, with armies still in the field and Parliaments in town, I should have had nothing to tell you for above a month—yet so it was. The King caught cold on coming to town, and was very ill, but the gout, which had never been at court above twice in his reign, came, seized his foot a little, and has promised him at least five or six years more—that is, if he will take care of himself; but yesterday, the coldest day we have felt, he would go into the Drawing-room, as if he was fond of showing the new stick he is forced to walk with.

Letter 602.—[1] The Earl of Halifax. [2] The King.

The Parliament is all harmony, and thinks of nothing but giving away twelve more millions. Mr. Pitt made the most artful speech he ever made: provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense, demanded never to be judged by events. Universal silence left him arbiter of his own terms. In short, at present he is absolute master, and if he can coin twenty millions, may command them. He *does* everything, the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything. As long as they can agree in this partition, they may do what they will.

We have been in great anxiety for twenty-four hours to learn the fate of Dresden, and of *the King of resources*, as Mr. Beckford called the King of Prussia the other day. We heard that while he was galloped to raise the siege of Neiss[1], Marshal Daun was advanced to Dresden; that Schmettau[2] had sent to know if he meant to attack it, having orders to burn the faubourgs and defend it street by street; that Daun not deigning a reply, the conflagration had been put in execution; that the King was posting back, and Dohna[3] advancing to join him. We expected every minute to hear either of the demolition of the city, or of a bloody decision fought under the walls—an account is just arrived that Daun is retired—thus probably the campaign is finished, and another year of massacre to come. One could not but be anxious at such a crisis—one felt for Dresden, and pitied the Prince Royal[4] shut up in his own capital, a mere spectator of its destruction; one trembled for the decisive moment of the life of such a man as the King of Prussia. It is put off—yet perhaps he will scarce recover so favourable a moment. He had assembled his whole

LETTER 603.—[1] In Silesia. The Austrians were forced to raise the siege.

[2] Lieutenant-General Count von Schmettau (d. 1775), at this time commanding in Dresden.

[3] General Christoph von Dohna (1702–1762).

[4] Frederick Christian, Prince Royal of Saxony. He succeeded as Elector in 1763, but only reigned two months.

force, except a few thousands left to check the Swedes. Next year this force must be again parcelled out against Austrians, Russians, Swedes, and possibly French. He must be more than a *King of resources* if he can for ever weather such tempests!

Knyphausen[5] diverted me yesterday with some anecdotes of the Empress's college of chastity—*not* the Russian Empress's. . . .[6] The King of Prussia asked some of his Austrian prisoners whether their mistress consulted her college of chastity on the letters she wrote (and he intercepted) to Madame Pompadour.

You have heard some time ago of the death of the Duke of Marlborough[7]. The estate is forty-five thousand pounds a year—nine of which are jointured out. He paid *but* eighteen thousand pounds a year in joint lives. This Duke[8] and the estate save greatly by his death, as the present wants a year of being of age, and would certainly have accommodated his father in agreeing to sell and pay. Lord Edgcumbe[9] is dead too, one of the honestest and most steady men in the world.

I was much diverted with your histories of *our* Princess[10] and Madame de Woronzow[11]. Such dignity as Madame de Craon's wants a little absolute power to support it! Adieu! my dear Sir.

5 The Prussian minister. *Walpole.*

6 Passage omitted.

7 Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*—He was the third Duke.

8 George Spencer (1739–1817), fourth Duke of Marlborough; Lord Chamberlain, 1762–63; Lord Privy Seal, 1763–65.

9 Richard, first Lord Edgcumbe; an intimate friend of Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole.*

10 The Princess de Craon. *Walpole.*

11 Countess Woronzow, wife of the Russian Chancellor. She had fallen out with the Princess de Craon. (See *Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. pp. 20–1.)

604. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1758.

I have desired Mr. Whiston to convey to you the second edition of my *Catalogue*, not so complete as it might have been, if great part had not been printed before I received your remarks, but yet more correct than the first sketch with which I troubled you. Indeed, a thing of this slight and idle nature does not deserve to have much more pains employed upon it.

I am just undertaking an edition of *Lucan*, my friend Mr. Bentley having in his possession his father's notes and emendations on the first seven books. Perhaps a partiality for the original author concurs a little with this circumstance of the notes, to make me fond of printing, at Strawberry Hill, the works of a man who, alone of all the classics, was thought to breathe too brave and honest a spirit for the perusal of the Dauphin and the French. I don't think that a good or bad taste in poetry is of so serious a nature, that I should be afraid of owning too, that, with that great judge Corneille, and with that, perhaps, *no* judge Heinsius, I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistichs in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart;—for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the *Aeneid* are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can anything be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had, to force himself upon another woman and another

kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.

Have you seen, Sir, a book which has made some noise—Helvétius[1] *De l'Esprit*? The author is so good and moral a man, that I grieve he should have published a system of as relaxed morality as can well be imagined: 'tis a large quarto, and in general a very superficial one. His philosophy may be new in France, but is greatly exhausted here. He tries to imitate Montesquieu, and has heaped commonplaces upon commonplaces, which supply or overwhelm his reasoning; yet he has often wit, happy allusions, and sometimes writes finely: there is merit enough to give an obscure man fame; flimsiness enough to depreciate a great man. After his book was licensed, they forced him to retract it by a most abject recantation. Then why print this work? If zeal for his system pushed him to propagate it, did not he consider that a recantation would hurt his cause more than his arguments could support it?

We are promised Lord Clarendon in February from Oxford, but I hear shall have the surreptitious edition from Holland much sooner.

You see, Sir, I am a sceptic as well as Helvetius, but of a more moderate complexion. There is no harm in telling mankind that there is not so much divinity in the *Aeneid* as they imagine; but, even if I thought so, I would not preach that virtue and friendship are mere names, and resolvable into self-interest; because there are numbers that would remember the grounds of the principle, and forget what was to be engrafted on it. Adieu!

LETTER 604.—[1] Claude Adrien Helvétius (1715–1771).

605. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Christmas Day, 1758.

Adieu! my dear Sir—that is, adieu to our correspondence, for I am neither dying nor quarrelling with you; but as we, Great-Britons, are quarrelling with all Europe, I think very soon I shall not be able to convey a letter to you, but by the way of Africa, and there I am afraid the post offices are not very well regulated. In short, we are on the brink of a Dutch war too. Their merchants are so enraged that we will not only not suffer them to enrich themselves by carrying all the French trade and all kinds of military stores to the French settlements, but that they lose their own ships into the bargain, that they are ready to dispatch the Princess Royal[1] into the other world even before her time; if her death arrives soon, and she is thought in great danger, it will be difficult for anybody else to keep the peace. Spain and Denmark are in little better humour—well, if we have not as many lives as a cat or the King of Prussia! However, our spirits do not droop; we are raising thirteen millions, we look upon France as totally undone, and that they have not above five loaves and a few small fishes left; we intend to take all America from them next summer, and then if Spain and Holland are not terrified, we shall be at leisure to deal with them. Indeed, we are rather in a hurry to do all this, because people may be weary of paying thirteen millions; and besides it may grow decent for Mr. Pitt to visit his gout, which this year he has been forced to send to the Bath without him. I laugh, but seriously we are in a critical situation; and it is as true, that if Mr. Pitt had not exerted the spirit and activity that he has, we should ere

Letter 605.—[1] The Princess Dowager of Orange, eldest daughter of George II. *Walpole.*

now have been past a critical situation. Such a war as ours carried on by my Lord Hardwicke, with the dull dilatoriness of a Chancery suit, would long ago have reduced us to what suits in Chancery reduce most people! At present our unanimity is prodigious—you would as soon hear *No* from an old maid as from the House of Commons—but I don't promise you that this tranquillity will last. One has known more ministries overturned of late years by their own squabbles than by any assistance from Parliaments.

Sir George Lee, formerly an heir-apparent[2] to the ministry, is dead; it was almost sudden, but he died with great composure. Lord Arran went off with equal philosophy. Of the great house of Ormond there now remains only his sister, Lady Emily Butler, a young heiress of ninety-nine.

It is with great pleasure I tell you that Mr. Conway is going to Sluys to settle a cartel with the French. The commission itself is honourable, but more pleasing as it re-establishes him—I should say his merit re-establishes him. All the world now acknowledges it—and the insufficience of his brother-generals makes it vain to oppress him any longer.

I am happy that you are pleased with the monument, and vain that you like the *Catalogue*[3]—if it would not look too vain, I would tell you that it was absolutely undertaken and finished within five months. Indeed, the faults in the first edition and the deficiencies show it was; I have just printed another more correct.

Of the Pretender's family one never hears a word: unless our Protestant brethren the Dutch meddle in their affairs, they will be totally forgotten; we have too numerous a breed of our own, to want Princes from Italy. The old Chevalier

[2] Frederick, Prince of Wales had designed, if he outlived the King, to make Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[3] The *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.* *Walpole.*

by your account is likely to precede his rival, who with care may still last a few years, though I think will scarce appear again out of his own house.

I want to ask you if it is possible to get the royal edition of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*? and I do not indeed want you to get it for me unless I am to pay for it. Prince San Severino has told the foreign ministers here that there are to be *twelve hundred* volumes of it—and they believe it. I imagine the fact is, that there are to be but twelve hundred copies printed. Could Cardinal Albani get it for me? I would send him my Strawberry editions and the Birmingham editions[4] in exchange—things here much in fashion.

The night before I came from town, we heard of the fall of the Cardinal de Bernis[5], but not the cause of it—if we have a Dutch war, how many cardinals will fall in France and in England, before you hear of these, or I of the former! I have always written to you with the greatest freedom, because I care more that *you* should be informed of the state of your own country, than what secretaries of state or their clerks think of *me*—but one must be more circumspect if the Dey of Algiers is to open one's letters. Adieu!

606. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1758.

It is so little extraordinary to find you doing what is friendly and obliging, that one don't take half notice enough of it. Can't you let Mr. Conway go to Sluys without taking notice of it? How would you be hurt, if

[4] Baskerville's editions, printed at Birmingham.

[5] Cardinal François Joachim de Pierre de Bernis (d. 1794), the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. The ill-success of the French armies in Germany and the state of the French finances made him desirous of peace. This was unpleasing to Madame de Pompadour, who induced Louis XV to dismiss him.

he continued to be oppressed? what is it to you whether I am glad or sorry? Can't you enjoy yourself whether I am happy or not?—I suppose if I was to have a misfortune, you would immediately be concerned at it! How troublesome it is to have you sincere and good-natured! Do be a little more like the rest of the world.

I have been at Strawberry these three days, and don't know a tittle—the last thing I heard before I went was that Colonel Yorke is going to be married to one or both of the Miss Crasteyns, nieces of the rich grocer that died three years ago. They have two hundred and sixty thousand pound apiece. A Marchioness Grey[1] or a grocer, nothing comes amiss to the digestion of that family. If the rest of the trunk was filled with money, I believe they would really marry Carafattatouadaht—what was the lump of deformity called in the Persian Tales, that was sent to the lady in a coffer?—and as to marrying both the girls, it would cost my Lord Hardwicke but a new Marriage Bill; I suppose it is all one to his conscience, whether he prohibits matrimony or licenses bigamy.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is relapsed, and strictly confined. As you come so late, I trust you will stay with us the longer. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

607. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Jan. 12, 1759.

I shall certainly be obliged to you for an account of that piece[1] of Lord Lonsdale: besides my own curiosity after

Letter 606.—[1] Jemima Campbell (1722–1797), Marchioness Grey, eldest daughter of third Earl of Breadalbane by Lady Amabel Grey, daughter of first Duke of Kent, whom she succeeded as Marchioness Grey; m. (1740) Hon. Philip Yorke, afterwards Viscount Royston, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Hardwicke in 1764.

Letter 607.—[1] Possibly the *Memoirs of the Reign of James II*, written by John Lowther (1655–1700), first Viscount Lonsdale, and first printed (privately) in 1808.

anything that relates to a work in which I have engaged so far, I think it a duty to the public to perfect, as far as one can, whatever one gives to it; and yet I do not think of another edition; two thousand have been printed, and though nine hundred went off at once, it would be presumption in me to expect that the rest will be sold in any short time. I only mean to add occasionally to my private copy whatever more I can collect and correct; and shall, perhaps, but leave behind me materials for a future edition, in which should be included what I have hitherto omitted. Yet it is very vain in me to expect that anybody should care for such a trifle after the novelty is worn off; I ought to be content with the favourable reception I have found; so much beyond my first expectations, that, except in two magazines, not a word of censure has passed on me in print. You may easily believe, Sir, that having escaped a *trial*, I am not mortified at having dirt thrown at me by children in the kennel. With regard to the story of Lord Suffolk[2], I wish I had been lucky enough to have mentioned it to you in time, it should not have appeared: yet it was told me by Mr. Mallet, who did not seem to have any objection that I should even mention his name as the very person to whom it happened. I must suppose that Lord Suffolk acted that foolish scene in imitation of Lord Rochester.

I am happy, Sir, that I have both your approbation to my opinion of Lucan, and to my edition of him; but I assure you there will not be one word from me. I am sensible that it demands great attention to write even one's own language well: how can one pretend to purity in a foreign language? to any merit in a dead one? I would not *alone* undertake to correct the press; but I am so lucky as to live in the strictest friendship with Dr. Bentley's only son, who,

[2] Edward Howard (d. 1731), eighth Earl of Suffolk. The story is related in a note on the notice of him in *Royal and Noble Authors*.

to all the ornament of learning, has the amiable turn of mind, disposition, and easy wit. Perhaps you may have heard that his drawings and architecture are admirable,—perhaps you have not: he is modest—he is poor—he is consequently little known, less valued.

I am entirely ignorant of Dr. Burton[3] and his *Monasticon*, and after the little merit you tell me it has, I must explain to you that I have a collection of books of that sort, before I own that I wish to have it; at the same time, I must do so much justice to myself as to protest that I don't know so contemptible a class of writers as topographers, not from the study itself, but from their wretched execution. Often and often I have had an inclination to show how topography should be writ, by pointing out the curious particulars of places, with descriptions of principal houses, the pictures, portraits, and curiosities they contain.

I scarce ever yet found anything one wanted to know in one of those books; all they contain, except encomiums on the Stuarts and the monks, are lists of institutions and inductions, and inquiries how names of places were spelt before there was any spelling. If the *Monasticon Eboracense* is only to be had at York, I know Mr. Cæsar Ward, and can get him to send it to me.

I will add but one short word: from every letter I receive from you, Sir, my opinion of you increases, and I much wish that so much good sense and knowledge were not thrown away only on me. I flatter myself that you are engaged, or will engage, in some work or pursuit that will make you better known. In the meantime, I hope that some opportunity will bring us personally acquainted, for I am, Sir, already most sincerely yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[3] Dr. John Burton (1697–1771), physician and antiquary, satirized by Sterne as 'Dr. Slop.'

P.S. You love to be troubled, and therefore I will make no apology for troubling you. Last summer, I bought of Virtue's[4] widow forty volumes of his MS. collections relating to English painters, sculptors, gravers, and architects. He had actually begun their lives: unluckily he had not gone far, and could not write grammar. I propose to digest and complete this work (I mean after the Conway papers). In the meantime, Sir, shall I beg the favour of you just to mark down memorandums of the pages where you happen to meet with anything relative to these subjects, especially of our ancienter buildings, paintings, and artists? I would not trouble you for more reference, if even that is not too much.

608. To Dr. Robertson[1].

Jan. 18, 1759.

I expect with impatience your book, which you are so kind as to say you have ordered for me, and for which I already give you many thanks; the specimen I saw convinces me that I do not thank you rashly. Good historians are the most scarce of all writers; and no wonder! a good style is not very common; thorough information is still more rare;—and if these meet, what a chance that impartiality should be added to them! Your style, Sir, I may venture to say, I saw was uncommonly good; I have reason to think your information so; and in the few times I had the pleasure of conversing with you, your good sense and candour made me conclude, that even on a subject which we are foolish enough to make *party*, you preserve your judgement unbiased. I fear I shall not

[4] George Vertue (1684–1756), engraver and antiquary. The notebooks from which Horace Walpole compiled his *Anecdotes of Painting* are now in the British Museum.

Letter 608.—[1] Dr. William Robertson, the historian (1721–1793). His *History of Scotland* appeared in February, 1759.

preserve mine so; the too kind acknowledgements that I frequently receive from gentlemen of your country, of the just praise that I paid to merit, will make me at least for the future not very unprejudiced. If the opinion of so trifling a writer as I am was of any consequence, it would then be worth Scotland's while to let the world know, that when my book was written, I had no reason to be partial to it:—but, Sir, your country will trust to the merit of its natives, not to foreign testimonials, for its reputation.

609. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 19, 1759.

I hope the treaty of Sluys advances rapidly[1]. Considering that your own court is as new to you as Monsieur de Bareil and his, you cannot be very well entertained: the joys of a Dutch fishing town and the incidents of a cartel will not compose a very agreeable history. In the meantime you do not lose much: though the Parliament is met, no politics are come to town: one may describe the House of Commons like the price of stocks—Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand; neither the Duchess of Hamilton[2] nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward[3] has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too. I should not dislike about as much laurel as I could stick in my window at Christmas.

We are next week to have a *serenata* at the Opera House for the King of Prussia's birthday: it is to begin, 'Viva

Letter 609.—[1] Mr. Conway was sent to Sluys to settle a cartel for prisoners with the French. Monsieur de Bareil was the person appointed by the French court for the same business. *Walpole.*

[2] Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess Dowager of Hamilton. *Walpole.*

[3] Afterwards created Duke of York. *Walpole.*

Georgio, e Frederigo viva!' It will, I own, divert me to see my Lord Temple whispering *for* this alliance, on the same bench on which I have so often seen him whisper *against* all Germany. The new opera pleases universally, and I hope will yet hold up its head. Since Vanneschi[4] is cunning enough to make us sing *the roast beef of old Germany*, I am persuaded it will revive: politics are the only hot-bed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.

You are so thoughtless about your dress, that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, everybody that comes from abroad is *censé* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, Offley will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear. Adieu! I hope nothing in this letter, if it is opened, will affect *the conferences*, nor hasten our rupture with Holland. Lest it should, I send it to Lord Holdernesse's office; concluding, like Lady Betty Waldegrave, that the government never suspect what they send under their own covers.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] Abbate Vanneschi, an Italian, and director of the opera. *Walpole.*

610. To Dr. Robertson.

[1759.]

Having finished the first volume[1], and made a little progress in the second, I cannot stay till I have finished the latter to tell you how exceedingly I admire the work. Your modesty will perhaps make you suppose these are words of compliment and of course; but as I can give you very good reasons for my approbation, you may believe that I no more flatter your performance, than I have read it superficially, hastily, or carelessly.

The style is most pure, proper, and equal; is very natural and easy, except now and then where, as I may justly call it, you are forced to *translate* from bad writers. You will agree with me, Sir, that an historian who writes from other authorities cannot possibly always have as flowing a style as an author whose narrative is dictated from his own knowledge. Your perspicuity is most beautiful, your relation always interesting, never languid; and you have very extraordinarily united two merits very difficult to be reconciled; I mean that, though you have formed your history into pieces of information, each of which would make a separate memoir, yet the whole is hurried on into one uninterrupted story. I assure you I value myself on the first distinction, especially as Mr. Charles Townshend made the same remark. You have preserved the gravity of history without any formality; and you have at the same time avoided what I am now running into, antithesis and conceit. In short, Sir, I don't know where or what history is written with more excellences; and when I say this, you may be sure I do not forget your impartiality. But, Sir, I will not wound your bashfulness with more encomiums; yet the public will force you to hear them. I never knew

Letter 610.—[1] Of the *History of Scotland.*

justice so rapidly paid to a work of so deep and serious a kind, for deep it is; and it must be great sense that could penetrate so far into human nature, considering how little you have been conversant with the world.

. . . . . .

It is plain that you wish to excuse Mary; and yet it is so plain that you never violate truth in her favour, that I own I think still worse of her than I did, since I read your *History*.

611. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1759.

You and M. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell[1] and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater[2] and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventures. The first

Letter 611.—[1] The present Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*—Colonel John Campbell, eldest son of General John Campbell, of Mamore (afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll); succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Argyll in 1770; d. 1806. He was brother of General Conway's wife.

[2] Francis Egerton (1736-1803), third Duke of Bridgewater. He had apparently wished to marry the Duchess. Lord Coventry was her brother-in-law.

time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

We had a scrap of a debate on Friday, on the Prussian and Hessian treaties. Old Vyner opposed the first, in pity to that *poor woman*, as he called her, the Empress-Queen. Lord Strange objected to the gratuity of sixty thousand pounds to the Landgrave, unless words were inserted to express his receiving that sum in full of all demands. If Hume Campbell had cavilled at this favourite treaty Mr. Pitt could scarce have treated him with more haughtiness; and, what is far more extraordinary, Hume Campbell could scarce have taken it more dutifully. This *long* day was over by half an hour after four.

As you and M. de Bareil are on such amicable terms, you will take care to soften to him a new conquest we have made. Keppel has taken the island of Goree[3]. You great ministers know enough of its importance: I need not detail it. Before your letters came we had heard of the death of the Princess Royal[4]: you will find us black and all black. Lady Northumberland and the great ladies put off their assemblies: diversions begin again to-morrow with the mourning.

You perceive London cannot furnish half so long a letter as the little town of Sluys; at least I have not the art of making one out. In truth, I believe I should not have writ this unless Lady Ailesbury had bid me; but she does not care how much trouble it gives me, provided it amuses you for a moment. Good night!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[3] On the west coast of Africa, captured by Captain Augustus Keppel on Dec. 29, 1758.

[4] The eldest daughter of George II.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that the King has granted my Lord Marischall's[5] pardon, at the request of M. de Knyphausen. I believe the Pretender himself could get his attainder reversed if he would apply to the King of Prussia.

612. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1759.

Well! my dear Sir, I am now convinced that both Mr. Keate's panic and mine were ill-founded; but pray, another time, don't let him be afraid of being afraid for fear of frightening me: on the contrary, if you will dip your gout in lemonade, I hope I shall be told of it. If you have not had it in your stomach, it is not your fault: drink brandy, and be thankful. I would desire you to come to town, but I must rather desire you not to have a house to come to. Mrs. H. Grenville[1] is passionately enamoured of yours, and begged I would ask you what will be the lowest price, with all the particulars, which I assured her you had stated very ill for yourself. I don't quite like this commission; if you part with your house in town, you will never come hither; at least, stow your cellars with drams and gunpowder as full as Guy Fawkes's—you will be drowned if you don't blow yourself up. I don't believe that the Vine is within the verge of the rainbow: seriously, it is too damp for you.

Colonel Campbell marries the Duchess of Hamilton forthwith. The house of Argyle is content, and think that the head of the Hamiltons had purified the blood of Gunning; but I should be afraid that his Grace was more likely to corrupt blood than to mend it.

[5] George Keith (circ. 1692–1778), tenth Earl Marischal. He was attainted after the rebellion of 1715. In 1745 he entered the service of the King of Prussia. He was pardoned in May, 1759.

Letter 612.—[1] Hon. Mrs. Henry Grenville, *née* Margaret Bankes.

Never was anything so crowded as the house last night for the Prussian cantata; the King was hoarse, and could not go to sing his own praises. The dancers seemed transplanted from Sadler's Wells; there were milkmaids riding on dolphins; Britain and Prussia kicked the King of France off the stage, and there was a *petit-maître* with his handkerchief full of holes; but this vulgarism happily was hissed.

I am deeper than ever in Gothic antiquities: I have bought a monk of Glastonbury's chair, full of scraps of the Psalms; and some seals of most reverend illegibility. I pass all my mornings in the thirteenth century, and my evenings with the century that is coming on. Adieu!

613. To John Chute.

My dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1759.

I am glad to see your writing again, and can now laugh very cordially at my own fright, which you take a great deal too kindly. I was not quite sure you would like my proceedings, but just then I could not help it, and perhaps my natural earnestness had more merit than my friendship; and yet it is worth my while to save a friend, if I think I can—I have not so many! you yourself are in a manner lost to me! I must not, cannot repine at your having a fortune that delivers you from uneasy connections with a world that is sure to use ill those that have any dependence on it; but undoubtedly some of the satisfaction that you have acquired is taken out of my scale; I will not, however, moralize, though I am in a very proper humour for it, being just come home from an outrageous crowd at Northumberland House, where there were five hundred people, that would have been equally content or discontent with any other five hundred. This is pleasure! You invite so many

people to your house, that you are forced to have constables at your door to keep the peace; just as the royal family, when they hunted, used to be attended by surgeons. I allow honour and danger to keep company with one another, but diversion and breaking one's neck are strangely ill-matched. Mr. Spence's *Magliabechi*[1] is published to-day from Strawberry; I believe you saw it, and shall have it; but 'tis not worth sending you on purpose. However, it is full good enough for the generality of readers. At least there is a proper dignity in *my* saying so, who have been so much abused in all the magazines lately for my *Catalogue*. The chief points in dispute lie in a very narrow compass; they think I don't understand English, and I am sure they don't: yet they will not be convinced, for I shall certainly not take the pains to set them right. Who *them* are I don't know; the highest, I believe, are Dr. Smollett[2], or some chaplain of my uncle.

Adieu! I was very silly to alarm you so; but the wisest of us, from Solomon to old Carr's cousin, are poor souls! Maybe you don't know anything of Carr's cousin. Why then, Carr's cousin was—I don't know who; but Carr was very ill, and had a cousin, as I may be, to sit up with her. Carr had not slept for many nights—at last she dozed—her cousin jogged her: 'Cousin, cousin!'—'Well!' said Carr, 'what would you have?'—'Only, cousin, if you die, where will you be buried?' This resemblance mortifies me ten times more than a thousand reviews could do: there is nothing in being abused by Carr's cousin, but it is horrid to be like Carr's cousin! Good night!

LETTER 613.—[1] *A Parallel in the Manner of Plutarch* between Antonio Magliabecchi (1633–1714), librarian to Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and celebrated for his prodigious memory, and Robert Hill (1699–1777), the learned tailor of Buckingham.

[2] Tobias Smollett the novelist (1721–1771).

614. To the Hon. Henry Bilson Legge.

Sir,

Upon hearing a motion yesterday in the House of Commons for an account of the produce of the tax on places, I sent for my deputy and asked what I had paid. He told me that nothing had been demanded; that he had been ready to pay whatever should be required, as I had given him positive orders, and to answer to the extent of the value of my place whenever it should be inquired into. You will excuse my troubling you with this now, since on one hand I don't know on what method the Treasury have fixed for taxing the places in the Exchequer; and on the other, if I did, I would not send my assessment *just now*, lest it should look as if I had any design of evading the tax, and only paid for fear of the inquiry. I must appeal to you, Sir, how very groundless such a suspicion would be. I can scarce expect that anything I say should make an impression on anybody, and yet I believe you may recollect, that when such a tax was first talked of, I told you how far I was from wishing it should not be imposed; that I thought persons who had a good deal from the government ought to pay towards carrying it on, and that we in employment could afford it better than many on whom the weight of taxes fell very heavily. I must bear my brother witness that he entirely agreed with me in these sentiments.

When this tax was to be voted, I again spoke to you upon it, Sir, and said, though I was very ready to pay myself, I hoped it would not be extended to little offices, where salaries were small, and the business great: and I mentioned to you a difficulty that might by inadvertence be laid upon me, if I was rated according to my bills, which including

Letter 614.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. pp. 373-4.

all that I pay to the King's workmen and tradesmen, would, if valued in that manner, impose a greater duty upon me than my whole income would amount to. This you told me could never be the case; and I only mention it now, to show that I no more conceal what I said *for* myself, than I sought to avoid any encumbrance to which I ought to be subject. You concluded the conversation with saying, that no method of taxing places was yet settled, and that it would be a very difficult matter to adjust.

Do excuse my repeating all this detail, and be so good as to keep this letter, if it should be necessary for my justification. There is but one thing in the world that I have any pretence to be proud of, and that is, my disinterestedness. It would hurt me beyond measure to have it for one moment called in question. My carelessness about money had made me quite forget the tax since last year, or I should have again applied to you for directions—but I do protest I had rather give up the place than have one man in England think that I meant to avoid paying my share.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Arlington Street,
Feb. 3, 1759.

HOR. WALPOLE.

615. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, Feb. 3, 1759.

I am glad the time is not lapsed when I should have paid the tax. I have written to Mr. Legge for directions, and in the meantime can give you no other than to pay whatever shall be demanded, and to answer *any* questions that are asked, as I at first desired you to do. I am very indifferent about the money, exceedingly delicate not to take any advantage of exemption. It may be in the power of many persons to hurt my fortune, but it shall never be in their

power to touch my character for disinterestedness. You can be my witness ever since you came into the office, how scrupulous I have been not to take any improper advantage, and how constantly I have enjoined you not to think of my interest, but where I had the most exact right. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

616. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1759.

Mrs. H. Grenville is a foolish gentlewoman and don't know her own mind. Before it was possible to me to receive your answer she fixed herself in Clifford Street.

I find, instead of a physician, it would have been a shorter way to send you a housekeeper, as all La Cour's[1] prescriptions are at last addressed to the confectioner, not to the apothecary.

I don't approve you changing your arms for those of Chelsea College; nor do I understand what the *chief* means, I mean the bearing in it. The crest I honour; it was *anciently* a coat. The late Lord Hervey said his arms should be a *cat* scratchant, with this motto: 'For my friends where they itch; for my enemies where they are sore.'

617. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1759.

The Dutch have not declared war and interrupted our correspondence, and yet it seems ceased as if we had declared war with one another. I have not heard from you this age—how happens it? I have not seized any

Letter 616.—Not in C.; now printed from copy of original in possession of Mrs. Chute of the Vine.

[1] Philip de la Cour (1710–1780); he was well known for his preference of diet to medicine.

ships of yours—you carry on no counterband trade!—oh! perhaps you are gone *incognito* to Turin, are determined to have a King of Prussia of your own! I expect to hear that the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, suddenly appeared before Parma at the head of an hundred thousand men, and had been *privately* landed at Leghorn. I beg, as Harlequin did when he had a house to sell, that you will send me a brick, as a sample of the first town you take—the Strawberry Press shall be preparing a congratulatory ode.

The Princess Royal has been dead some time; and yet the Dutch and we continue in amity, and put on our weepers together. In the meantime our warlike eggs have been some time under the hen, and one has hatched and produced Goree. The expedition, called to Quebec, departs on Tuesday next, under Wolfe and George Townshend, who has thrust himself again into the service, and as far as wrongheadedness will go, very proper for a hero. Wolfe, who was no friend of Mr. Conway last year, and for whom I consequently have no affection, has great merit, spirit, and alacrity, and shone extremely at Louisbourg. I am not such a Juno but I will forgive him after eleven more labours. Prince Edward asked to go with them, but was refused. It is clever in him to wish to distinguish himself; I, who have no partiality to royal blood, like his good-nature and good breeding.

Except the horrid Portuguese histories, that between Jesuits[1] and executions make one's blood run hot and cold, we have no news. The Parliament has taken a quieting-draught. Of private story, the Duchess of Hamilton is

LETTER 617.—[1] The Jesuits in Portugal (the instigators of the attempt on the King's life) were first imprisoned and then expelled, with a few exceptions, one of whom was Malagrida, burned alive in 1761. Several members of the noble families of Tavora and Aveiro, who were involved in the conspiracy, were executed, as well as one of the hired assassins.

going to marry Colonel Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty has made sufficient noise, and in some people's eyes is even improved—he has a most pleasing countenance, person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair Kings and Queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell—and all this is brought about by a Gunning! I talked of *our sultry* weather, and this is no air. While Italy, I suppose, is buried in snow, we are extinguishing fires, and panting for breath. In short, we have had a wonderful winter—beyond an earthquake winter—we shall soon be astonished at frost, like an Indian. Shrubs and flowers and blossoms are all in their pride; I am not sure that in some counties the corn is not cut.

I long to hear from you; I think I never was so long without a letter. I hope it is from no bad reason. Adieu!

618. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1759.

The enclosed, which I have this minute received from Mr. Bentley, explains much that I had to say to you—yet I have a question or two more.

Who and what sort of man is a Mr. Sharp[1] of Benet? I have received a most obliging and genteel letter from him, with the very letter of Edward VI which you was so good as to send me. I have answered his, but should like to know a little more about him. Pray thank the Dean

Letter 618.—[1] Rev. John Sharp, Fellow of Benet or Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

of Lincoln too for me: I am much obliged to him for his offer, but had rather draw upon his *Lincolnship* than his *Cambridgehood*[2]. In the library of the former are some original letters of Tiptoft[3], as you will find in my *Catalogue*. When Dr. Greene is there, I shall be glad if he will let me have them copied.

I will thank you if you will look in some provincial history of Ireland for Odo (Hugh) Oneil, King of Ulster. When did he live? I have got a most curious seal of his, and know no more of him than of Ouacraw, King of the Pawwaws.

I wanted to ask you, whether you, or anybody that you believe in, believe in the Queen of Scots' letter to Queen Elizabeth. If it is genuine, I don't wonder she cut her head off—but I think it must be some forgery that was not made use of.

Now to my distress. You must have seen an advertisement, perhaps the book itself, the villainous book itself, that has been published to defend me against the *Critical Review*[4]. I have been childishly unhappy about it, and had drawn up a protestation or affidavit of my knowing nothing of it; but my friends would not let me publish it. I sent to the printer, who would not discover the author—nor could I guess. They tell me nobody can suspect my being privy to it: but there is an intimacy affected that I think will deceive many—and yet I must be the most arrogant fool living, if I could know and suffer anybody to speak of me in that style. For God's sake, do all you can for me,

[2] He was Master of Benet College, Cambridge. *Walpole.*—John Green, Bishop of Lincoln, 1761; d. 1769.

[3] John Tiptoft (1427–1470), Earl of Worcester. The letters mentioned were in the cathedral library at Lincoln.

[4] It was called 'Observations on the account given of the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors of England*, &c., &c., in article vi of the *Critical Review*, No. 25, for December, 1758, where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work and the honourable author of it are examined and exposed.' *Walpole.*

and publish my abhorrence. To-day I am told that it is that puppy Doctor Hill [5], who has chosen to make war with the magazines through my sides. I could pardon him any abuse, but I never can forgive this *friendship*. Adieu!

619. To Lady Hervey.

Feb. 20, 1759.

I MET with this little book [1] t'other day by chance, and it pleased me so much, that I cannot help lending it to your Ladyship, as I know it will amuse you from the same causes. It contains many of those important truths which history is too proud to tell, and too dull from not telling.

Here Grignon's soul the living canvas warms:
Here fair Fontange [2] assumes unfading charms:
Here Mignard's [3] pencil bows to female wit;
Louis rewards, but ratifies Fayette:
The philosophic Duke [4], and painter too,
Thought from her thoughts—from her ideas drew.

620. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1759.

I THINK, Sir, I have perceived enough of the amiable benignity of your mind, to be sure that you will like to hear the praises of your friend. Indeed, there is but one opinion about Mr. Robertson's *History*. I don't remember any other work that ever met universal appro-

[5] John Hill (d. 1775), miscellaneous writer and botanist. He was afterwards gardener at Kensington Palace.

Letter 619.—[1] *Divers portraits de quelques personnes de la cour*, by Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne (1632–1693), Comtesse de la Fayette.

[2] Marie Angélique Scoraille de Rousille (1661–1681), Duchesse de Fontanges, mistress of Louis XIV.

[3] Pierre Mignard (1610–1695).

[4] François (1613–1680), Duc de la Rochefoucauld, author of the *Maximes*. He was the intimate friend of Madame de la Fayette.

bation. Since the Romans and the Greeks, who have *now* an exclusive charter for being the best writers in every kind, he is the historian that pleases me best; and though what he has been so indulgent as to say of me ought to shut my mouth, I own I have been unmeasured in my commendations. I have forfeited my own modesty rather than not do justice to him. I did send him my opinion some time ago, and hope he received it. I can add, with the strictest truth, that he is regarded here as one of the greatest men that this island has produced. I say *island*, but you know, Sir, that I am disposed to say *Scotland*. I have discovered another very agreeable writer among your countrymen, and in a profession where I did not look for an author; it is Mr. Ramsay[1], the painter, whose pieces being anonymous, have been overlooked. He has a great deal of genuine wit, and a very just manner of reasoning. In his own walk, he has great merit. He and Mr. Reynolds[2] are our favourite painters, and two of the very best we ever had. Indeed, the number of good has been very small, considering the numbers there are. A very few years ago there were computed two thousand portrait-painters in London; I do not exaggerate the computation, but diminish it; though I think it must have been exaggerated. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ramsay can scarce be rivals; their manners are so different. The former is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; the latter is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them.

I fear I neglected, Sir, to thank you for your present of the history of the conspiracy of the Gowries[3]; but I shall never forget all the obligations I have to you. I don't

LETTER 620.—[1] Ramsay the younger wrote essays and pamphlets.

[2] Joshua (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds (1723–1792).

[3] The attempted capture of James VI by John Ruthven (d. 1600), third Earl of Gowrie, and his brother John (d. 1600), Master of Ruthven.

doubt but in Scotland you approve what is liked here almost as much as Mr. Robertson's *History*; I mean the marriage of Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton. If her fortune is singular, so is her merit. Such uncommon noise as her beauty made has not at all impaired the modesty of her behaviour. Adieu!

621. To Dr. Robertson.

March 4, 1759.

If I can throw in any additional temptation to your disposition for writing, it is worth my while, even at the hazard of my judgement and my knowledge, both of which, however, are small enough to make me tender of them. Before I read your *History*, I should probably have been glad to dictate to you, and (I will venture to say it—it satirizes nobody but myself) should have thought I did honour to an obscure Scotch clergyman, by directing his studies with my superior lights and abilities. How you have saved me, Sir, from making a ridiculous figure, by making so great an one yourself! But could I suspect that a man I believe much younger, and whose dialect I scarce understood, and who came to me with all the diffidence and modesty of a very middling author, and who I was told had passed his life in a small living near Edinburgh; could I suspect that he had not only written what all the world now allows the best modern history, but that he had written it in the purest English, and with as much seeming knowledge of men and courts as if he had passed all his life in important embassies? In short, Sir, I have not power to make you, what you ought to be, a minister of state; but I will do all I can, I will stimulate you to continue writing, and I shall do it without presumption.

I should like either of the subjects you mention, and

I can figure one or two others that would shine in your hands. In one light the History of Greece seems preferable. You have all the materials for it that can possibly be had. It is concluded, it is clear of all objections; for perhaps nobody but I should run wildly into passionate fondness for liberty, if I was writing about Greece. It even might, I think, be made agreeably new, and *that* by comparing the extreme difference of their manners and ours, particularly in the article of finances, a system almost new in the world.

. . . . . .

With regard to the History of Charles V it is a magnificent subject and worthy of you. It is more, it is fit for you; for you have shown that you can write on ticklish subjects with the utmost discretion, and on subjects of religious party with temper and impartiality. Besides, by what little I have skimmed of history myself, I have seen how many mistakes, how many prejudices, may easily be detected: and though much has been written on that age, probably truth still remains to be written of it. Yet I have an objection to this subject. Though Charles V was in a manner the Emperor of Europe, yet he was a German or a Spaniard. Consider, Sir, by what you must have found in writing the History of Scotland, how difficult it would be for the most penetrating genius of another country to give an adequate idea of Scottish story. So much of all transactions must take their rise from, and depend on national laws, customs, and ideas, that I am persuaded a native would always discover great mistakes in a foreign writer.

Greece indeed is a foreign country, but no Greek is alive to disprove one.

There are two other subjects which I have sometimes had a mind to treat myself; though my naming one of

them will tell you why I did not. It was the History of Learning. Perhaps indeed it is a work which could not be executed unless intended by a young man from his first looking on a book with reflection. The other is the history of what I may in one light call the most remarkable period of the world, by containing a succession of five good princes: I need not say they were Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines. Not to mention that no part almost of the Roman history has been well written from the death of Domitian, this period would be the fairest pattern for use, if history can ever effect what she so much pretends to—doing good. I should be tempted to call it the *History of Humanity*; for though Trajan and Adrian had private vices that disgraced them as men, as princes they approached to perfection. Marcus Aurelius arrived still nearer, perhaps with a little ostentation; yet vanity is an amiable machine if it operates to benevolence. Antoninus Pius seems to have been as good as human nature royalized can be. Adrian's persecution of the Christians would be objected, but then it is much controverted. I am no admirer of elective monarchies; and yet it is remarkable that when Aurelius's diadem descended to his natural heir, not to the heir of his virtues, the line of beneficence was extinguished; for I am sorry to say that *hereditary* and *bad* are almost synonymous.

But I am sensible, Sir, that I am a bad adviser for you; the chastity, the purity, the good sense, and regularity of your manner, that unity you mention, and of which you are the greatest master, should not be led away by the licentious frankness, and, I hope, honest indignation of my way of thinking. I may be a fitter companion than a guide; and it is with most sincere zeal that I offer myself to contribute any assistance in my power towards polishing your future work, whatever it shall be. You want little

help; I can give little; and indeed I, who am taxed with incorrectnesses, should not assume airs of a corrector. My *Catalogue* I intended should have been exact enough in style: it has not been thought so by some; I tell you, that you may not trust me too much. Mr. Gray, a very perfect judge, has sometimes censured me for parliamentary phrases, familiar to me, as your Scotch law is to you. I might plead for my inaccuracies, that the greatest part of my book was written with people talking in the room; but that is no excuse to myself, who intended it for correct. However, it is easier to remark inaccuracies in the work of another than in one's own; and, since you command me, I will go again over your second volume, with an eye to the slips, a light in which I certainly did not intend my second examination of it.

622. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1759.

I know you are *ministerial* enough or *patriot* enough (two words that it is as much the fashion to couple now as it was formerly to part them) to rejoice over the least bit of a conquest, and therefore I hurry to send you a morsel of Martinico[1], which you may lay under your head, and dream of having taken the whole island. As dreams often go by contraries, you must not be surprised if you wake and find we have been beaten back; but at this present moment we are all dreaming of victory. A frigate[2] has been taken going to France with an account that our troops landed on the island on the 16th of January, without opposition. A seventy-gun ship was dismissed at the same time, which

Letter 622.—[1] The force under Hopson and Moore landed at Fort Royal in Martinique on Jan. 6, 1759, but almost immediately re-embarked, owing to the difficult nature of the country.

[2] The *Bellona* of 32 guns, captured on Feb. 21 by the *Vestal*, commanded by Captain (afterwards Viscount) Hood.

is thought a symptom of their not intending to resist. It certainly is not Mr. Pitt's fault if we have not great success; and if we have, it is certainly owing to him. The French talk of invading us; I hope they will not come quite so near either to victory or defeat, as to land on our Martinico! But you are going to have a war of your own[3]. Pray send me all your Gazettes extraordinary. I wish the King of Sardinia's[4] heroism may not be grown a little rusty. Time was when he was the only King in Europe that had fought in his waistcoat; but now the King of Prussia has almost made it part of their coronation oath. Apropos, pray remember that the Emperor's pavil*ion* is not the Emperor's *pavillon*; though you are so far in the right, that he may have a pavilion, but I don't conceive how he comes by a *pavillon*. What Tuscan colours has he, unless a streamer upon the belfry at Leghorn? You was so deep in politics when you wrote your last letter, that it was almost in cipher, and as I don't happen to have a key to bad writing, I could not read a word that interests my vanity extremely—I unravelled enough to learn that a new governor[5] of Milan is a great admirer of me, but I could not guess at one syllable of his name, and it is very uncomfortable in a dialogue between one's pride and oneself, to be forced to talk of Governor What-d'ye-call-em, who has so good a taste. I think you never can have a more important occasion for dispatching a courier than to tell me Governor ——'s name. In the meantime, don't give him any more Strawberry editions; of some I print very few, they are all begged

[3] 'Our advices from Italy give the strongest reason to expect that hostilities will be begun by his Sardinian Majesty, the moment he hears of the King of Spain's death, who is wholly given over by his physicians. The Sardinian forces are said to amount to 50,000 men, a number more than sufficient to give employment to France and Austria under their present circumstances.' (*Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 90.)

[4] Charles Emmanuel I, d. 1773.

[5] Count Firmian, who understood English, and was fond of English authors. Sir Horace Mann had given him the *Royal and Noble Authors. Walpole.*

immediately, and then you will not have a complete set, as I wish you to have, notwithstanding all my partiality for the governor of Milan. Perhaps, upon the peace I may send him a set richly bound! I am a little more serious in what I am going to say; you will oblige me if at your leisure you will pick up for me all or any little historical tracts that relate to the house of Medici. I have some distant thoughts of writing their history, and at the peace may probably execute what you know I have long retained in my wish, another journey to Florence. Stosch, I think, had great collections relating to them; would they sell a separate part of his library? Could I get at any state letters and papers there? Do think of this; I assure you I do. Thank you for the trouble you have taken about the Neapolitan books, and for the medals that are coming.

Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister[6], who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards of a fifth boy: she has had two girls too, and I believe left it entirely to this child to choose what it would be. Adieu! my dear Sir.

623. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1759.

I am puzzled to know how to deal with you: I hate to be officious, it has a horrid look; and to let you alone till you die at the Vine of mildew goes against my conscience. Don't it go against yours to keep all your family there till they are mouldy? Instead of sending you a physician, I will send you a dozen brasiers; I am persuaded that you

[6] Lady Mary Churchill, only daughter of Sir R. Walpole by his second wife. *Walpole.*

want to be dried and aired more than physicked. For God's sake don't stay there any longer :—

> *Mater Cyrene, mater quæ gurgitis hujus*
> *Ima tenes*—

send him away!—Nymphs and Jew doctors! I don't know what I shall pray to next against your obstinacy.

No more news yet from Guadaloupe[1]! A persecution seems to be raising against General Hobson—I don't wonder! Wherever Commodore Moore[2] is, one may expect treachery and blood. Good night!

624. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, March 15, 1759.

You judge very rightly, Sir, that I do not intend to meddle with accounts of *religious* houses; I should not think of them at all, unless I could learn the names of any of the architects, not of the founders. It is the history of our architecture that I should search after, especially the beautiful Gothic. I have by no means digested the plan of my intended work. The materials I have ready in great quantities in Vertue's MSS.; but he has collected little with regard to our architects, except Inigo Jones. As our painters have been very indifferent, I must, to make the work interesting, make it historical; I would mix it with anecdotes of patrons of the arts, and with dresses and customs from old pictures, something in the manner of Montfaucon's Antiquities of France. I think it capable of being made a very amusing work, but I don't know whether I shall

Letter 623.—[1] Basse Terre, the capital of Guadaloupe, was attacked by the English on Jan. 23, 1759, and taken on the following day. General Hopson died on Feb. 27. The reduction of the rest of the island was carried out under General Barrington, and was finally effected in May.

[2] Afterwards Admiral Sir John Moore, first Baronet (1718–1778).

ever bestow the necessary time on it. At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.

In what edition, Sir, of Beaumont and Fletcher, is the copy of verses you mention, signed 'Grandison'[1]? They are not in mine. In my *Catalogue* I mention the *Countess of Montgomery's*[2] *Eusebia*; I shall be glad to know what her *Urania*[3] is. I fear you will find little satisfaction in a library of *noble works*. I have got several, some duplicates, that shall be at your service if you continue your collection; but in general they are mere curiosities.

Mr. Hume has published his *History of the House of Tudor*. I have not advanced far in it, but it appears an inaccurate and careless, as it certainly has been a very hasty performance. Adieu! Sir.

625. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, March 25, 1759.

I should not trouble you, Sir, so soon again with a letter, but some questions and some passages in yours seem to make it necessary. I know nothing of the *Life of Gustavus*[1], nor heard of it, before it was advertised. Mr. Harte was a favoured disciple of Mr. Pope, whose obscurity he imitated

Letter 624.—[1] Cunningham states that these verses are printed in the edition of 1647.

[2] Lady Susan de Vere (d. 1629), youngest daughter of eighth Earl of Oxford; m. (1604) Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

[3] According to Lysons (*Environs of London*, ed. 1811, vol. iii. p. 207) the *Countess of Montgomery's Urania* was written by Lady Mary Wroth, daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and niece of Sir Philip Sidney. Lysons conjectures that it was so called out of compliment to the Countess of Montgomery, who was Lady Mary's neighbour at Enfield. Nothing seems to be known of the *Eusebia*.

Letter 625.—[1] *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, by Rev. Walter Harte (1709–1774).

more than his lustre. Of the History of the Revival of Learning I have not heard a word. Mr. Gray a few years ago began a poem on that subject; but dropped it, thinking it would cross too much upon some parts of the *Dunciad.* It would make a signal part of a History of Learning which I lately proposed to Mr. Robertson. Since I wrote to him, another subject has started to me, which would make as agreeable a work, both to the writer and to the reader, as any I could think of; and would be a very tractable one, because capable of being extended or contracted, as the author should please. It is the History of the House of Medici. There is an almost unknown republic, factions, banishment, murders, commerce, conquests, heroes, cardinals, all of a new stamp, and very different from what appear in any other country. There is a scene of little polite Italian courts, where gallantry and literature were uncommonly blended, particularly in that of Urbino, which without any violence might make an episode. The Popes on the greater plan enter of course. What a morsel Leo the Tenth! the revival of letters! the torrent of Greeks that imported them! Extend still farther, there are Catherine and Mary, Queens of France. In short, I know nothing one could wish in a subject that would not fall into this—and then it is a complete subject, the family is extinct: even the state is so, as a separate dominion.

I could not help smiling, Sir, at being taxed with insincerity for my encomiums on Scotland. They were given in a manner a little too serious to admit of irony, and (as partialities cannot be supposed entirely ceased) with too much risk of disapprobation in this part of the world, not to flow from my heart. My friends have long known my opinion on this point, and it is too much formed on fact for me to retract it, if I were so disposed. With regard to the magazines and reviews, I can say with equal and great

truth, that I have been much more hurt at a gross defence of me than by all that railing.

Mallet still defers his Life of the Duke of Marlborough[2]; I don't know why: sometimes he says he will stay till the peace; sometimes that he is translating it, or having it translated, into French, that he may not lose that advantage.

626. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 11, 1759.

I HAVE waited and waited, in hopes of sending you the rest of Martinico or Guadaloupe: nothing else, as you guessed, has happened, or I should have told you. But at present I can stay no longer, for I, who am a little more expeditious than a squadron, have made a great conquest myself, and in less than a month since the first thought started. I hurry to tell you, lest you should go and consult the map of Middlesex, to see whether I have any dispute about boundaries with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or am likely to have fitted out a secret expedition upon Hounslow Heath—in short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria[1], my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave[2]. What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in

[2] Not a word of the Life was ever written.

LETTER 626. — [1] Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, afterwards married to William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III. *Walpole.*

[2] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, and Governor of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. *Walpole.*

Maria Countess Waldegrave

from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

this match; he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister; and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel[3] comes from Charles,—Lord Waldegrave from James II[4]. My brother has luckily been tractable and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them—a Knight of the Garter for my niece; 150,000*l.* for my Lord Orford if he would have taken her[5]; these are not trifling establishments.

It were piddling after this to tell you that Prince Ferdinand has cut to pieces two or three squadrons of Austrians. I frame to myself that if I was a commander-in-chief, I should on a sudden appear in the middle of Vienna, and oblige the Empress to give an Archduchess with half a dozen provinces to some infant prince or other, and make a peace before the bread waggons were come up. Difficulties are nothing; all depends on the sphere in which one is placed.

You must excuse my altitudes; I feel myself very impertinent just now, but as I know it, I trust I shall not be more so than is becoming.

The Dutch cloud is a little dispersed; the Privy Council have squeezed out some rays of sunshine by restoring one of their ships, and by adjudging that we captors should prove the affirmative of contraband goods, instead of the goods proving themselves so: just as if one was ordered to believe that if a blackamoor is christened Thomas, he is a white. These distinctions are not quite adapted to the meridian of a flippant English privateer's comprehension: however, the

[3] Frederick Keppel, fourth son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, by Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Waldegrave's grandfather married the natural daughter of James II by Arabella Churchill.

[5] Miss Nichols, afterwards Marchioness of Carnarvon. *Walpole.*

murmur is not great yet. I don't know what may betide if the *minister* should order the mob to be angry with the *ministry*, nor whether Mr. Pitt or the mob will speak first. He is laid up with the gout, and it is as much as the rest of the administration can do to prevent his flying out. I am sorry, after you have been laying in such bales of Grotius and Puffendorf, that you must be forced to correct the text by a Dutch comment. You shall have the pamphlets you desire, and Lord Mansfield's famous answer[6] to the Prussian manifesto (I don't know whether it is in French), but you must now read *Hardwickius in usum Batavorum*[7].

We think we have lost Fort St. David[8], but have some scanty hopes of a victorious codicil, as our fleet there seems to have had the superiority. The King of Spain is certainly not dead, and the Italian war in appearance is blown over. This summer, I think, must finish all war, for who will have men, who will have money to furnish another campaign? Adieu!

P.S. Mr. Conway has got the first regiment of dragoons on Hawley's[9] death.

627. To George Montagu.

Don't read this letter even to your parson.

Arlington Street, April 26, 1759.

Your brother, your Wetenhalls, and the ancient Baron and Baroness Dacre of the South, are to dine with me at Strawberry Hill next Sunday. Divers have been the negotiations about it: your sister, you know, is often impeded by a purge or a prayer; and I, on the other hand, who

[6] Written in 1753.

[7] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[8] Taken by the French under Lally on June 2, 1758.

[9] General Hawley died on March 24, 1759.

never rise in a morning, have two balls on my hands this week to keep me in bed the next day till dinner-time.—Well! it is charming to be so young! the follies of the town are so much more agreeable than the wisdom of my brethren the authors, that I think for the future I shall never write beyond a card, nor print beyond Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets.

Our great match approaches: I dine at Lord Waldegrave's presently, and suppose I shall then hear the day. I have quite reconciled my Lady Townshend to the match (saving her abusing us all), by desiring her to choose my wedding clothes,—but I am to pay the additional price of being ridiculous, to which I submit: she has chosen me a white ground with purple and green flowers. I represented that, however young my spirits may be, my bloom is rather past; but the moment I declared against juvenile colours, I found it was determined I should have nothing else—so be it! I have not tried the same methods of reconciling the Bedfords to the match: as they counterfeit deeper civility, I shall not come off with them by letting them dress me up like Garrick or a shepherd. T'other night I had an uncomfortable situation with the Duchess: we had played late at loo at Lady Jane Scot's; I came downstairs with their two Graces of Bedford and Grafton[1]: there was no chair for me; I said I would walk till I met one. 'Oh!' said the Duchess of Grafton, 'the Duchess of Bedford will set you down:' there were we charmingly awkward and complimenting; however, she was forced to press it, and I to accept it—in a minute she spied an hackney-chair—'Oh! there is a chair,—but I beg your pardon, it looks as if I wanted to get rid of you, but indeed I don't—only I'm afraid the Duke will want his supper.'—You may imagine how much I was afraid of making him wait. The ball at Bedford House, on

Letter 627.—[1] Anne Liddell, Duchess of Grafton.

Monday, was very numerous and magnificent. The two Princes[2] were there, deep hazard, and the Dutch deputies, who are a proverb for their dullness: they have brought with them a young Dutchman who is the richest man of Amsterdam.—I am amazed Mr. Yorke has not married him! —But the delightful part of the night was the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again, as it is time to betray Mr. Pitt. The Duchess was at the very upper end of the gallery, and though some of the Pelham court were there too, yet they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connection, that Newcastle had nobody to attend to him but Sir Edward Montagu[3], who kept pushing him all up the gallery. From thence he went into the hazard-room, and wriggled, and shuffled, and lisped, and winked, and spied, till he got behind the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Bedford, and Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him—but he must come to it. You would have died to see Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure—nobody went near him, he tried to flatter people, that were too busy to mind him—in short, he was quite disconcerted—his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance—but it is plain he grows old. To finish his confusion and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and I, went and stood near him, and in half-whispers, that he might hear, said, 'Lord, how he is broke! how old he looks!' then I said, 'This room feels very cold; I believe there never is any fire in it.' Presently afterwards I said, 'Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.' In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's powder when he went home. Next night, Brand and I communicated this interview to Lord Temple, who was in agonies, and yesterday his chariot

[2] Princes Edward and William Henry.

[3] Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, afterwards Earl Beaulieu.

was seen in forty different parts of the town. I take for granted that Fox will not resist these overtures—and then we shall see the Paymastership, the Secretaryship of Ireland, and all Calcraft's[4] regiments once more afloat.

May 1st.

I did not finish this letter last week, for the picture could not set out till next Thursday. Your kin brought Lord Mandeville[5] with them to Strawberry; he was very civil and good-humoured, and I trust I was so too. My nuptialities dined there yesterday. The wedding is fixed for the 15th. The town, who saw Maria set out in the Earl's coach, concluded it was yesterday. He notified his marriage to the monarch last Saturday, and it was received civilly.

Mrs. Thornhill is dead, and I am impatient to hear the fate of Miss Mildmay. The Princes Ferdinand and Henry have been skirmishing, have been beaten, and have beat, but with no decision.

The ball at Mr. Conolly's[6] was by no means delightful—the house is small, it was hot, and was composed of young Irish. I was retiring when they went to supper, but was fetched back to sup with Prince Edward and the Duchess of Richmond, who is his present passion. He had chattered as much love to her as would serve ten balls. The conversation turned on the *Guardian*[7]—most unfortunately the Prince asked her if she should like Mr. Clackit—'No,

[4] John Calcraft (1726–1772), son of a country solicitor. His rise in life was due to Henry Fox, to whom he was said to be related, and by whom he was made agent to several regiments, and Deputy Commissary-General of Musters. He accumulated an immense fortune.

[5] George Montagu (1737–1788), Viscount Mandeville; eldest son of second Duke of Manchester, whom he succeeded in 1762; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1762–70; Lord Chamberlain, 1782–83; Ambassador to Paris, 1783.

[6] Thomas Conolly (1738–1803). He had recently married a sister of the Duke of Richmond.

[7] A comedy by Garrick, recently produced. Young Clackit is one of the characters in it.

indeed, Sir,' said the Duchess. Lord Tavistock burst into a loud laugh, and I am afraid none of the company quite kept their countenance.—Adieu! This letter is gossiping enough for any Mr. Clackit, but I know you love these details.

Yours ever,

H. W.

628. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 10, 1759.

The laurels we began to plant in Guadaloupe do not thrive—we have taken half the island, and despair of the other half which we are gone to take. General Hobson is dead, and many of our men—it seems all climates are not equally good for conquest—Alexander and Cæsar would have looked wretchedly after a yellow fever! A hero that would have leaped a rampart would perhaps have shuddered at the thought of being scalped. Glory will be taken in its own way, and cannot reconcile itself to the untoward barbarism of America. In short, if we don't renounce expeditions, our history will be a journal of miscarriages. What luck must a general have that escapes a flux, or being shot abroad—or at home! How fatal a war has this been! From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality! The King of Prussia does not appear to have tapped his campaign yet—he was slow last year; it is well if he concludes this as thunderingly as he did the last.

Our winter-politics are drawn to the dregs. The King is gone to Kensington, and the Parliament is going out of town. The ministers who don't agree will, I believe, let the war decide their squabbles too. Mr. Pitt will take Canada and the cabinet council together, or miscarry in both. There are Dutch deputies here, who are likely to be here some time: their negotiations are not of an epigram-

matic nature, and we are in no hurry to decide on points which we cannot well give up, nor maintain without inconvenience. But it is idle to describe what describes itself by not being concluded.

I have received yours of the 7th of last month, and fear you are quite in the right about a history of the house of Medici—yet it is pity it should not be written[1]! You don't, I know, want any spur to incite you to remember me and any commission with which I trouble you; and therefore you must not take it in that light, but as the consequence of my having just seen the Neapolitan book of Herculaneum, that I mention it to you again. Though it is far from being finely engraved, yet there are bits in it that make me wish much to have it, and if you could procure it for me, I own I should be pleased. Adieu! my dear Sir.

629. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, 9th.

I must desire you will speak to Mr. Tonson to send me another parcel of paper for my printing, but I wish he would order it to be carefully examined, because in the last parcel there were several thin sheets interspersed. As I shall be in town the end of this week, I shall be glad if he would have the bills made up of the expenses of the press, &c., that I may pay them.

I shall be much obliged too if you will call as soon as you can at M'Ardell's[1] in Henrietta Street, and take my picture from him. I am extremely angry, for I heard he

Letter 628.—[1] It was afterwards written in five volumes in quarto, from authentic documents furnished by the Great Duke himself, and was published in 1782. *Walpole.*

Letter 629.—[1] James MacArdell (d. 1765), mezzotint engraver. In 1757 he engraved Reynolds' portrait of Horace Walpole. The print bears the inscription ordered by Walpole, and is dated 1757.

has told people of the print. If the plate is finished, be so good as to take it away, and all the impressions he has taken off, for I will not let him keep one. If it is not finished, I shall be most unwilling to leave the print with him. If he pretends he stays for the inscription, I will have nothing but these words, *Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.* I must beg you will not leave it with him an hour, unless he locks it up, and denies to everybody there is any such thing. I am extremely provoked at him, and very sorry to give you so much trouble.

630. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1759.

You accuse me with so much delicacy and with so much seeming justice, that I must tell you the truth, cost me what it will. It is in fact, I own, that I have been silent, not knowing what to say to you, or how not to say something about your desire that I would attend the affair of the navigation of Calder in Parliament. In truth, I scarce ever do attend private business on solicitation. If I attend, I cannot help forming an opinion, and when formed I do not care *not* to be guided by it, and at the same time it is very unpleasant to vote against a person whom one went to serve. I knew nothing of the merits of the navigation in question, and it would have given me great pain to have opposed, as it might have happened, a side espoused by one for whom I had conceived such an esteem as I have for you, Sir. I did not tell you my scruples, because you might have thought them affected, and because, to say the truth, I choose to disguise them. I have seen too much of the parade of conscience to expect that an ostentation of it in me should be treated with uncommon lenity. I cannot help having scruples; I can help displaying them; and

now, Sir, that I have made you my confessor, I trust you will keep my secret for my sake, and give me absolution for what I have committed against you.

I certainly do propose to digest the materials that Vertue had collected relating to English artists; but doubting of the merit of the subject, as you do, Sir, and not proposing to give myself much trouble about it, I think, at present, that I shall still call the work *his*. However, at your leisure, I shall be much obliged to you for any hints. For *nobler* or any other game, I don't think of it; I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called *Remarks* on my *Catalogue*, asperses the Revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor[1]. Of me he knows so little, that he thinks to punish me by abusing King William! Had that Prince been an author, perhaps I might have been a little ungentle to him too. I am not dupe enough to think that anybody wins a crown for the sake of the people. Indeed, I am Whig enough to be glad to be abused; that is, that anybody may write what they please; and though the Jacobites are the only men who abuse outrageously that liberty of the press which all their labours tend to demolish, I would not have the nation lose such a blessing for *their* impertinences. That their spirit and project revive is certain. All the histories of England, Hume's, as you observe, and Smollett's more avowedly, are calculated to whiten the house of Stuart.

LETTER 630.—[1] 'One Carter, who had been bred a surgeon, and who had married the daughter of Deacon of Manchester, who was hanged in the last Rebellion.' See *Short Notes of My Life* (vol. i. pp. xliii–iv).

All the magazines are erected to depress writers of the other side, and as it has been learnt within these few days, France is preparing an army of commentators [2] to illustrate the works of those professors. But to come to what ought to be a particular part of this letter. I am very sensible, Sir, to the confidence you place in me, and shall assuredly do nothing to forfeit it; at the same time, I must take the liberty you allow me, of making some objections to your plan. As your friend, I must object to the subject. It is heroic to sacrifice one's own interest to do good, but I would be sure of doing some before I offered myself up. You will make enemies; are you sure you shall make proselytes? I am ready to believe you have no ambition now—but may you not have hereafter? Are bishops corrigible or placable? Few men are capable of forgiving being told of their faults in private; who can bear being told of them publicly?—Then you propose to write in Latin: that is, you propose to be read by those only whom you intend to censure, and whose interest it will be to find faults in your work. If I proposed to attack the clergy, I would at least call in the laity to hear my arguments, and I fear the laity do not much listen to Latin. In short, Sir, I wish much to see something of your writing, and consequently I wish to see it in a shape in which it would give me most pleasure.

You will say, that your concealing your name is an answer to all I have said. A bad author may be concealed, but then what good does he do? I am persuaded you would write well—ask your heart, Sir, if you then would like to conceal yourself. Forgive my frankness; I am not old, but I have lived long enough to be sure that I give you good advice.

There is lately published a voluminous *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, sadly written, yet very amusing, from the matter.

[2] Alluding to the projected French invasion of the British Isles.

631 To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1759.

I packed up a long letter to you in the case with the Earl of Manchester, which I suppose did not arrive at Greatworth before you left it. Don't send for it, for there are private histories in it, that should not travel post, and which will be full as new to you a month hence.

Well! Maria was married yesterday. Don't we manage well? the original day was not once put off; lawyers and milliners were all ready canonically. It was as sensible a wedding as ever was. There was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married at my brother's in Pall Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel, and Charlotte[1], Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the Earl and new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock[2] alone, where they stay till Saturday night: on Sunday she is to be presented —and to make my Lady Coventry distracted; who, t'other day, told Lady Anne Conolly how she dreaded Lady Louisa's[3] arrival—'but,' said she, 'now I have seen her, I am easy.'

Maria was in a white and silver nightgown, with a hat very much pulled over her face; what one could see of it was handsomer than ever; a cold maiden blush gave her the sweetest delicacy in the world. I had like to have demolished the solemnity of the ceremony by laughing—

Letter 631.—[1] Youngest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, afterwards Countess of Dysart.

[2] Lord Waldegrave's seat, near Brentwood, in Essex.

[3] Lady Louisa Augusta Lennox (d. 1821), sixth daughter of second Duke of Richmond; m. (1758) Thomas Conolly, of Castletown, Ireland.

when Mr. Keppel read the words, *Bless thy servant and thy handmaid*, it struck me how ridiculous it would have been, had Miss Drax been the *handmaid*, as she was once to have been. Did I ever tell you what happened at my Lord Hertford's wedding? You remember that my father's style was not purity itself. As the bride was so young and so exceedingly bashful, and as my Lord Hertford is a little of the prude himself, great means were used to keep Sir Robert within bounds. He yawned, and behaved decently. When the dessert was removed, the Bishop, who married them, said, 'Sir Robert, what health shall we drink?'—It was just after Vernon's conquest of Porto Bello.—'I don't know,' replied my father;—'why, drink the admiral in the straits of Bocca Cieca!'

We have had a sort of debate in the House of Commons on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges: Charles Townshend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*.

Lord Weymouth[4] is to be married on Tuesday, or, as he said himself, to be *turned off*. George Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been *turned off* before, for he still sits up drinking all night and gaming.

Well! are you ready to be invaded? for it seems invasions *from* France are coming into fashion again. A descent on Ireland at least is expected. There has been a great quarrel between Mr. Pitt and Lord Anson, on the negligence of the latter—I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to hang some admiral, who will come too late to save Ireland, after it is impossible to save it.

[4] Thomas Thynne (1734–1796), third Viscount Weymouth; cr. Marquis of Bath, 1789; Viceroy of Ireland, May 29–Aug. 1, 1765; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1768, 1779; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1768–70; Groom of the Stole, 1782. He married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of second Duke of Portland.

Dr. Young has published a new book[5], on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years—Mr. Addison sent for the young Lord Warwick[6], as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I forgot and must tell you two good stories of the little Prince Frederick[7]. He was describing to Lady Charlotte Edwin[8] the eunuchs of the Opera, but not easily finding proper words, he said, 'I can't tell you, but I will show you how they make them,' and began to unbutton. T'other day as he was with the Prince of Wales, Kitty Fisher[9] passed by, and the child named her—the Prince, to try him, asked who that was?—'Why, a Miss.'—'A Miss,' said the P. of W., 'why, are not all girls Misses?'—'Oh! but a particular sort of Miss—a Miss that sells oranges.'—'Is there any harm in selling oranges?'—'Oh! but they are not such oranges as you buy—I believe they are a sort that my brother Edward buys.'—Apropos to this latter sort, I am going to dine at my Lord Hertford's with Lord Bute.

[5] *Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the author of Sir Charles Grandison.*

[6] Edward Henry Rich (1698–1721), seventh Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson.

[7] Frederick William (1750–1765), fifth son of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

[8] Lady Charlotte Hamilton (d. 1776), eldest surviving daughter of fourth Duke of Hamilton; m. Charles Edwin. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

[9] Catherine Maria, known as Kitty, Fisher (d. 1767), a woman of the town. She became the second wife of John Norris, of Hempsted Manor, Benenden, Kent. She was several times painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

632. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 1, 1759.

I have not announced to you in form the invasion from France, of which all our newspapers have been so full, nor do I tell you every time the clock strikes. An invasion frightens one but once. I am grown to fear no invasions but those we make. Yet I believe there are people really afraid of this—I mean the new militia, who have received orders to march. The war in general seems very languishing: Prince Henry of Prussia is the only one who keeps it up with any spirit. The Parliament goes into the country to-morrow.

One of your last friends, Lord Northampton[1], is going to marry Lady Anne Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort's[2] sister. She is rather handsome. He seems to have too much of the coldness and dignity of the Comptons.

Have you had the comet[3] in Italy? It has made more noise here than it deserved, because Sir Isaac Newton foretold it, and it was very near disappointing him. Indeed, I have a notion that it is not the right, but a little one that they put up as they were hunting for the true—in short, I suppose, like pine-apples and gold pheasants, comets will grow so common as to be sold at Covent Garden market.

I am glad you approve the marriage of my charming niece—she is now Lady Waldegrave in all the forms.

I envy you who can make out whole letters to me—I find it grow every day more difficult; we are so far and have been so long removed from little events in common that

Letter 632.—[1] Charles Compton (1737–1763), seventh Earl of Northampton; Ambassador to Venice, 1762–63; m. (Sept. 13, 1759) Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of fourth Duke of Beaufort.

[2] Henry Somerset (1744–1803), fifth Duke of Beaufort; Master of the Horse to Queen Charlotte, 1768–70.

[3] This appears to be the comet known as Halley's, which did appear in 1759.

serve to fill up a correspondence, that though my heart is willing, my hand is slow. Europe is a dull magnificent subject to one who cares little and thinks still less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post-days, don't occupy a quarter of an inch in my memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes that do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a vast while to their cotemporaries—and how it would humble a vast Prince who expects to occupy the whole attention of an age, to hear an idle man in his easy-chair cry, 'Well! why don't the King of Prussia do something?' If one means to make a lasting bustle, one should contrive to be the hero of a village; I have known a country rake talked of for a riot, whole years after the battle of Blenheim has grown obsolete. Fame, like an essence, the farther it is diffused, the sooner it vanishes. The million in London devour an event and demand another to-morrow. Three or four families in a hamlet twist and turn it, examine, discuss, mistake, repeat their mistake, remember their mistake, and teach it to their children. Adieu!

633. To George Montagu.

June 2, 1759.

Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos, it is the land of beauties. On Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond and Lady Ailesbury dined there; the two latter stayed all night. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell[1]; a thousand years hence, when I begin to grow old, if that can ever be, I shall talk of that event, and tell young people how much hand-

Letter 633.—[1] 'A large seat in the form of a shell, carved in oak, from a design by Mr. Bentley.' See *Description of Strawberry Hill*, where it is engraved.

somer the women of my time were than they will be then: I shall say, 'Women alter now; I remember Lady Ailesbury looking handsomer than her daughter, the pretty Duchess of Richmond, as they were sitting in the shell on my terrace with the Duchess of Hamilton, one of the famous Gunnings.'—Yesterday the t'other, more famous, Gunning dined there.—She has made a friendship with my charming niece, to disguise her jealousy of the new Countess's beauty —there were they two, their lords, Lord Buckingham, and Charlotte.—You will think that I did not choose men for my parties so well as women.—I don't include Lord Waldegrave in this bad election.

Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's[2], whose child the town calls *Pam*-ela. I proposed, that instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's[3], the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening.

I find poor Charles Montagu is dead[4]—is it true, as the papers say, that his son comes into Parliament?

The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo; and the King demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of Parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; from *fear that comes from pusillanimity*, up to *fear from magnanimity*. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my Lady Londonderry[5], who, when her sister,

[2] Anne (d. 1807), third daughter and co-heir of Admiral Sir Peter Warren; m. (1758) Charles Fitzroy, third son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy and grandson of second Duke of Grafton. Her husband was created Baron Southampton in 1780.

[3] William Hunter (1718–1783).

[4] Charles Montagu, of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire. He was succeeded as member for Northampton by his son, Frederick Montagu.

[5] Frances Ridgeway (d. 1772), Countess of Londonderry. Her sister, Lucy, Countess of Donegal, died in 1732.

Lady Donnegal, was dying, pronounced, that if it was a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it was a *fever from death*, she would die.

Mr. Mason has published another drama, called *Caractacus*; there are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, *will cry and roar all night* without the least provocation.

Adieu! I shall be glad to hear that your Strawberry tide is fixed.

Yours ever,
H. W.

634. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1759.

I chose to write a word to you rather than speak to you, especially in my own house, because of all things in the world, I would not lay you under any difficulty. If what I am going to propose to you should be in the least disagreeable to you, another short line in answer will save both you and me any awkwardness of civilities or apologies: one certainly ought not to ask a favour without facilitating all means of refusal to the person of whom one begs it. You mentioned the approaching death of your deputy, and your being totally unengaged and unprovided with a successor. You know Mr. Bentley's merit, his situation, and my friendship for him; I should be happy if he would suit you. I shall be content if he would not. He will find what security you require; and if he is not to know what would place him in ease, he shall not know what

Letter 634. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

might even make it for a moment unpleasant to you to meet him at my house, as I hope in either case you often will. Adieu! Yours, &c.,

H. Walpole.

635. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 8, 1759.

This is merely a letter about your commission, and I hope it will get to you with wondrous haste. I have not lost a minute in trying to execute what you desire, but it is impossible to perform all that is required. A watch, perfect by Ellicot[1] or Gray, with all the accompaniments, cannot possibly be had for near seventy-five pounds. Though the directions do not expressly limit me to seventy-five, yet I know Italians enough to be sure that when they name seventy-five, they would not bear a codicil of fifty-five more. Ellicot (and Gray is rather dearer) would have for watch and chain a hundred and thirty-four guineas; the seals will cost sixteen more. Two hundred and sixty-eight sequins are more than I dare lay out. But I will tell you what I have done: Deard[2], one of the first jewellers and toymen here, has undertaken to make a watch and chain, enamelled according to a pattern I have chosen of the newest kind, for a hundred guineas, with two seals for sixteen more; and he has engaged that, if this is not approved, he will keep it himself; but to this I must have an immediate answer. He will put his own name to it, as a warrant to the goodness of the work; and then, except the name of Ellicot or Gray, your friend will have as good a watch as he can desire. I take for granted, at farthest, that I can have an answer by the 15th of July; and then there will be time, I trust, to

Letter 635.—[1] John Ellicott (d. 1776), a celebrated clockmaker. [2] Deard's shop was in Pall Mall. He died in 1761.

convey it to you; I suppose by sea, for unless a fortunate messenger should be going *à point nommé*, you may imagine that a traveller would not arrive there in any time. My dear Sir, you know how happy I am to do anything you desire; and I shall pique myself on your credit in this, but your friend has expected what, altogether, it is almost impossible to perform—what can be done, shall be.

There is not a syllable of news—if there was, I should not confine myself solely to the commission. Some of our captains in the East Indies have behaved very ill[3]; if there is an invasion, which I don't believe there will, I am glad they were not here. Adieu!

636. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1759.

After so kind a note as you left for me at your going out of town, you cannot wonder that I was determined to thank you the moment I knew you settled in Yorkshire. At least I am not ungrateful, if I deserve your goodness by no other title. I was willing to stay till I could amuse you, but I have not a battle big enough even to send in a letter. A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace, and from Madras to California, don't produce an article half so long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. The King of Prussia's campaign is still in its *papillotes*; Prince Ferdinand is laid up like the rest of the pensioners on Ireland; Guadaloupe has taken a sleeping-draught, and our heroes in America

[3] In the indecisive action off Fort St. David on April 29, 1758, between the English and French fleets under Pocock and D'Aché. Three of the English captains were afterwards tried by court-martial, 'found guilty of not using all possible means to bring their ships into action,' and dismissed from the service. 'The court failed to recognize that the manœuvre required from them was practically impossible.' (See *D. N. B.* Vol. xlvi. p. 2.)

seem to be planting suckers of laurels that will not make any figure these three years. All the war that is in fashion lies between those two ridiculous things, an invasion and the militia. Prince Edward is going to sea, to inquire after the invasion from France; and all the old pot-bellied country colonels are preparing to march and make it drunk when it comes. I don't know, as it is an event in Mr. Pitt's administration, whether the Jacobite corporations, who are converted by his eloquence which they never heard, do not propose to bestow their freedom on the first corps of French that shall land.

Adieu, my Lord and my Lady! I hope you are all beauty and verdure. We are drowned with obtaining ours.

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

637. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 22, 1759.

Well! they tell us in good earnest that we are to be invaded; Mr. Pitt is as positive of it as of his own invasions. As the French affect an air of grandeur in all they do, 'Mr. Pitt sent ten thousands, but they send fifty thousands.' You will be inquisitive after our force—I can't tell you the particulars; I am only in town for to-day, but I hear of mighty preparations. Of one thing I am sure; they missed the moment when eight thousand men might have carried off England and set it down in the gardens of Versailles. In the last war, when we could not rake together four thousand men, and were all divided, not a flat-bottomed boat lifted up its leg against us! There is a great spirit in motion; my Lord Orford is gone with his Norfolk militia to Portsmouth: everybody is raising regiments or them-

selves—my Lord Shaftesbury[1], one of the new colonels of militia, is to be a brigadier-general. I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is run away, my footboy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman, and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to *surprise us*; and this makes us still more angry. In the meantime, we have got Guadaloupe to play with. I did not send you any particulars, for this time the *Gazette* piqued itself upon telling its own story from beginning to end; I never knew it so full of chat. It is very comfortable, that if we lose our own island, we shall at least have all America to settle in. Quebec is to be conquered by the 15th of July, and two more expeditions, I don't know whither, are to be crowned with all imaginable success, I don't know when; so you see our affairs, upon the whole, are in a very prosperous train. Your friend, Colonel Clavering[2], is the real hero of Guadaloupe; he is come home, covered with more laurels than a boar's head: indeed he has done exceedingly well. A much older friend of yours is just dead, my Lady Murray[3]; she caught her death by too strict attendance on her sister, Lady Binning[4], who has been ill. They were a family of love, and break their hearts for her. She had a thousand good qualities; but no mortal was ever so surprised as I when I was first told that she was the nymph Arthur Gray would have ravished. She had taken care to guard against any more such danger by more wrinkles than

LETTER 637. — [1] Antony Ashley Cooper (1711–1771), fourth Earl of Shaftesbury.

[2] Colonel John Clavering (1722–1777), afterwards K.B., and Commander-in-Chief in Bengal, where he violently opposed the measures of Warren Hastings.

[3] Daughter of George Bailie, Esq. See an Epistle from Arthur Gray, her footman, to her in the poems of Lady Mary Wortley-Montague. *Walpole.*

[4] Rachel (d. 1773), daughter of George Baillie, of Jerviswood; m. (1720) Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning, eldest son of sixth Earl of Haddington, whom he predeceased.

ever twisted round a human face. Adieu! If you have a mind to be fashionable, you must raise a regiment of Florentine militia.

638. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1759.

As you bid me fix a day about six weeks from the date of your last, it will suit me extremely to see you here the first of August. I don't mean to treat you with a rowing for a badge[1], but it will fall in very commodely between my parties.

You tell me nothing of the old house you was to see near Blenheim; I have some suspicion that Greatworth is coming into play again. I made your speeches to Mr. Chute, and to Mr. Müntz, and to myself; your snuff-box is bespoke, your pictures not done, the print of Lady Waldegrave not begun.

News there are none, unless you have a mind for a panic about the invasion. I was in town yesterday, and saw a thousand people from Kensington, with faces as loyally long as if it was the last accession of this family that they were ever to see. The French are coming with fifty thousand men, and we shall meet them with fifty addresses. Pray, if you know how, frighten your neighbours, and give them courage at the same time.

My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park.—I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women!

You will be diverted with what happened to Mr. Meynell[2] lately. He was engaged to dine at a formal old lady's, but

Letter 638.—[1] The annual race for Doggett's coat and badge on Aug. 1, instituted in 1716.

[2] Hugo Meynell (1727–1808), of Quorndon Hall, first Master of the Quorn Hunt. He was Master from 1753 until a few years before his death. He was acquainted with Johnson, who quoted Meynell's remark that 'the chief advantage of London is that a man is always so near his burrow.'

stayed so late hunting that he had not time to dress, but went as he was, though with forty apologies. The matron, very affected, and meaning to say something very civil, cried, 'Oh! Sir, I assure you I can see the gentleman through a pair of buckskin breeches as well as if he was in silk or satin.'

I am sure I can't tell you anything better, so good night!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I hope you have as gorgeous weather as we have—it is even hot enough for Mr. Bentley. I live upon the water.

639. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 8, 1759.

This will be the most indecisive of all letters: I don't write to tell you that the French are *not* landed at Deal, as was believed yesterday. An officer arrived post in the middle of the night, who saw them disembark. The King was called up; my Lord Ligonier buckled on his armour. Nothing else was talked of in the streets; yet there was no panic. Before noon, it was known that the invasion was a few Dutch hoys. The day before, it was triumph. Rodney was known to be before Havre de Grace; with two bomb-ketches he set the town on fire in different places, and had brought up four more to act, notwithstanding a very smart fire from the forts, which, however, will probably force him to retire without burning the flat-bottomed boats, which are believed out of his reach. The express came from him on Wednesday morning. This is Sunday noon, and I don't know that farther intelligence is arrived[1]. I am sorry for

Letter 639.—[1] Rodney bombarded Havre on July 4, 5, and 6, and succeeded in destroying the stores and flat-bottomed boats intended for the invasion of England.

this sort of war, not only for the sufferers, but I don't like the precedent, in case the French should land. I think they will scarce venture; for besides the force on land, we have a mighty chain of fleet and frigates along the coast. There is great animosity to them, and few can expect to return.

Our part of the war in Germany seems at an end: Prince Ferdinand is retiring, and has all the advantage of that part of great generalship, a retreat. From America we expect the greatest things; our force there by land and sea is vast. I hope we shall not be to buy England back by restoring the *North* Indies! I will gladly give them all the hundred thousand acres that may fall to my share on the Ohio for my twenty acres here. Truly I don't like having them endangered for the limits of Virginia!

I wait impatiently for your last orders for the watch; if the worst comes to the worst, I can convey it to you by some French officer.

The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be much disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabinet, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel —bar consecration. Adieu! I will tell you more soon, or I hope no more.

640. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1759.

You will repent, Sir, I fear, having drawn such a correspondent upon yourself. An author flattered and encouraged is not easily shaken off again; but if the interests of my book did not engage me to trouble you, while you are so good as to write me the most entertaining letters in the

world, it is very natural for me to lay snares to inveigle more of them. However, Sir, excuse me this once, and I will be more modest for the future in trespassing on your kindness. Yet, before I break out on my new wants, it will be but decent, Sir, to answer some particulars of your letter.

I have lately read Mr. Goodall's book[1]. There is certainly ingenuity in parts of his defence; but I believe one seldom thinks a defence *ingenious* without meaning that it is unsatisfactory. His work left me fully convinced of what he endeavoured to disprove; and showed me, that the piece you mention is not the only one that he has written against moderation.

I have lately got Lord Cromerty's *Vindication* of the legitimacy of King Robert, and his *Synopsis Apocalyptica*, and thank you much, Sir, for the notice of any of his pieces. But if you expect that his works should lessen my esteem for the writers of Scotland, you will please to recollect, that the letter which paints Lord Cromerty's pieces in so ridiculous a light, is more than a counterbalance in favour of the writers of your country; and of all men living, Sir, you are the last who will destroy my partiality for Scotland.

There is another point, Sir, on which, with all your address, you will persuade me as little. Can I think that we want writers of history while Mr. Hume and Mr. Robertson are living? It is a truth, and not a compliment, that I never heard objections made to Mr. Hume's *History* without endeavouring to convince the persons who found fault with it, of its great merit and beauty; and for what I saw of Mr. Robertson's work, it is one of the purest styles, and of the greatest impartiality, that I ever read. It is impossible for me to recommend a subject to him; because

LETTER 640.—[1] *Examination of the Letters said to be written by Mary, Queen of Scots, to James, Earl of Bothwell*, by Walter Goodall (d. 1766).

I cannot judge of what materials he can obtain. His present performance will undoubtedly make him so well known and esteemed, that he will have credit to obtain many new lights for a future history; but surely those relating to his own country will always lie most open to him. This is much my way of thinking with regard to myself. Though the Life of Christina[2] is a pleasing and a most uncommon subject, yet, totally unacquainted as I am with Sweden and its language, how could I flatter myself with saying anything new of her? And when original letters and authentic papers shall hereafter appear, may not they contradict half one should relate on the authority of what is already published? for though memoirs *written* nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, those *published* nearest to it are generally the falsest.

But, indeed, Sir, I am now making you only civil excuses; the real one is, I have no kind of intention of continuing to write. I could not expect to succeed again with so much luck,—indeed, I think it so,—as I have done; it would mortify me more now, after a little success, to be despised, than it would have done before; and if I could please as much as I should wish to do, I think one should dread being a voluminous author. My own idleness, too, bids me desist. If I continued, I should certainly take more pains than I did in my *Catalogue*; the trouble would not only be more than I care to encounter, but would probably destroy what I believe the only merit of my last work, the ease. If I could incite you to tread in steps which I perceive you don't condemn, and for which it is evident you are so well qualified, from your knowledge, the grace, facility, and humour of your expression and manner, I shall have done a real service, where I expected at best to amuse.

[2] Christina, Queen of Sweden (1633–1654).

641. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1759.

Well, I begin to expect you; you must not forget the first of August. If we do but look as well as we do at present, you will own Strawberry is still in its bloom. With English verdure, we have had an Italian summer, and

> Whatever sweets Sabæan springs disclose,
> Our Indian jasmine, and the Persian rose.

I am forced to talk of Strawberry, lest I should weary you with what everybody wearies me, the French and the militia. They—I mean the latter only, not the former—passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde Park, when the King reviewed them, were inimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear, looked gloriously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals, too, are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoats, and gold buttons. How knights of shires, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them: everywhere they are treated and regaled. The Prince of Wales followed them to Kingston, and gave fifty guineas amongst the private men.

I expect some anecdotes from you of the coronation[1] at Oxford; I hear my Lord Westmoreland's own retinue was all be-James'd with true-blue ribands; and that because Sir William Calvert[2], who was a fellow of a college, and

Letter 641.—[1] The installation of the Earl of Westmorland as Chancellor of that University.

[2] Sir William Calvert, Kt. (d. 1767), Lord Mayor in 1748.

happened to be Lord Mayor, attended the Duke of Newcastle at his enthronization, they dragged down the present Lord Mayor [3] to Oxford, who is only a dry-salter.

I have your Butler's posthumous works [4]; the poetry is most uncouth and incorrect, but with infinite wit—especially one thing on plagiaries is equal to anything in *Hudibras*. Have you read my Lord Clarendon [5]? I am enchanted with it; 'tis very incorrect, but I think more entertaining than his *History*. It makes me quite out of humour with *other memoirs* [6]. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

642. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 26, 1759.

I am dying in a hot street, with my eyes full of dust, and my table full of letters to be answered—yet I must write you a line. I am sorry your first of Augustness is disordered; I'll tell you why. I go to Ragley on the twelfth. There is to be a great party at loo for the Duchess of Grafton, and thence they adjourn to the Warwick races. I have been engaged so long to this, that I cannot put it off, and besides, I am under appointments at George Selwyn's, &c., afterwards. If you cannot come before all this to let me have enough of your company, I should wish you to postpone it to the first of September, when I shall be at leisure for ten or twelve days, and could go with you from Strawberry to the Vine; but I could like to know certainly, for as I never make any of my visits while Strawberry is in bloom, I am a little crowded with them at the end of the season.

[3] Sir Richard Glyn, first Baronet (d. 1772).

[4] *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler*, edited by R. Thyer.

[5] *The Life of Clarendon*, written by himself.

[6] Walpole's own.

James, 2nd Earl Waldegrave

from painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

I came this morning in all this torrent of heat from Lord Waldegrave's at Navestock. It is a dull place, though it does not want prospect backwards. The garden is small, consisting of two French *allées* of old limes, that are comfortable, two groves that are not so, and a green canal; there is besides a paddock. The house was built by his father, and ill finished, but an *air seigneurial* in the furniture: French glasses in quantities, handsome commodes, tables, screens, &c., goodish pictures in rich frames, and a deal of noblesse *à la St. Germain.* James II, Charles II, the D. of Berwick [1], her Grace of Buckingham, the Queen Dowager [2] in the dress she visited Madame Maintenon, her daughter the Princess Louisa [3], a Lady Gerard that died at Joppa returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and above all *la Godfrey* [4], and not at all ugly, though she does not show her thighs. All this is a little leavened with the late King, the present King, and Queen Caroline—and I shall take care to sprinkle a little *unholy* water from our *well.*

I am very sorry you have been so ill: take care of yourself, there are wicked sore-throats in vogue; poor Lady Essex and Mrs. Charles Yorke [5] died of them in an instant.

Do let me have a line, and do fix a day, for instead of keeping me at home one by fixing it, you will keep me there five or six by not fixing it. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

LETTER 642.—[1] James Fitzjames (1660–1734), Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II by Arabella Churchill.

[2] Mary of Modena, second wife of James II, whom she survived seventeen years.

[3] Princess Louisa Maria Theresa (d. 1712), the only daughter of James II by his second marriage who survived infancy.

[4] Mrs. Godfrey, *née* Arabella Churchill, mother, by James II, of Lord Waldegrave's grandmother.

[5] Catherine, daughter of Rev. Dr. Freeman, of Hammels in Hertfordshire, and first wife of Hon. Charles Yorke, second son of first Earl of Hardwicke.

643. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 1, 1759.

I HAVE received your two letters about the watch, the first came with surprising celerity. I wish, when the watch is finished, I may be able to convey it to you with equal expedition.

Nothing is talked of here, as you may imagine, but the invasion—yet I don't grow more credulous. Their ridiculous lists of fifty thousand men don't contribute to frighten me—nay, though they specify the numbers of apothecaries and chaplains that are to attend. Fifty thousand men cannot easily steal a march over the sea. Sir Edward Hawke will take care of them till winter, and by that time we shall have a great force at land. The very militia is considerable: the spirit, or at least the fashion of it, catches every day. We are growing such ancient Britons, that I don't know whether I must not mount some pop-guns upon the battlements of my castle, lest I should not be thought hero enough in these West-Saxon times. Lord Pulteney has done handsomely, and what is more surprising, so has his father. The former has offered to raise a regiment, and to be only lieutenant-colonel, provided the command is given to a Colonel Crawford [1], an old soldier, long postponed—Lord Bath is at the expense, which will be five thousand pounds. All the country squires are in regimentals—a pedestal is making for little Lord Mountford, that he may be placed at the head of the Cambridgeshire militia. In short, we have two sorts of armies, and I hope neither will be necessary—what the consequences of this

LETTER 643.—[1] Probably Lieutenant-Colonel John Walkinshaw Craufurd (d. 1793), of Craufurdland. He was an intimate friend of the Earl of Kilmarnock, whom he attended to the scaffold in 1746. In consequence of this act his name was placed at the bottom of the army-list.

militia may be hereafter, I don't know. Indifferent I think it cannot be. A great force upon an old plan, exploded since modern improvements, must make some confusion. If they do not become ridiculous, which the real officers are disposed to make them, the crown or the disaffected will draw considerable consequences, I think, from an establishment popular by being constitutional, and of great weight from the property it will contain.

If the French pursue their vivacity in Germany, they will send us more defenders; our eight thousand men there seem of very little use. Both sides seem in all parts weary of the war; at least are grown so cautious, that a battle will be as great a curiosity in a campaign as in the midst of peace. For the Russians, they quite make one smile; they hover every summer over the north of Germany, get cut to pieces by September, disappear, have a general disgraced, and in winter out comes a memorial of the Czarina's steadiness to her engagements, and of the mighty things she will do in spring. The Swedes follow them like Sancho Panza, and are rejoiced at not being bound by the laws of chivalry to be thrashed too.

We have an evil that threatens us more nearly than the French. The heat of the weather has produced a contagious sore-throat in London. Mr. Yorke, the Solicitor-General, has lost his wife, his daughter, and a servant. The young Lady Essex [2] died of it in two days. Two servants are dead in Newcastle House, and the Duke has left it; anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are sure of being a joke. My niece, Lady Waldegrave, has done her part for repairing this calamity, and is breeding.

Your Lord Northampton has not acted a much more gallant part by his new mistress than by his fair one at Florence. When it was all agreed, he refused to marry

[2] Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

unless she had eighteen thousand pounds. Eight were wanting. It looked as if he were more attached to his old flame than to his new one; but her uncle, Norborne Berkeley [3], has nobly made up the deficiency.

I told Mr. Fox of the wine that is coming, and he told me what I had totally forgot, that he has left off Florence, and chooses to have no more. He will take this parcel, but you need not trouble yourself again. Adieu! my dear Sir, don't let Marshal Botta terrify you: when the French dare not stir out of any port they have, it will be extraordinary if they venture to come into the heart of us.

644. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 8, 1759.

If anybody admires expedition, they should address themselves to you and me, who order watches, negotiate about them by couriers, and have them finished, with as little trouble as if we had nothing to do, but, like the men of business in the Arabian Tales, rub a dark lantern, a genie appears, one bespeaks a bauble worth two or three Indies, and finds it upon one's table the next morning at breakfast. The watch was actually finished, and delivered to your brother yesterday. I trust to our good luck for finding quick conveyance. I did send to the White Horse Cellar here in Piccadilly, whence all the stage-coaches set out, but there was never a genie booted and spurred, and going to Florence on a sunbeam. If you are not charmed with the watch, never deal with us devils any more. If anything a quarter so pretty was found in Herculaneum, one should admire Roman enamellers more than their Scipios and Cæsars. The device of the second seal I stole; it is

[3] Brother of the Duchess of Beaufort, mother of Lady Anne Somerset, whom Lord Northampton did marry. *Walpole.*

old, but uncommon; a cupid standing on two joined hands over the sea; *Si la foy manque, l'amour perira*—I hope for the honour of the device, it will arrive before half the honeymoon is over!—But, alack! I forget the material point; Mr. Deard, who has forty times more virtue than if he had been taken from the plough to be colonel of the militia, instead of one hundred and sixteen *pounds* to which I pinned him down, to avoid *guineas*, will positively take but one hundred and ten pounds. I did all I could to corrupt him with six more, but he is immaculate—and when our posterity is abominably bad, as all posterity always is till it grows one's ancestors, I hope Mr. Deard's integrity will be quoted to them as an instance of the virtues that adorned the simple and barbarous age of George the Second. Oh! I can tell you the age of George the Second is likely to be celebrated for more primitivity than the disinterestedness of Mr. Deard—here is such a victory[1] come over that—it can't get over. Mr. Yorke[2] has sent word that a Captain Ligonier[3] is coming from Prince Ferdinand to tell us that his Serene Highness has beaten Monsieur Contades to such a degree, that every house in London is illuminated, every street has two bonfires, every bonfire has two hundred squibs, and the poor charming moon yonder, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town. We don't know a single particular, but we conclude that Prince Ferdinand received all his directions from my Lord Granby, who is the mob's hero. We are a little afraid,

LETTER 644.—[1] The battle of Minden, where, on August 1, 1759, the French under Contades and Broglie were defeated by the English and Hanoverians under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

[2] Hon. Joseph Yorke, Minister at the Hague.

[3] Captain Edward Ligonier (1740–1782), nephew of the Commander-in-Chief, whom he succeeded as Viscount Ligonier, 1770; cr. Earl Ligonier, 1776.

if we could fear anything to-night, that the defeat[4] of the Russians by General Weidel was a mistake for this victory of Prince Ferdinand. Pray Heaven! neither of these glories be turned sour, by staying so long at sea! You said in your last, what slaughter must be committed by the end of August! Alas! my dear Sir, so there is by the beginning of it; and we, wretched creatures, are forced to be glad of it, because the greatest part falls on our enemies.

Fifteen hundred men have stolen from Dunkirk, and are said to be sailed northward—some think to Embden—too poor a pittance surely where they thought themselves so superior, unless they meant to hinder our receiving our own troops from thence—as paltry, too, if this is their invasion—but if to Scotland, not quite a joke. However, Prince Ferdinand seems to have found employment for the rest of their troops, and Monsieur de Botta will not talk to you in quite so high a style.

D'Aubreu, the pert Spanish minister, said the other day at court to poor Alt, the Hessian, 'Monsieur, je vous félicite; Munster[5] est pris.' Mr. Pitt, who overheard this cruel apostrophe, called out, 'Et moi, Monsieur Alt, je vous félicite; les Russes sont battus.'

I am here in town almost every day; Mrs. Leneve, who has so long lived with my father, and with me, is at the point of death; she is seventy-three, and has passed twenty-four of them in continual ill health; so I can but wish her released. Her long friendship with our family makes this attention a duty; otherwise I should certainly not be in town this most gorgeous of all summers! I should like to know in how many letters this wonderful summer has been talked of.

[4] The battle of Züllichau on July 23, 1759, where, however, General Wedell was repulsed by the Russians with heavy loss.

[5] Taken by the French on July 25, 1759.

It is above two years, I think, since you sent home any of my letters—will you by any convenient opportunity?

Adieu! There is great impatience, as you may believe, to learn the welfare of our young lords and heroes—there are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Granby, Lord George Sackville, Lord Downe, Fitzroy, General Waldegrave, and others of rank.

645. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1759.

Unless your Colonel Johnson[1] is a man of no note, he is safe and well, for we have not lost one officer of any note—now will you conclude that we are beaten, and will be crying and roaring all night for Hanover! Lord! where do you live? If you had any ears, as I have none left with the noise, you would have heard the racket that was made from morning till night yesterday on the news of the total victory gained by Prince Ferdinand over the French. He has not left so many alive as there are at any periwig-maker's in London. This is all we know; the particulars are to come at their leisure, and with all the gravity due to their importance. If the King's heart were not *entirely English*[2], I believe he would be complimented with the title of Germanicus from the name of the country where this great event happened; for we don't at all know the precise spot, nor has the battle yet been christened—all that is certain is, that the poor Duke is neither father nor godfather.

I was sent for to town yesterday, as Mrs. Leneve was at the point of death, but she has had a surprising change, and may linger on still. I found the town distracted, and

Letter 645.—[1] Probably Colonel (afterwards General) James Johnston, husband of a sister of Montagu's cousin, the Earl of Halifax.

[2] Queen Anne, in her first speech in Parliament, declared her heart to be 'entirely English.' These words were engraved upon her coronation medal. Swift introduced them into his poem *On the Union*:—

'The Queen has lately lost a part
Of her *entirely English* heart.'

at night it was beautiful beyond description. As the weather was so hot, every window was open, and all the rails illuminated; every street had one or two bonfires, the moon was in all its glory, the very middle of the streets crowded with officers and people of fashion talking of the news. Every squib in town got drunk, and rioted about the streets till morning. Two of our regiments are said to have suffered much, of which Napier's most. Adieu! If you should be over-English with this, there is a party of fifteen hundred men stolen out of Dunkirk, that some weeks hence may bring you to your senses again, provided they are properly planted and watered in Scotland.

Yours ever,

H. W.

646. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, 3 o'clock, Aug. 9, 1759.

My dear Lord,

Lord Granby has entirely defeated the French[1]!—The foreign gazettes, I suppose, will give this victory to Prince Ferdinand; but the mob of London, whom I have this minute left, and who must know best, assure me that it is all their own Marquis's doing. Mr. Yorke[2] was the first to send this news, 'to be laid with himself and all humility at his Majesty's feet[3],' about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At five this morning came Captain Ligonier, who was dispatched in such a hurry that he had not time to pack up any particulars in his portmanteau: those we are expecting with our own army, who we conclude are now at Paris, and will lie to-morrow night at Amiens. All we know is, that not one Englishman is killed, nor one Frenchman left

Letter 646.—[1] At Minden. *Walpole.*

[2] The late Lord Dover, the minister at the Hague. *Walpole.*

[3] The words of his dispatch. *Walpole.*

alive. If you should chance to meet a bloody waggon-load of heads, you will be sure that it is the part of the spoils that came to Downe's share, and going to be hung up in the great hall at Cowick [4].

We have a vast deal of other good news; but as not one word of it is true, I thought you would be content with this victory. His Majesty is *in high spirits*, and is to make a triumphal entry into Hanover on Tuesday fortnight. I envy you the illuminations and rejoicings that will be made at Worksop on this occasion.

Four days ago we had a great victory over the Russians; but in the hurry of this triumph it has somehow or other been mislaid, and nobody can tell where to find it:—however, it is not given over for lost.

Adieu, my dear Lord! As I have been so circumstantial in the account of this battle, I will not tire you with anything else. My compliments to the lady of the menagerie. I see your new offices [5] rise every day in a very respectable manner.

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

646*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock.

I wrote Mr. Williams a very ignorant letter this evening; I just hurry a few lines to you, very little more informed, but to prepare you for some very bad Prussian news. The day before yesterday Mr. Yorke had sent a victory over the Russians, the second time such a victory has been a defeat!

Yesterday, at past three, Lord Holderness received a mysterious letter; I don't know from whence; not a word of

[4] Lord Downe's seat in Yorkshire. *Walpole.*

[5] At Lord Strafford's house at Twickenham. *Walpole.*

Letter 646*. — Not in C.; reprinted from Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III*, vol. i. pp. 598–9.

it was told; upon which the stocks took it into their head that the King of Prussia was killed, and in their panic tumbled down a hundred pair of stairs. Betty says all the Germans are in tears; my Lady Townshend has been with Hawkins to know if it is possible for the King of Prussia to live after his head is shot off. But here is a little comfort. General Ellison tells me that my Lord Anson, half an hour ago, received a letter from a very sensible man—*his Lordship* says—at Ostend, which says the action was very bloody, but not decisive, except that it appeared by the consequences that the Russians had the advantage, and that this account is rather a French one.

Where the goodness or sense of this account lies, General Ellison does not tell me—I suppose my Lord did not tell him. Adieu!

P.S. The D. of D.[1] carried a letter from his son to the King yesterday. *Townshend's Advertiser.*

647. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1759.

As my journey to Hagley is put off, I shall not have the pleasure of waiting on you at Matson, as I flattered myself. The whole party has disappointed the races; and for my own part, I am here in daily expectation of seeing the conclusion of Mrs. Leneve's sufferings. Her struggles are wonderful, but as a thrush has appeared, I should think to-night or to-morrow must end it. Pray make my compliments to Lord and Lady Coventry, and my excuses for not waiting on them.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

[1] The Duke of Dorset. The 'son' in question was Lord George Sackville. See letter 648.

Letter 647.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy of original in possession of Mr. Charles Roberts, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

648. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1759.

I am here in the most unpleasant way in the world, attending poor Mrs. Leneve's death-bed, a spectator of all the horrors of tedious suffering and clear sense, and with no one soul to speak to—but I will not tire you with a description of what has quite worn me out.

Probably by this time you have seen the Duke of Richmond or Fitzroy[1]—but lest you should not, I will tell you all I can learn—and a wonderful history it is. Admiral Byng was not more unpopular than Lord George Sackville. I should scruple repeating his story, if Betty and the waiters at Arthur's did not talk of it publicly, and thrust *Prince Ferdinand's orders* into one's hand.

You have heard, I suppose, of the violent animosities that have reigned for the whole campaign between him and Lord Granby—in which some other warm persons have been very warm too. In the heat of the battle, the Prince, finding thirty-six squadrons of French coming down upon our army, sent Legonier to order our thirty-two squadrons under Lord George to advance. During that transaction, the French appeared to waver; and Prince Ferdinand, willing, as it is supposed, to give the honour to the British horse of terminating the day, sent Fitzroy to bid Lord George bring up only the British cavalry. Legonier had but just delivered his message, when Fitzroy came with

Letter 648.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Colonel Charles Fitzroy (1737–1797), son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, second surviving son of second Duke of Grafton; cr. (Oct. 17, 1780) Baron Southampton, of the county of Southampton. He entered the army in 1756, and became a General in 1793. At the battle of Minden he acted as Aide-de-Camp to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and carried to Lord George Sackville the order for the advance of the cavalry, which was disregarded by Lord George — a neglect which proved the ruin of the latter's military career.

his.—Lord George said, 'This can't be so—would he have me break the line? here is some mistake.' Fitzroy replied, he had not argued upon the orders, but those were the orders. 'Well!' said Lord George, 'but I want a guide.' Fitzroy said he would be his guide. Lord George, 'Where is the Prince?' Fitzroy, 'I left him at the head of the left wing, I don't know where he is now.' Lord George said he would go seek him, and have this explained. Smith then asked Fitzroy to repeat the orders to him; which being done, Smith went and whispered Lord George, who says he then bid Smith carry up the cavalry.—Smith is come, and says he is ready to answer anybody any question.—Lord George says Prince Ferdinand's behaviour to him has been most infamous, has asked leave to resign his command, and to come over, which is granted. Prince Ferdinand's behaviour is summed up in the enclosed extraordinary paper: which you will doubt as I did, but which is certainly genuine—I doubted, because, in the military, I thought direct disobedience of orders was punished with an immediate arrest, and because the last paragraph seemed to me very foolish. The going out of the way to compliment Lord Granby[2] with what he would have done, seems to take off a little from the compliments paid to those that have done something; but, in short, Prince Ferdinand or Lord George, one of them, is most outrageously in the wrong, and the latter has much the least chance of being thought in the right.

The particulars I tell you, I collected from the most *accurate* authorities. I make no comments on Lord George, it would look like a little dirty court to you; and the best

[2] 'His Serene Highness further orders it to be declared to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Granby, that he is persuaded, that if he had had the good fortune to have had him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of that day more complete and more brilliant.' (Orders of Prince Ferdinand, *Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 388.)

compliment I can make you, is to think, as I do, that you will be the last man to enjoy this revenge.

The Hereditary Prince has demolished another body of 6,000, and has taken Contades's baggage and his *segretaria* with all his papers[3]. The French are posting to the Rhine, and seem quite ruined in those parts.

The *defeated* Russians certainly thrashed the Prussians severely: the King has joined Wedel, and has taken an advanced post.

You will be sorry for poor McKinsey and Lady Betty, who have lost their only child at Turin! Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

649. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.

Truly I don't know whether one is to be rejoicing or lamenting! Every good heart is a bonfire for Prince Ferdinand's success, and a funeral pile for the King of Prussia's defeat[1]. Mr. Yorke, who every week 'lays himself most humbly at the King's feet' with some false piece of news, has almost ruined us in illuminations for defeated victories—we were singing 'Te Deums' for the King of Prussia, when he was actually reduced to be King of Cüstrin, for he has not only lost his neighbour's capital[2], but his own too[3]. Mr. Bentley has long said, that we should see him at Somerset House[4] next winter; and really I begin to be afraid that he will not live to write the history of the war himself—I shall be content, if he is forced to do it even by

[3] The Prince defeated Contades' rear-guard at Gohfeld, near Minden, on the same day as the battle of Minden.

Letter 649.—[1] At Kunersdorf in Brandenburg, where, on August 12, 1759, the King of Prussia was defeated by the Russians under Soltykoff.

[2] Dresden, of which the Austrians had taken possession.

[3] The Russians did not advance upon Berlin.

[4] An uninhabited royal residence.

subscription. Oh, *that* Daun! how he sits silent on his drum, and shoves the King a little and a little farther out of the world! The most provoking part of all is (for I am mighty soon comforted when a hero tumbles from the top of Fame's steeple and breaks his neck), that that tawdry toad, Brühl[5], will make a triumphant entry into the ruins of Dresden, and rebuild all his palaces with what little money remains in the country!

The mob, to comfort themselves under these mishaps, and for the disappointment of a complete victory, that might have been *more completer*, are now grinding their teeth and nails, to tear Lord George[6] to pieces the instant he lands. If he finds more powerful friends than poor Admiral Byng, assure yourself he has ten thousand times the number of *personal* enemies; I was going to say *real*, but Mr. Byng's were real enough, with no reason to be personal. I don't talk of the event itself, for I suppose all Europe knows just as much as we know here. I suspend my opinion till Lord George speaks himself—but I pity his father, who has been so unhappy in his sons, who loved this so much, and who had such fair prospects for him. Lord George's fall is prodigious; nobody stood higher, nobody has more ambition or more sense.

You, I suppose, are taking leave of your new King of Spain[7]—what a bloody war is saved by this death, by its happening in the midst of one that cannot be more bloody! I detest a correspondence now; it lives like a vampire upon dead bodies! Adieu! I long to have nothing to write about.

[5] Count Brühl, favourite and Prime Minister of Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. *Walpole.*

[6] Lord George Sackville, disgraced at the battle of Minden. *Walpole.*

[7] Charles, King of Naples, who had succeeded to the throne of Spain on the death of his brother, Ferdinand VI. Charles III of Spain died in 1788.

P.S. I forgot to ask you if you are not shocked with Bellisle's letter[8] to Contades? The French ought to behave with more spirit than they do, before they give out such sanguinary orders—and if they did, I should think they would not give such orders. And did not you laugh at the enormous folly of Bellisle's conclusion! It is so foolish, that I think he might fairly disavow it. It puts me in mind of a ridiculous passage in Racine's *Bajazet*,

> *. . . et s'il faut que je meure,*
> *Mourons, moi, cher Osmin, comme un Visir; et toi*
> *Comme le favori d'un homme tel que moi.*

649*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.

All I know you shall know, though I dare to say, not a jot more than you know already. Just as the battle turned, Prince Ferdinand sent Mr. Legonier to order Lord George to bring up all the cavalry. That message was scarce delivered, before Fitzroy came to order only the British cavalry. Lord George said there must be a mistake, and that he would go and ask Prince Ferdinand what he really would have. The Horse were not carried up; Lord George was coldly received after the battle, Lord Granby warmly; they all dined together, and next day came out the famous order of thanks. Lord George was enraged, sent over for leave to resign and to return, has leave: has written an

[8] This letter (found with other papers at Detmold) recommended Contades to supply his necessities from the surrounding country, and to destroy everything not required for his own use. The conclusion mentioned by Walpole is as follows: '. . . that you may have the satisfaction to show your enemies, and all Europe, that the French know how to act, and carry on war, in all seasons, when they have such a general as you are, and a minister of the department of war, that can foresee, and concert matters with the general.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1759, p. 235.)

Letter 649*.—Not in C.; reprinted from Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III*, vol. i. p. 598.

explanatory letter to the Duke of Richmond which I have not seen, and is not come that I know. He is as much abused as ever poor Admiral Byng was, and by nobody so much as by my Lord Tyrawley. The Duchess imputes it all to malice, the Duke sinks under it. I seriously don't know a word more, nor have been in town, except a very few hours, since Mrs. Leneve's death.

The great King is reduced to be King of Cüstrin; the King of Spain is dead; regiments of light horse swarm as the invasion disappears. This is all the *Gazette* knows, till General Yorke mistakes some other defeat for a victory. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

650. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

With your unathletic constitution I think you will have a greater weight of glory to represent than you can bear. You will be as *épuisé* as Princess Craon with all the triumphs over Niagara[1], Ticonderoga[2], Crown Point, and such a parcel of long names. You will ruin yourself in French horns, to exceed those of Marshal Botta, who has certainly found out a pleasant way of announcing victories. Besides *all* the West Indies[3], which we have taken by a panic, there is Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron[4], and has made *you* Viceroy of the Mediterranean. I really believe the French will come hither

Letter 650.—[1] Fort Niagara was taken on July 25, 1759, by a mixed force of regulars, provincials, and Indians, under Sir William Johnson.

[2] Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned to the English under Amherst on July 7 and August 14, 1759.

[3] Guadaloupe surrendered to the English on May 1, and Desirade, Île des Saintes, Petite Terre, and Marie Galante (small islands near it) shortly afterwards.

[4] On Aug. 18, 1759, Admiral Boscawen totally defeated De la Clue's squadron in Lagos Bay.

now, for they can be safe nowhere else. If the King of Prussia should be totally undone in Germany, we can afford to give him an appanage, as a younger son of England, of some hundred thousand miles on the Ohio. Sure universal monarchy was never so put to shame as that of France! What a figure do they make! They seem to have no ministers, no generals, no soldiers! If anything could be more ridiculous than their behaviour in the field, it would be in the cabinet! Their invasion appears not to have been designed against us, but against their own people, who, they fear, will mutiny, and to quiet whom they disperse expresses, with accounts of the progress of their arms in England. They actually have established posts, to whom people are directed to send their letters for their friends *in England*. If, therefore, you hear that the French have established themselves at Exeter or Norwich, don't be alarmed, nor undeceive the poor women who are writing to their husbands for English baubles.

We have lost another Princess, Lady Elizabeth[5]. She died of an inflammation in her bowels in two days. Her figure was so very unfortunate, that it would have been difficult for her to be happy, but her parts and application were extraordinary. I saw her act in *Cato* at eight years old (when she could not stand alone, but was forced to lean against the side-scene), better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy, that at that age she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and mother, and begged she might act. They put her off as gently as they could—she desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did, it was with so much sense, that there was no denying her.

I receive yours of August 25. To all your alarms for

[5] Second daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

the King of Prussia I subscribe. With little Brandenburgh he could not exhaust all the forces of Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Muscovy, Siberia, Tartary, Sweden, &c., &c., &c.—but not to politicize too much, I believe the world will come to be fought for somewhere between the north of Germany and the back of Canada, between Count Daun and Sir William Johnson[6].

You guessed right about the King of Spain; he is dead, and the Queen Dowager[7] may once more have an opportunity of embroiling the little of Europe that remains unembroiled.

Thank you, my dear Sir, for the Herculaneum and Caserta that you are sending me. I wish the watch may arrive safe, to show you that I am not insensible to all your attentions for me, but endeavour, at a great distance, to imitate you in the execution of commissions.

I would keep this letter back for a post, that I might have but one trouble of sending you Quebec too; but when one has taken so many places, it is not worth while to wait for one more.

Lord George Sackville, the hero of all conversation, if one can be so for not being a hero, is arrived. He immediately applied for a court-martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holdernesse—but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab—'If he wanted a court-martial, he might go seek it in Germany.' All that could be taken from him is, his regiment, above two thousand pounds a year: commander in Germany at ten pounds a day, between three and four thousand pounds: lieutenant-general of the ordnance, one thousand five hundred pounds: a fort, three hundred pounds. He remains with a patent place in Ireland of one thousand

[6] The American General. *Walpole.*

[7] Elizabeth Farnese, widow of Philip V of Spain.

two hundred pounds, and about two thousand pounds a year of his own and wife's[8]. With his parts and ambition it cannot end here; he calls himself ruined, but when the Parliament meets, he will probably attempt some sort of revenge.

They attribute, I don't know with what grounds, a sensible kind of plan to the French; that De la Clue was to have pushed for Ireland, Thurot[9] for Scotland, and the Brest fleet for England—but before they lay such great plans, they should take care of proper persons to execute them.

I cannot help smiling at the great objects of our letters. We never converse on a less topic than a kingdom. We are a kind of citizens of the world, and battles and revolutions are the common incidents of our neighbourhood. But that is and must be the case of distant correspondences: Kings and Empresses that we never saw, are the only persons we can be acquainted with in common. We can have no more familiarity than the *Daily Advertiser* would have if it wrote to the Florentine Gazette. Adieu! My compliments to any monarch that lives within five hundred miles of you.

651. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

You are very good to say you would accept of my letters, though I should have no particular news to tell you; but at present, it would be treating heroes and conquerors with great superciliousness, if I made use of your indulgence and said nothing of them. We have taken more places and ships in a week than would have set up such pedant nations

[8] Diana (d. 1778), second daughter and co-heir of John Sambrooke.

[9] François Thurot, killed in action with the English in February, 1760.

as Greece and Rome to all futurity. If we did but call Sir William Johnson 'Gulielmus Johnsonus Niagaricus,' and Amherst[1] 'Galfridus Amhersta Ticonderogicus,' we should be quoted a thousand years hence as the patterns of valour, virtue, and disinterestedness; for posterity always ascribes all manner of modesty and self-denial to those that take the most pains to perpetuate their own glory. Then Admiral Boscawen has, in a very Roman style, made free with the coast of Portugal, and used it to make a bonfire of the French fleet. When Mr. Pitt was told of this infraction of a neutral territory, he replied, 'It is very true, but they are burned.'—In short, we want but a little more insolence and a worse cause to make us a very classic nation.

My Lady Townshend, who has not learning enough to copy a Spartan mother, has lost her youngest son[2]. I saw her this morning—her affectation is on t'other side; she affects grief—but not so much for the son she has lost, as for t'other that she may lose[3].

Lord George[4] is come, has asked for a court-martial, was put off, and is turned out of everything. Waldegrave has his regiment, for what he did; and Lord Granby the ordnance—for what he would have done.

Lord Northampton is to be married[5] to-night in full *Comptonhood*. I am indeed happy that Mr. Campbell[6] is a general; but how will his father like being the *Dowager-General* Campbell?

You are very kind, my Lord (but that is not new), in

LETTER 651.—[1] Major-General Jeffrey Amherst (1717–1797), K.B., 1761; knighted, 1763; cr. (May 20, 1776) Baron Amherst of Holmesdale; Governor of Virginia, 1759–68; Governor of Guernsey, 1770; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1772–82; General, 1778; Commander-in-Chief, 1772–82, 1793–95; Field-Marshal, 1796. He was at this time Commander-in-Chief in America, and had taken Ticonderoga on July 7, 1759.

[2] Hon. Roger Townshend, killed at Ticonderoga on July 7, 1759.

[3] Hon. George Townshend, commanding under Wolfe at Quebec.

[4] Lord George Sackville. *Walpole.*

[5] To Lady Anne Somerset. *Walpole.*

[6] The present Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*

interesting yourself about Strawberry Hill. I have just finished a Holbein chamber, that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing-house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower. This noble summer is not yet over with us—it seems to have cut a colt's *week*. I never write without talking of it, and should be glad to know in how many letters *this summer* has been mentioned.

I have lately been at Wilton[7], and was astonished at the heaps of rubbish. The house is grand, and the place glorious; but I should shovel three parts of the marbles and pictures into the river. Adieu, my Lord and Lady!

Your faithful servant,

Hor. Walpole.

652. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

I intended to send you the brief chronicle of Lord G. S., but your brother says he has writ to you this morning. If you want to know minute particulars, which neither he nor I should care to detail in a letter, I will tell you them if you will call for a minute at Strawberry on Sunday or Monday, as you go to your camp. I ask this boldly, though I have not been with you; but it was impossible; George Montagu and his brother returned to Strawberry with me from the Vine, and I am expecting Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who sent me word they would come to me as soon as I came back, and I think you will find them with me.

Lady Mary Coke is stripping off all the plumes that she

[7] Lord Pembroke's seat near Salisbury.

Letter 652.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

has been wearing for Niagara, &c., and is composing herself into religious melancholy against to-morrow night, when she goes to Princess Elizabeth's burial. I passed this whole morning most deliciously at my Lady T.'s. Poor Roger, for whom she is not concerned, has given her a hint that her hero George may be mortal too; she scarce spoke, unless to improve on some bitter thing that Charles said, who was admirable. He made me all the speeches that Mr. Pitt will certainly make next winter, in every one of which Charles says (and I believe) he will talk of *this great campaign*, 'memorable to all posterity, with all its imperfections—a campaign which, though obstructed, cramped, maimed—but I will say no more——'

The campaign in Ireland, I hear, will be very warm; the Primate is again to be the object; Ponsonby[1], commander against him. Lord George's situation will not help the Primate's. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

653. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1759.

I don't desire any such conviction of your being ill as seeing you ill, nor can you wonder that I wish to persuade myself that what I should be very sorry for, never happens. Poor Fred. Montagu's gout seems more serious: I am concerned that he has so much of a judge in him already.

You are very good in thinking of me about the sofa; but you know the Holbein chamber is complete, and old matters are not flung away upon you yourself. Had not you rather have your sofa than Lord Northampton's running footman? Two hundred years hence one might be amused with reading of so fantastic a dress, but they are horrid in one's own time.

[1] Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Mr. Bentley and I go to-morrow to Chaffont[1] for two or three days. Mr. Chute is at the Vine alone, but, I believe, will be in town this week.

I don't know whether it proceeds from the menaced invasion or the last comet, but we are all dying of heat. Everybody has put out their fires, and, if it lasts, I suppose will next week make summer clothes. The mornings are too hot for walking: last night I heard of strawberries. I impute it to the hot weather that my head has been turned enough to contend with the bards of the newspapers. You have seen the French epigram[2] on Madame Pompadour, and fifty vile translations of it—here is mine:—

O yes! here are flat-bottom boats to be sold,
And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold:
Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
And commanders whose recompense should be a string.
O France, still your fate you may lay at ——'s door;
You was saved by a Maid, are undone by a Whore.

People again believe the invasion—and I don't wonder, considering how great a militia we have, with such boys as you mention. I own, before I begin to be afraid, I have a little curiosity to see the militia tried—I think one shall at least laugh before one cries.

Adieu! what time have you fixed for looking southwards?

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Your pictures you may have when you please; I think you had better stay and take them with you, than

LETTER 653.—[1] Chalfont, where Lady Mary Churchill lived.

[2] *Bateaux plats à vendre,*
Soldats à louer,
Ministre à pendre,
Généraux à rouer.

O France! le sexe femelle
Fit toujours ton destin,
Ton bonheur vint d'une pucelle,
Ton malheur vient d'une catin.
(*Gent. Mag.* 1759, p. 496.)

risk the rubbing them by the waggon. Mr. Müntz has not been lately in town, that is, Hannah has drawn no bill on him lately, so he knows nothing of your snuff-box. This it is to trust to my vivacity, when it is past its bloom—Lord! I am a mere antiquarian, a mere painstaking mortal. Mr. Bentley says, that if all antiquarians were like me, there would be no such thing as an antiquarian, for I set down everything for posterity so circumstantially that I leave them nothing to find out.

654. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1759.

If Strawberry Hill was not as barren of events as Chatham, I would have writ to you again; nay, if it did not produce the very same events. Your own Light Horse are here, and commit the only vivacities of the place—two or three of them are in the cage every day for some mischief or other. Indeed, they seem to have been taken from school too soon, and, as Rigby said of some others of these new troops, the moment their exercise is over, they all go a bird's-nesting. If the French load their flat-bottomed boats with rods instead of muskets, I fear all our young heroes will run away. The invasion seems again come into fashion: I wish it would come, that one might hear no more of it—nay, I wish it for two or three reasons. If they don't come, we shall still be fatigued with the militia, who will never go to plough again till they see an enemy: if there is a peace before the militia runs away, one shall be robbed every day by a constitutional force. I want the French, too, to have come, that you may be released; but that will not be soon enough for me, who am going to Park Place. I came from Chaffont to-day, and I cannot let

Letter 654.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

the winter appear without making my Lady Ailesbury a visit. Hitherto my impediments may have looked like excuses, though they were nothing less. Lady Lyttelton goes on Wednesday: I propose to follow her on Monday; but I won't announce myself, that I may not be disappointed, and be a little more welcome by the surprise; though I should be very ungrateful, if I affected to think I wanted that.

Your epigrammest epigram is good; I am sorry to say the longer one is not equal to the subject. I can send you one, but it is only a translation; however, it will appear tolerable, by so many bad ones that have preceded it in the newspapers—you saw the original, did not you? *Bateaux plats à vendre*, &c.

> O yes! here are flat-bottomed boats to be sold,
> And soldiers to let—rather hungry than bold:
> Here are ministers richly deserving to swing,
> And commanders whose recompense should be a string.
> O France, still your fate you may lay at ——'s door;
> You was saved by a Maid, are undone by a Whore.

I cannot say I have read the second letter on Lord George; but I have done what will satisfy the booksellers more; I have bought nine or ten pamphlets: my library shall be *au fait* about him, but I have an aversion to paper wars, and I must be a little more interested than I am about him, before I can attend to them: my head is to be filled with more sacred trash.

The Speaker was here t'other day, and told me of the intimacy between his son[1] and you and the militia. He says the lawyers are examining whether Lord George can be tried or not.

[1] George Onslow (1731–1814), only son of Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons; cr. (May 20, 1776) Baron Cranley of Imbercourt, Surrey; succeeded his cousin as fourth Baron Onslow, 1776; cr. Earl of Onslow, 1801; Lord of the Treasury, 1767–77; Comptroller of the Household, 1777–79; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1780.

I am sorry Lord Stormont is marriediski[2]; he will pass his life under the north pole, and whip over to Scotland by way of Greenland without coming to London.

I dined t'other day at Sion with the Holdernesses; Lady Mary Coke was there, and in this great dearth of candidates she permits Haslang[3] to die for her. They were talking in the bow-window, when a sudden alarm being given that dinner was on table, he expressed great joy and appetite. You can't imagine how she was offended. . . .[4] Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Before next winter is over I think you will have occasion to display Campbell colours. That clan and the Townshends will not fight under the same standard—don't mention this—but I have seen a woman come out of a weather-glass, who portends very foul weather.

655. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1759.

I love to prepare your countenance for every event that may happen, for an ambassador, who is nothing but an actor, should be that greatest of actors, a philosopher; and with the leave of wise men (that is, hypocrites), philosophy I hold to be little more than presence of mind: now undoubtedly preparation is a prodigious help to presence of mind. In short, you must not be surprised that we have failed at Quebec[1], as we certainly shall. You may say, if you please, in the style of modern politics, that your court

[2] Lord Stormont, who was Envoy to Warsaw, had married Henrietta Frederica (d. 1766), daughter of Count Bünau of Saxony.

[3] The Bavarian minister.

[4] Passage omitted.

Letter 655.—[1] Quebec was already in the hands of the English; on Sept. 13 Wolfe won the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and fell mortally wounded when leading the charge against the enemy; on Sept. 18 the town surrendered.

never supposed it could be taken; the attempt was only made to draw off the Russians from the King of Prussia, and leave him at liberty to attack Daun. Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair[2]. The town is well victualled, Amherst is not arrived, and fifteen thousand men encamped defend it. We have lost many men by the enemy, and some by our friends —that is, we now call our nine thousand only seven thousand. How this little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season in that country, I don't guess— yes, I do.

You may be making up a little philosophy too against the invasion, which is again come into fashion, and with a few trifling incidents in its favour, such as our fleet[3] dispersed and driven from their coasts by a great storm. Before that, they were actually embarking, but with so ill a grace that an entire regiment mutinied, and they say is broke. We now expect them in Ireland, unless this dispersion of our fleet tempts them hither. If they do not come in a day or two, I shall give them over.

You will see in our gazettes that we make a great figure in the East Indies. In short, Mr. Pitt and this little island appear of some consequence even in the map of the world. He is a new sort of Fabius,

Qui verbis restituit rem.

[2] Wolfe wrote on Sept. 2: 'In this situation, there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only, where there is some hope of a favourable event. However, you may be assured, Sir, that the small part of the campaign which remains, shall be employed (as far as I am able) for the honour of his majesty, and the interest of the nation, in which I am sure of being well seconded by the admiral and by the generals. Happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of his majesty's arms in any other parts of America. I have the honour to be with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant, J. Wolfe.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1759, p. 246.)

[3] The fleet under Hawke had been before Brest since the previous May.

Have you yet received the watch? I see your poor Neapolitan Prince[4] is at last set aside—I should honour Dr. Serrao's[5] integrity, if I did not think it was more humane to subscribe to the poor boy's folly, than hazard his being poisoned by making it doubtful.

My charming niece is breeding—you see I did not make my Lord Waldegrave an useless present. Adieu! my dear Sir.

656. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 18, 1759.

I intended my visit to Park Place to show my Lady Ailesbury that when I come thither it is not solely on your account, and yet I will not quarrel with my journey thither if I should find you there; but seriously I cannot help begging you to think whether you will go thither or not, just now. My first thought about you has ever been what was proper for you to do; and though you are the man in the world that think of that the most yourself, yet you know I have twenty scruples, which even you sometimes laugh at. I will tell them to you, and then you will judge, as you can best. Sir Edward Hawke and his fleet is dispersed, at least driven back to Plymouth: the French, if one may believe that they have broken a regiment for mutinying against embarking, were actually embarked at that instant. The most sensible people I know always thought they would postpone their invasion, if ever they intended it, till our great ships could not keep the sea, or were eaten up by the scurvy. Their ports are now free; their situation is desperate: the new account of our taking

[4] The King's eldest son, set aside for being an idiot. *Walpole.*

[5] He at first refused to subscribe to the Prince's incapacity, but afterwards did so.

Quebec leaves them in the most deplorable condition; they will be less able than ever to raise money, we have got ours for next year; and this event would facilitate it, if we had not: they must try for a peace, they have nothing to go to market with but Minorca. In short, if they cannot strike some desperate blow in this island or Ireland, they are undone: the loss of twenty thousand men to do us some mischief would be cheap. I should even think Madame Pompadour in danger of being torn to pieces, if they did not make some attempt. Madame Maintenon, not half so unpopular, mentions in one of her letters her unwillingness to trust her niece Mademoiselle Aumale on the road, for fear of some such accident. You will smile perhaps at all this reasoning and pedantry; but it tends to this—if desperation should send the French somewhere, and the wind should force them to your coast, which I do not suppose their object, and you should be out of the way, you know what your enemies would say; and, strange as it is, even you have been proved to have enemies. My dear Sir, think of this! Wolfe, as I am convinced, has fallen a sacrifice to his rash blame of you. If I understand anything in the world, his letter that came on Sunday said this: 'Quebec is impregnable; it is flinging away the lives of brave men to attempt it. I am in the situation of Conway at Rochefort; but having blamed him, I must do what I now see he was in the right to see was wrong, and yet what he would have done; and as I am commander, which he was not, I have the melancholy power of doing what he was prevented doing.' Poor man! his life has paid the price of his injustice; and as his death has purchased such benefit to his country, I lament him, as I am sure you, who have twenty times more courage and good-nature than I have, do too. In short, I, who never did anything right or prudent myself (not, I am afraid, for want of knowing

what was so), am content with *your* being perfect, and with suggesting anything to you that may tend to keeping you so:—and (what is not much to the present purpose) if such a pen as mine can effect it, the world hereafter shall know that you was so. In short, I have pulled down my Lord Falkland, and I desire you will take care that I may speak truth when I erect you in his place; for remember, I love truth even better than I love you. I always confess my own faults, and I will not palliate yours.—But, laughing apart, if you think there is no weight in what I say, I shall gladly meet you at Park Place, whither I shall go on Monday, and stay as long as I can, unless I hear from you to the contrary. If you should think I have hinted anything to you of consequence, would not it be handsome, if, after receiving leave, you should write to my Lord Ligonier, that though you had been at home but one week in the whole summer, yet as there might be occasion for your presence in the camp[1], you should decline the permission he had given you?—See what it is to have a wise relation, who preaches a thousand fine things to you which he would be the last man in the world to practise himself. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

657. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1759.

I had no occasion to be in such a hurry to prepare your ambassadorial countenance; if I had stayed but one day more, I might have left its muscles to behave as they pleased. The notification of a probable disappointment at Quebec came only to heighten the pleasure of the conquest.

Letter 656.—[1] Mr. Conway was encamped in Kent, near Canterbury. *Walpole.*

You may now give yourself what airs you please, you are master of East and West Indies. An ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes: I beg your pardon, but you are spies, if you are not braggadocios. All precedents are on your side: Persians, Greeks, Romans, always insulted their neighbours when they conquered Quebec. Think how pert the French would have been on such an occasion, and remember that they are Austrians to whom you are to be saucy. You see, I write as if my name was Belleisle and yours Contades.

It was a very singular affair, the generals[1] on both sides slain, and on both sides the second in command[2] wounded; in short, very near what battles should be, in which only the principals ought to suffer. If their army has not ammunition and spirit enough to fall again upon ours before Amherst comes up, all North America is ours.

Poetic justice could not have been executed with more rigour than it has been on the perjury, treachery, and usurpations of the French. I hope Mr. Pitt will not leave them at the next treaty an opportunity of committing so many national crimes again. How they or we can make a peace, I don't see; can we give all back, or they give all up? No, they must come hither; they have nothing left for it but to conquer us.

Don't think it is from forgetting to tell you particulars, that I tell you none; I am here, and don't know one but what you will see in the *Gazette*, and by which it appears that the victory was owing to the impracticability, as the French thought, and to desperate resolution on our side. What a scene! an army in the night dragging itself up

LETTER 657.—[1] The French commander, the Marquis de Montcalm, was shot while rallying his men. He died on the following day.

[2] The second in command were General Monckton, who was disabled early in the action, and the Brigadier de Senezergues, who was mortally wounded.

a precipice by stumps of trees to assault a town and attack an army strongly entrenched and double in numbers!

Adieu! I think I shall not write to you again this twelvemonth; for, like Alexander, we have no more worlds left to conquer.

P.S. Monsieur Thurot is said to be sailed with his tiny squadron—but can the lords of America be afraid of half a dozen canoes? Mr. Chute is sitting by me, and says, nobody is more obliged to Mr. Pitt than you are: he has raised you from a very uncomfortable situation to hold your head above the Capitol.

658. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1759.

Your pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the Parliament meets. Can one easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe that it is the Duke of Newcastle that has done this, and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing; all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2d P.S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of Lord and Lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

659. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1759.

It would be very extraordinary indeed if I was not glad to see one whose friendship does me so much honour as your Lordship's, and who always expresses so much kindness to me. I have an additional reason for thanking you now, when you are erecting a building after the design of the Strawberry committee. It will look, I fear, very selfish if I pay it a visit next year; and yet it answers so many selfish purposes that I certainly shall.

My ignorance of all the circumstances relating to Quebec is prodigious; I have contented myself with the rays of glory that reached hither, without going to London to bask in them. I have not even seen the conqueror's mother[1], though I hear she has covered herself with more laurel leaves than were heaped on the children in the wood. Seriously it is very great; and as I am too inconsiderable to envy Mr. Pitt, I give him all the honour he deserves.

I passed all the last week at Park Place, where one of the bravest men in the world, who is not permitted to contribute to our conquests, was indulged in being the happiest by being with one of the most deserving women—for Campbell goodness no more wears out than Campbell beauty—all their

Letter 659.—[1] Lady Townshend; owing to the death of Wolfe, and the disablement of Monckton, her son, General Townshend, received the surrender of Quebec.

good qualities are *huckaback*[2]. You see the Duchess[3] has imbibed so much of their durableness, that she is good-humoured enough to dine at a tavern at seventy-six.

Sir William Stanhope wrote to Mrs. Ellis[4], that he had pleased himself, having seen much of Mr. Nugent and Lady Berkeley this summer, and having been so charmed with the felicity of their *ménage*, that he could not resist marrying again. His daughter replied, that it had always been her opinion that people should please themselves, and that she was glad he had; but as to taking the precedent of my Lady Berkeley, she hoped it would answer in nothing but in my Lady Stanhope[5] having three children the first year. You see, my lord, Mrs. Ellis has bottled up her words[6], till they sparkle at last!

I long to have your approbation of my Holbein chamber; it has a comely sobriety that I think answers very well to the tone it should have. My new printing-house is finished, in order to pull down the old one, and lay the foundations next summer of my round tower. Then follows the gallery and chapel-cabinet. I hear your Lordship has tapped your magnificent front too. Well, when all your magnificences and my *minimificences* are finished, then, we—won't sit down and drink, as Pyrrhus said,—no, I trust we shall never conclude our plans so filthily; then—I fear we shall begin others. Indeed, I don't know what the Countess may do: if she imitates her mother, she will go to a tavern at fourscore, and then she and Pyrrhus may take a bottle

[2] Lady Ailesbury and Lady Strafford, both Campbells, preserved their beauty so long, that Mr. Walpole called them *huckaback beauties*, that never wear out. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duchess of Argyll, widow of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, and mother to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

[4] His daughter. *Walpole.*—Wife of Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip; she died in 1761.

[5] Anne, daughter of Francis Blake Delaval; m. (1) Sir William Stanhope; (2) Captain Morris, the song writer.

[6] She was very silent. *Walpole.*

together—I hope she will live to try at least whether she likes it. Adieu, both!

Yours most faithfully,
HOR. WALPOLE.

660. To Lady Hervey.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1759.

Thick fogs, and some wet.

Go not out of town. Gouts and rheumatisms are abroad. Warm clothes, good fires, and a room full of pictures, glasses, and scarlet damask, are the best physic.

In short, for fear your Ladyship should think of Strawberry on Saturday, I can't help telling you that I am to breakfast at Petersham that day with Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, Lord and Lady Waldegrave. How did you like the farce[1]? George Selwyn says he wants to see *High Life below Stairs*, as he is weary of low life above stairs.

661. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 8, 1759.

YOUR pictures will set out on Saturday; I give you notice, that you may inquire for them.

I did not intend to be here these three days, but my Lord Bath taking the trouble to send a man and horse to ask me to dinner yesterday, I did not know how to refuse; and besides, as Mr. Bentley said to me, 'you know he was an old friend of your father.'

The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My Lady Coventry showed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver, of the size of

LETTER 660.—[1] *High Life below Stairs*, first acted at Drury Lane in 1759.

a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost my Lord will know what.—She asked George how he liked them—he replied, 'Why, you will be change for a guinea.'

I find nothing talked of but the French bankruptcy[1]—Sir Robert Brown, I hear, and am glad to hear, will be a great sufferer. They put gravely into the article of bankrupts in the newspaper, 'Lewis le Petit, of the city of Paris, peace-breaker, dealer, and chapman'—it would have been still better if they had said, 'Lewis Bourbon, of petty France.'

We don't know what is become of their Monsieur Thurot, of whom we had still a little mind to be afraid. I should think he would do like Sir Thomas Hanmer, make a faint effort, beg pardon of the Scotch for their disappointment, and retire. Here are some pretty verses just arrived:

Pourquoi le bâton[2] *à Soubise,*
Puisque Chevert est le vainqueur?
C'est de la cour une méprise,
Ou bien le but de la faveur.
Je ne vois rien là qui m'étonne,
Répond aussitôt un railleur;
C'est à l'aveugle qu'on le donne,
Et non pas au conducteur.

Lady Meadows[3] has left nine thousand pound in reversion after her husband to Lord Sandwich's daughter[4]. Apropos to my Lady Meadows's maiden name, a name I believe you have sometimes heard, I was diverted t'other day with

Letter 661.—[1] 'Three arrêts were published by the court of France in October, suspending for a year the payment of the orders upon the general receipts of the finances, and allowing five per cent. on the respective sums as an indemnification. The second, of the same tenour with respect to the bills of the general farms; and the third suspending the reimbursement of capitals, as well in regard to the treasury as to the redemption.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 388.)

[2] Soubise had recently become a Maréchal de France.

[3] Jemima, sister of Edward Montagu, of Sandleford, in Berkshire; m. Sir Sidney Meadows, Knight Marshal. She died Oct. 30, 1759.

[4] Lady Mary Montagu; d. unmarried 1761.

a story of a lady of that name[5], and a lord[6], whose initial is no farther from hers than he himself is sometimes supposed to be. Her postilion, a lad of sixteen, said, 'I am not such a child but I can guess something: whenever my Lord —— comes to my lady, she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for a pen and ink, and say they are going to write history.' Is not this *finesse* so like him? Do you know that I am persuaded, now he is parted, that he will forget he is married, and propose himself in form to some women or other.

When do you come? if it is not soon, you will find a new town. I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty new stone houses: at first I concluded that all the grooms that used to live there had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported—in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's—George Selwyn says, 'What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!'

I was still more surprised t'other day, than at seeing Piccadilly, by receiving a letter from the north of Ireland from a clergyman, with violent encomiums on my *Catalogue of Noble Authors*—and this when I thought it quite forgot. It put me in mind of the Queen[7] that *sunk* at Charing Cross and rose at Queenhithe.

[5] Mrs. Montagu, the authoress.—Elizabeth (1720–1800), daughter of Matthew Robinson, of West Layton, Yorkshire; m. (1742) Edward Montagu, grandson of first Earl of Sandwich. Her assemblies were a feature of the society of her day, and were frequented by her most gifted contemporaries of both sexes. She wrote an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, and contributed three dialogues to Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*.

[6] Lord Lyttelton.

[7] Eleanor of Provence, mother of Edward I.—'When accused by King Edward of her crimes, she replies in the words of the old ballad:—

If that upon so vile a thing,
Her heart did ever think,
She wished the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sink!

Mr. Chute has got his commission to inquire about your Cutts's, but he thinks the lady is not your grandmother. You are very ungenerous to hoard tales from me of your ancestry: what relation have I spared? If your grandfathers were knaves, will your bottling up their bad blood mend it? Do you only take a cup of it now and then by yourself, and then come down to your parson, and boast of it, as if it was pure old metheglin? I sat last night with the Mater Gracchorum—oh! 'tis a Mater Jagorum—if her descendants taste any of her black blood [8], they surely will make as wry faces at it as the servant in Don John does, when the ghost decants a corpse. Good night, I am just returning to Strawberry, to husband my two last days and to avoid all the pomp of the Birthday— Oh! I had forgot, there is a Miss Wynne coming forth, that is to be handsomer than my Lady Coventry—but I have known one threatened with such every summer for these seven years, and they are always addled by winter!

Yours ever,

H. W.

662. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1759.

Now the Parliament is met, you will expect some new news; you will be disappointed: no battles are fought in Parliament now—the House of Commons is a mere war office, and only sits for the dispatch of military business. As I am one of the few men in England who am neither

With that at Charing Cross she sunk
Into the ground alive;
And after rose with life again,
In London at Queenhithe.'
(Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, vol. iii. p. 143.)

[8] Probably an allusion to Lady Townshend, who was well known for her bitter speeches (see p. 304). The expression 'Mater Jagorum' most likely conceals a reference (under the name of Iago) to Lady Townshend's eldest son George, who had made himself conspicuous by his jealousy of Wolfe, both before and after the latter's death. Walpole may well also have intended a reference to the younger Townshend, Charles, who was a restless political intriguer.

in the army nor militia, I never go thither. By the King's speech, and Mr. Pitt's *t'other* speech, it looks as if we intended to finish the conquest of the world next campaign. The King did not go to the House; his last eye is so bad that he could scarce read his answer to the Address, though the letters were as long and as black as Ned Finch[1]. He complains that everybody's face seems to have a crape over it. A person much more expected and much more missed, was not at the House neither; Lord George Sackville. He came to town the night before the opening, but did not appear—it looks as if he gave everything up. Did you hear that M. de Contades saluted Prince Ferdinand on his installation[2] with twenty-one cannons? The French could distinguish the outside of the ceremony, and the Prince sent word to the Marshal, that if he observed any bustle that day, he must not expect to be attacked—it would only be a chapter of the Garter.

A very extraordinary event happened the day after the meeting: Lord Temple resigned the Privy Seal. The account he gives himself is, that he continued to be so ill-used by the King, that it was notorious to all the world: that in hopes of taking off that reproach, he had asked for the Garter. Being refused, he had determined to resign, at the same time beseeching Mr. Pitt not to resent anything for him, and insisting with his two brothers that they should keep their places, and act as warmly as ever with the administration. That in an audience of twenty-five minutes he hoped he had removed his Majesty's prejudices, and should now go out of town, as well satisfied as any man in England. The town says, that it was concerted that he should not quit till Mr. Pitt made his speech on the first

LETTER 662. —[1] Brother of the Earl of Winchilsea. They were a very swarthy family. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in one of his odes, called them 'The black funereal Finches.' *Walpole.*

[2] As Knight of the Garter.

day, declaring that nothing should make him break union with the rest of the ministers, no, not for the nearest friend he had. All this is mighty fine; but the affair is, nevertheless, very impertinent. If Lord Temple hoped to involve Mr. Pitt in his quarrel, it was very wicked at such a crisis as this—and if he could, I am apt to believe he would—if he could not, it was very silly. To the Garter nobody can have slenderer pretensions; his family is scarce older than his earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward; and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt and tournament. Here ends the history of King George the Second and Earl Temple the First.

We are still advised to believe in the invasion, though it seems as slow in coming as the millennium. M. Thurot and his pigmy navy have scrambled to Gothenburg, where it is thought they will freight themselves with half a dozen pounds of Swedes. We continue to *militiate*, and to raise light troops, and when we have armed every apprentice in England, I suppose we shall translate our fears to Germany. In the meantime the King is overwhelmed with addresses on our victories; he will have enough to paper his palace. He told the City of London, that all was owing to *unanimity*, but I think he should have said, to *unmanimity*, for it were shameful to ascribe our brilliancy to anything but Mr. Pitt.

The new King of Spain seems to think that our fleet is the best judge of the incapacity of his eldest son, and of the fitness of his disposition of Naples, for he has expressed the highest confidence of Wall[3], and the strongest assurances of neutrality. I am a little sorry that Richcourt is not in Florence; it would be pleasant to dress yourself up in mural crowns and American plumes in his face. Adieu!

[3] General Wall, an Irish Catholic, who had been Ambassador from Spain to England. *Walpole.*

663. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1759.

I rejoice over your brother's honours[1], though I certainly had no hand in them. He probably received his staff from the Board of Trade[2]. If any part of the consequences could be placed to *partiality* for me, it would be the prevention of *your* coming to town, which I wished.

My Lady Cutts is indubitably your own venereal grandmother: the Trevors would once have had it, but by some misunderstanding the old Cowslade refused it. Mr. Chute has twenty more corroborating circumstances, but this one is sufficient.

Fred Montagu told me of the pedigree. I shall take care of all your commissions. Felicitate yourself on having got from me the two landscapes; that source is stopped. Not that Mr. Müntz is eloped to finish the conquest of America, nor promoted by Mr. Secretary's zeal for my friends, nor because the ghost of Mrs. Leneve has appeared to me, and ordered me to drive Hannah and Ishmael into the wilderness[3]—a cause much more familiar to *me* has separated us—nothing but a tolerable quantity of ingratitude on his side, both to me and Mr. Bentley. The story is rather too long for a letter: the substance was most extreme impertinence to me, concluded by an abusive letter against Mr. Bentley, who sent him from starving on seven pictures for a guinea to 100*l.* a year, my house, table, and utmost countenance. In short, I turned his head, and was forced to turn him out of doors. You shall see the *documents*, as it is the fashion to call proof papers. ——[4], I suppose, will naturally think me

Letter 663.—[1] Charles Montagu had been made a Major-General on the Irish establishment.

[2] Montagu's cousin, Lord Halifax, was President of the Board of Trade.

[3] Mrs. Leneve had probably expressed her disapproval of an intrigue of Müntz with a servant of Horace Walpole's.

[4] Name cut out.

to blame. Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected—and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.

My Lord Temple, as vain as if he was descended from the stroller Pindar, or had made up card-matches at the siege of Genoa[5], has resigned the Privy Seal, because he has not the Garter. You cannot imagine what an absolute prince I feel myself with knowing that nobody can force me to give the Garter to Müntz.

My Lady Carlisle is going to marry a Sir Wm. Musgrave[6], who is but three-and-twenty: but, in consideration of the match, and of her having years to spare, she has made him a present of ten, and calls him three-and-thirty. I have seen the new Lady Stanhope—I assure you her face will introduce no plebeian charms into the faces of the Stanhopes. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

664. To William Pitt.

Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1759.

On coming to town, I did myself the honour of waiting on you and Lady Hester Pitt; and though I think myself extremely distinguished by your obliging note, I should be sorry for having given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not lend me a very pardonable opportunity of saying what I much wished to express, but thought myself too private a person, and of too little consequence, to take the liberty to say. In short, Sir, I was eager to congratulate you on

[5] This is apparently a contemptuous reference to Müntz. Müntz served in the French army till the peace of 1748. It may be gathered that he was present when the French raised the siege of Genoa in 1747, and that he was occupied in some military employment on a par with the making of card-matches. These latter were strips of card dipped in sulphur.

[6] Sir William Musgrave, Baronet of Hayton Castle, Cumberland.

the lustre you have thrown on this country; I wished to thank you for the security you have fixed to me of enjoying the happiness I do enjoy. You have placed England in a situation in which it never saw itself—a task the more difficult, as you had not to improve, but recover.

In a trifling book written two or three years ago, I said (speaking of the name in the world the most venerable to me), 'sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his eulogium[1].' It is but justice to you, Sir, to add, that that period ended when your administration began.

Sir, do not take this for flattery: there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept; nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would scarce offer me —your glory. This may seem very vain and insolent; but consider, Sir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing! consider how he looks down on one who is only the most illustrious man in England! But, Sir, freedoms apart, insignificant as I am, probably it must be some satisfaction to a great mind like yours to receive incense, when you are sure there is no flattery blended with it; and what must any Englishman be that could give you a moment's satisfaction and would hesitate?

Adieu! Sir. I am unambitious, I am uninterested, but I am vain. You have, by your notice, uncanvassed, unexpected, and at a period when you certainly could have the least temptation to stoop down to me, flattered me in the most agreeable manner. If there could arrive the moment when you could be nobody and I anybody, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the meantime, permit me to be, as I have been ever since I had the honour of knowing you, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 664.—[1] *Royal and Noble Authors*, account of Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

665. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30 of the Great Year.

Here is a victory more than I promised you! For these thirteen days we have been in the utmost impatience for news. The Brest fleet had got out; Duff[1], with three ships, was in the utmost danger—Ireland ached—Sir Edward Hawke had notice[2] in ten hours, and sailed after Conflans[3]—Saunders arrived the next moment from Quebec, heard it, and sailed after Hawke without landing his glory. No express arrived, storms blew; we knew not what to think. This morning at four we heard that, on the 20th, Sir Edward Hawke came in sight of the French, who were pursuing Duff. The fight began at half an hour past two—that is, the French began to fly, making a running fight. Conflans tried to save himself behind the rocks of Belleisle, but was forced to burn his ship[4] of eighty guns and twelve hundred men. The *Formidable* of eighty, and one thousand men, is taken; we burned the *Hero* of seventy-four, eight hundred and fifteen. The *Thésée* and *Superbe* of seventy-four and seventy, and of eight hundred and fifteen and eight hundred men, were sunk in the action, and the crews lost. Eight of their ships are driven up the Vilaine, after having thrown

Letter 665.—[1] Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Robert Duff (d. 1787). 'He was lying at anchor in Quiberon Bay, his squadron consisting of four 50-gun ships and four frigates, when, on the morning of Nov. 20, his outlook gave him intelligence of the French fleet to the southward of Belleisle. He hastily put to sea and stood to the southward, chased by the French. Suddenly the English ships tacked to the eastward, their men manning the rigging, cheering and throwing their hats into the sea. They had just made out the English fleet in hot pursuit of the French, which, partly owing to its turning aside to chase Duff's squadron, was overtaken before it could get into a safe anchorage.' (*D. N. B.*)

[2] He had notice on Nov. 17 when off Ushant, and came up with the French on Nov. 20 to the southward of Belleisle.

[3] Hubert de Brienne (d. 1777), Comte de Conflans, Vice-Admiral and Maréchal de France.

[4] The *Soleil Royal*.

over their guns; they have moored two frigates to defend the entrance, but Hawke hopes to destroy them. Our loss is a scratch—one lieutenant and thirty-nine men killed, and two hundred and two wounded. The *Resolution* of seventy-four guns, and the *Essex* of sixty-four, are lost, but the crews saved; they, it is supposed, perished by the tempest, which raged all the time, for

We rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm.

Sir Edward heard guns of distress in the night, but could not tell whether of friend or foe, nor could assist them.

Thus we wind up this wonderful year! Who that died three years ago and could revive, would believe it! Think, that from Petersburgh to the Cape of Good Hope, from China to California,

De Paris à Pérou,

there are not five thousand Frenchmen in the world that have behaved well! Monsieur Thurot is piddling somewhere on the coast of Scotland, but I think our sixteen years of fears of invasion are over—after sixteen victories. If we take Paris, I don't design to go thither before spring. My Lord Kinnoul is going to Lisbon to ask pardon for Boscawen's beating De la Clue in their *House*; it will be a proud supplication, with another victory in bank. Adieu! I would not profane this letter with a word of anything else for the world.

666. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 13, 1759.

That ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric commission! How my own ignorance has laughed at me since I read your letter! I say, *your* letter, for as to Dr. Perelli's, I know no more of a Latin term in

mathematics than Mrs. Goldsworthy[1] had an idea of verbs. I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge. When I first went to Cambridge, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson[2]. I had not frequented him a fortnight, before he said to me, 'Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them.' I can smile now, but I cried then with mortification. The next step, in order to comfort myself, was not to believe him: I could not conceive that I had not talents for anything in the world. I took, at my own expense, a private instructor[3], who came to me once a day for a year. Nay, I took infinite pains, but had so little capacity, and so little attention (as I have always had to anything that did not immediately strike my inclinations), that after mastering any proposition, when the man came the next day, it was as new to me as if I had never heard of it; in short, even to common figures, I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said it of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or a woman to it, affixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great-aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500. I don't know whether I ever told you, that when you sent me the seven gallons of drams, and they were carried to Mr. Fox by mistake for Florence wine, I pressed him to keep as much as he liked; for, said I, I have seen the bill of lading, and there is a vast quantity. He asked how much? I answered seventy gallons; so little idea I have of quantity. I will tell you one more story of

Letter 666.—[1] Wife of the English Consul at Leghorn, where, when she was learning Italian by grammar, she said, 'Oh! give me a language in which there are no verbs!' concluding, as she had not learnt her own language by grammar, that there were no verbs in English. *Walpole.*

[2] Nicholas Saunderson or Sanderson (1682–1739), Lucasian professor of mathematics.

[3] Dr. Trevigar. *Walpole.*

myself, and you will comprehend what sort of a head I have! Mrs. Leneve[4] said to me one day, 'There is a vast waste of coals in your house; you should make the servants take off the fires at night.' I recollected this as I was going to bed, and, out of *economy*, put my fire out with a bottle of Bristol water! However, as I certainly will neglect nothing to oblige you, I went to Sisson, and gave him the letter. He has undertaken both the engine and the drawing, and has promised the utmost care in both. The latter, he says, must be very large, and that it will take some time to have it performed very accurately. He has promised me both in six or seven weeks. But another time, don't imagine, because I can bespeak an enamelled bauble, that I am fit to be entrusted with the direction of the machine at Marli. It is not to save myself trouble, for I think nothing so for you, but I would have you have credit, and I should be afraid of dishonouring you.

There! there is the King of Prussia has turned all our war and peace topsy-turvy! If Mr. Pitt will conquer Germany too, he must go and do it himself. Fourteen thousand soldiers and nine generals taken, as it were, in a partridge-net[5]! and, what is worse, I have not heard yet that the monarch owns his rashness. As often as he does, indeed, he is apt to repair it. You know I have always dreaded Daun—one cannot make a blunder but he profits of it—and this just at the moment that we heard of nothing but new bankruptcy in France. I want to know what a kingdom is to do when it is forced to run away?

[4] Mrs. Isabella Leneve, a gentlewoman of a very ancient family in Norfolk, who had been brought up by Lady Anne Walpole, aunt of Sir Robert Walpole, with his sister, Lady Townshend, and afterwards had the care of Sir Robert's daughter, Lady Maria, after whose marriage with Mr. Churchill she lived with Mr. Walpole to her death. She had an excellent understanding, and a great deal of wit. *Walpole.*

[5] At Maxen in Saxony, where, on Nov. 26, General Finck, with between fifteen and twenty thousand men, was forced to surrender to the Austrians under Daun.

14th—Oh! I interrupt my reflections—here is another bit of a victory! Prince Henry, who has already succeeded to his brother's crown, as king of the fashion, has beaten a parcel of Wirtemberghers, and taken four battalions[6]. Daun is gone into Bohemia, and Dresden is still to be ours. The French are gone into winter quarters—thank God! What weather is here to be lying on the ground! Men should be statues, or will be so, if they go through it. Hawke is enjoying himself in Quiberon Bay, but I believe has done no more execution. Dr. Hay says it will soon be as shameful to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman. Indeed, one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one. We talk of a congress at Breda, and some think Lord Temple will go thither: if *he* does, I shall really believe it will be peace; and a good one, as it will then be of Mr. Pitt's making.

I was much pleased that the watch succeeded so triumphantly, and *beat the French* watches, though they were two to one. For the *Fugitive Pieces*: the Inscription for the Column[7] was written when I was with you at Florence, though I don't wonder that you have forgotten it after so many years. I would not have it talked of, for I find some grave personages are offended with the liberties I have taken with so imperial a head[8]. What could provoke them to give a column Christian burial? Adieu!

667. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1759.

How do you do? are you thawed again? how have you borne the country in this bitter weather? I have not been

[6] This advantage was gained by the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, not by Prince Henry of Prussia, at Fulda, on Nov. 30, 1759.

[7] Inscription on a neglected column at Florence. *Walpole.*

[8] Francis, Emperor of Austria, husband of Maria Theresa. The poem contains a contemptuous reference to him as a 'Lorrainer.'

here these three weeks till to-day, and was delighted to find it so pleasant, and to meet a comfortable south-east wind, the fairest of all winds, in spite of the scandal that lies on the east; though it is the west that is the parent of all ugliness. The frost was succeeded by such fogs that I could not find my way out of London.

Has your brother told you of the violences in Ireland[1]? There wanted nothing but a Massaniello to overturn the government; and luckily for the government and for Rigby, he, who was made for a Massaniello, happened to be first minister there. Tumults, and insurrections, and oppositions,

Like arts and sciences, have travelled west.

Pray make the General collect authentic accounts of those civil wars against he returns—you know where[2] they will find their place, and that you are one of the very few that will profit of them. I will grind and dispense to you all the corn you bring to my mill.

We good-humoured souls vote eight millions with as few questions as if the whole House of Commons was of the club at Arthur's; and we live upon distant news, as if London was York or Bristol. There is nothing domestic, but that Lord George Lenox, being refused Lord Ancram's consent, set out for Edingburgh with Lady Louisa Kerr, the day before yesterday; and Lord Buckingham is going to be married to our Miss Pitt[3] of Twickenham, daughter of that strange woman who had a mind to be my wife, and who sent Mr. Raftor to know why I did not marry her—I replied, 'Because I was not sure that the two husbands that she had at once were both dead.' Apropos to my

LETTER 667.—[1] The people suspected that a parliamentary union of the two countries was intended. Dangerous riots took place in Dublin, in which many prominent persons were insulted. The mob was finally dispersed by cavalry.

[2] In Walpole's *Memoirs*.

[3] This marriage did not take place.

wedding, Prince Edward asked me at the Opera t'other night, when I was to marry Lady Mary Coke; I answered, as soon as I got a regiment; which, you know, is now the fashionable way.

The kingdom of beauty is in as great disorder as the kingdom of Ireland. My Lady Pembroke looks like a ghost —poor Lady Coventry is going to be one. Molly Howe has not done pining for Sir Armitage; and the Duchess of Hamilton is so altered I did not know her. Indeed, she is big with child, and so big, that, as my Lady Northumberland says, it is plain she has a camel in her belly, and my Lord Edgecumbe says, it is as true that it did not go through the eye of a needle. That great vulgar Countess has been laid up with a hurt in her leg; Lady Rebecca Poulett[4] pushed her on the birth-night against a bench; the Duchess of Grafton asked if it was true that Lady Rebecca kicked her?—'Kicked me, Madam! when did you ever hear of a Percy that took a kick?' I can tell you another anecdote of that house, that will not divert you less: Lord March making them a visit this summer at Alnwic Castle, my Lord received him at the gate, and said, 'I believe, my Lord, this is the first time that ever a Douglas and a Percy met here in friendship'—think of this from a Smithson to a true Douglas.

I don't trouble my head about any connection; any news into the country I know is welcome, though it comes out higglepiggledy, just as it happens to be packed up. The cry in Ireland has been against Lord Hilsborough, supposing him to meditate an union of the two islands. George Selwyn, seeing him sit t'other night between my Lady Harrington and Lord Barrington, said, 'Who can say that my Lord Hilsborough is not an enemy to an union?'

I will tell you one more story, and then good night.

[4] Youngest daughter of first Earl Poulett; d. unmarried 1765.

Lord Lyttelton was at Covent Garden; Beard came on: the former said, 'How comes Beard here? what made him leave Drury Lane?' Mr. Shelley, who sat next him, replied, 'Why, don't you know he has been such a fool as to go and marry a Miss Rich?—He has married Rich's daughter[5].' My Lord coloured[6], Shelley found out what he had said, and ran away.

I forgot to tell you, that you need be in no disturbance about Müntz's pictures; they were a present I made you. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

668. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1759.

I own I am pleased, for your sake as well as my own, at hearing from you again. I felt sorry at thinking that you was displeased with the frankness and sincerity of my last. You have shown me that I made a wrong judgement of you, and I willingly correct it.

You are extremely obliging in giving yourself the least trouble to make collections for me. I have received so much assistance and information from you, that I am sure I cannot have a more useful friend. For the *Catalogue*, I forgot it, as in the course of things I suppose it is forgot. For the Lives of English Artists, I am going immediately to begin it, and shall then fling it into the treasury of the world, for the amusement of the world for a day, and then for the service of anybody who shall happen hereafter to peep into the dusty drawer where it shall repose.

For my Lord Clarendon's new work, of which you ask

[5] John Rich, Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

[6] Lord Lyttelton married, as his second wife, a Miss Rich, from whom he was separated.

me, I am charmed with it. It entertains me more almost than any book I ever read. I was told there was little in it that had not already got abroad, or was not known by any other channels. If that is true, I own I am so scanty an historian as to have been ignorant of many of the facts; but sure, at least, the circumstances productive of, or concomitant on several of them, set them in very new lights. The deductions and stating of arguments are uncommonly fine. His language I find much censured—in truth, it is sometimes involved, particularly in the indistinct usage of *he* and *him*. But in my opinion his style is not so much inferior to the former *History* as it seems. But this I take to be the case; when the former part appeared, the world was not accustomed to a good style as it is now. I question if the *History of the Rebellion* had been published but this summer, whether it would be thought so fine in point of style as it has generally been reckoned. For his veracity, alas! I am sorry to say, there is more than one passage in the new work which puts one a little upon one's guard in lending him implicit credit. When he says that Charles I and his Queen were a pattern of conjugal affection, it makes one stare. Charles was so, I verily believe; but can any man in his historical senses believe, that my Lord Clarendon did not know that, though the Queen was a pattern of affection, it was by no means of the conjugal kind? Then the subterfuges my Lord Clarendon uses to avoid avowing that Charles II was a Papist, are certainly no grounds for corroborating his veracity. In short, I don't believe him when he does not speak truth; but he has spoken so much truth, that it is easy to see when he does not.

Lucan is in poor forwardness. I have been plagued with a succession of bad printers, and am not got beyond the fourth book. It will scarce appear before next winter. Adieu! Sir. I have received so much pleasure and benefit

from your correspondence, that I should be sorry to lose it. I will not deserve to lose it, but endeavour to be, as you will give me leave to be, your, &c.

669. To Lady Mary Coke.

Madam, Arlington Street, Dec. 27, 1759.

Your Ladyship will see by what follows that I am impatient to advance the term prescribed for my happiness. Intending, like a true knight, to deserve you by my valour, I am going to take a step worthy of one who pretends to the honour of your hand. Perhaps, indeed, it is not perfectly agreeable to the strict rules of chivalry to avow any reason but the true one for devoting oneself to arms: but as I cannot expect a regiment but by flattering a minister in his own way, I am forced to ascribe to the love of my country what your Ladyship knows proceeds from nothing but my passion. Mr. Pitt is so weak as to prefer the honour of England even to your charms: if by humouring *him* I can possess *them*, a little insincerity may be pardoned in a lover. You must impute to the same cause, Madam, my speaking with any disesteem of sinecures—a thing, which though I possess, I should certainly disdain, if it was not with a view to those beautiful children with which I flatter myself I shall be blessed. In short, Madam, here follows my Petition; if you approve, I will send it; if it is not worthy the cause in which it is written, be so good as to fling it into the fire, and I will think of some other way of being

Your Ladyship's
Hor. Walpole.

To Mr. Pitt.

To raise a Troop a thousand ask:
To please 'em all how hard a task!

For whether they are Whig or Tory
You've vow'd (a thing unheard in story)
To grant what 's ask'd for England's glory.
I, too, Sir, on great actions bent,
Propose to raise a regiment:
But as my honest heart, like yours,
Abhors all kinds of sinecures;
If but a Troop or Company,
In the French Service let it be;
For you, Engrosser, have no longer
Left Britons anything to conquer[1].

670. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1759.

You laughed, my Lady, at my telling Prince Edward that I should marry Lady Mary Coke as soon as I got a regiment, but the affair was more serious than you imagined. As Mr. Pitt lets everybody raise a regiment that desires it, and as there certainly is nothing left for these regiments to do, I intend to offer my services too. The clan of the Campbells to be sure will flock to my

Letter 669. — [1] The following verses in reply to Horace Walpole's 'Petition' are printed in the Introduction to the third volume of the *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*. The editor (Hon. J. A. Home) suggests that they were written by Lady Temple.

Lady M. to Mr. W.

A very pretty scheme you've hit on,
Sir, to petition Mr. Pitt on,
A Regiment in France to win me!
Each drop of Campbell blood within me
Boils at the thought of such a motion;
And then it's so profound a notion
The mighty fortune you are carving
Just then when all the world are starving.
I hate the French and all their race,
I'd tell it to the Tyrant's face:
No, if I am a soldier's spouse,
Give me your Wolfes, your Clives, your Howes,
One sturdy Briton I'll be swore
Is worth three French monsieurs and more;
But since your ardour is so great,
By mighty deeds to serve the state,
And, as you say, each way to honour
Is occupied by some Forerunner,
Since I too with as warm a zeal
Burn to promote the public weal,
What if without all this delay,
You e'en should take me while you may
And raise recruits another way?

Letter 670.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. p. ix.

standard, and being of a very huckaback[1] complexion, I shall not be often put to the expense of levy-money. I should have chosen to call it the Regiment of Loo, and so have dressed them like Pam, but Lord Pulteney has already anticipated the thought of accoutring his men like the knave of clubs; and at present I have no fixed design for any distinction; but as Colonel Hale[2] has a death's head for his pompon, I propose to take a strawberry. In the meantime I have drawn up a petition, but as I am not used to these sort of things, if Mr. Frederick[3] is with you, I should be glad if he would correct it, and stick in a few law terms, to give it more the air of a formal memorial; here it is:—

To Mr. Pitt.

To raise a Troop a thousand ask:
To please 'em all how hard a task!
For whether they are Whig or Tory
You've vow'd (a thing unheard in story)
To grant what 's ask'd for England's glory.
I, too, Sir, on great actions bent,
Propose to raise a regiment:
But as my honest heart, like yours,
Abhors all kinds of sinecures;
If but a Troop or Company,
In the French Service let it be;
For you, Engrosser, have no longer
Left Britons anything to conquer.

This I think can't fail, but if it should, you know, Madam, I have one or two places that I can resign, and the

[1] See note on letter to Lord Strafford of Oct. 30, 1759.

[2] Colonel (afterwards General) John Hale (d. 1806), son of Sir Bernard Hale, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. He raised, at his own expense, the 17th Light Dragoons, and was appointed Colonel of that regiment in Dec. 1759. It is now known as the 17th Lancers, and retains the death's-head badge mentioned by Walpole, with the motto 'Death or Glory.'

[3] Lady Ailesbury's brother, afterwards known as Lord Frederick Campbell. He was a member of the Middle Temple.

worst that can happen is to have them again, with the Garter into the bargain. It is true, I am very lean, and a blue riband will not become me much, but when one takes it only to show one's importance one must bear it as other great and awkward personages[4] have done.

There is nothing new, for there is nobody in town. I was at Mrs. Harris's last night, and I am sure your Ladyship will agree with me in a criticism I made on the house. Mrs. Howe said it would be a very good house if the rooms did but lie together. I said I thought there was a much greater fault in it, which is that the master and mistress do lie together. I should not repeat this, but as I have a great opinion of your Ladyship's taste in architecture.

Lady Stafford and Lord Farnham[5], and their child, for she is big, were presented on Thursday; they have been married eight or nine months, and she has changed her religion[6]. It is a pity that so much secrecy should be thrown away on legalities. Adieu! Madam. This is charming weather for planting laurels for everybody but the King of Prussia[7].

I am your Ladyship's
Most obedient servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

671. To Lady Hervey.

Jan. 12, 1760.

I AM very sorry your Ladyship could doubt a moment on the cause of my concern yesterday. I saw you much displeased at what I had said; and I felt so innocent of

[4] An allusion to Lord Temple. See letter to Mann of Nov. 16, 1759.

[5] Robert Maxwell (d. 1779), second Baron Farnham; cr. Viscount Farnham in 1760, and Earl of Farnham in 1763; m. Henrietta Cantillon, widow of third Earl of Stafford.

[6] She had been a Roman Catholic.

[7] Alluding to the defeat and capture of his army at Maxen.

the least intention of offending you, that I could not help being struck at my own ill-fortune, and with the sensation raised by finding you mix great goodness with great severity.

I am naturally very impatient under praise; I have reflected enough on myself to know I don't deserve it; and with this consciousness you ought to forgive me, Madam, if I dreaded that the person whose esteem I valued the most in the world, should think that I was fond of what I know is not my due. I meant to express this apprehension as respectfully as I could, but my words failed me—a misfortune not too common to me, who am apt to say too much, not too little! Perhaps it is that very quality which your Ladyship calls wit, and I call tinsel, for which I dread being praised. I wish to recommend myself to you by more essential merits—and if I can only make you laugh, it will be very apt to make me as much concerned as I was yesterday. For people to whose approbation I am indifferent, I don't care whether they commend or condemn me for my wit; in the former case they will not make me admire myself for it, in the latter they can't make me think but what I have thought already. But for the few whose friendship I wish, I would fain have them see, that under all the idleness of my spirits there are some very serious qualities, such as warmth, gratitude, and sincerity, which ill returns may render useless or may make me lock up in my breast, but which will remain there while I have a being.

Having drawn you this picture of myself, Madam, a subject I have to say so much upon, will not your good-nature apply it as it deserves, to what passed yesterday? Won't you believe that my concern flowed from being disappointed at having offended one whom I ought by so many ties to try to please, and whom, if I ever meant anything, I had meaned to please? I intended you should see how much I despise

wit, if I have any, and that you should know my heart was void of vanity and full of gratitude. They are very few I desire should know so much; but my passions act too promptly and too naturally, as you saw, when I am with those I really love, to be capable of any disguise. Forgive me, Madam, this tedious detail; but of all people living I cannot bear that you should have a doubt about me.

672. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 14, 1760.

How do you contrive to exist on your mountain in this rude season? Sure you must be become a snowball! As I was not in England in forty-one, I had no notion of such cold. The streets are abandoned, nothing appears in them; the Thames is almost as solid. Then think what a campaign must be in such a season! Our army was under arms for fourteen hours on the twenty-third, expecting the French; and several of the men were frozen when they should have dismounted. What milksops the Marlboroughs and Turennes, the Blakes and the Van Trumps appear now, who whipped into winter quarters and into port, the moment their noses looked blue. Sir Cloudesly Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke, who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October.—There's Hawke in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera House, for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed, with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is anything left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the Empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary, all is sent thither, and yet the wretched people have not sub-

sistence! A pound of bread sells at Dresden for elevenpence. We are going to send many more troops thither; and it is so much the fashion to raise regiments, that I wish there were such a neutral kind of beings in England as abbés, that one might have an excuse for not growing military mad, when one has turned the heroic corner of one's age. I am ashamed of being a young rake, when my seniors are covering their grey toupées with helmets and feathers, and accoutring their pot-bellies with cuirasses and martial masquerade habits. Yet rake I am, and abominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverendly. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the Duchess of Grafton at loo, who, by the way, has got a Pamchild[1] this morning; and on Saturday night I supped with Prince Edward at my Lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that Highness continues, or rather increases. He makes everybody make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to court. In short, if he were twenty years older, or I could make myself twenty years younger, I might carry him to Cambden House[2], and be as impertinent as ever my Lady Churchill[3] was—but, as I dread being ridiculous, I shall give my Lord Bute no uneasiness. My Lady Maynard, who divides the favour of this tiny court with me, supped with us. Did you know she sings French ballads very prettily? Lord Rochford played on the guitar, and the Prince sung; there were my two nieces, and Lord Waldegrave, Lord Huntingdon, and Mr. Morrison the groom[4], and the evening was pleasant; but I had a much more agreeable supper last night at Mrs. Clive's, with Miss

Letter 672.—[1] George Henry Fitzroy (1760–1844), Earl of Euston, succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Grafton, 1811.

[2] Campden House at Kensington, formerly the residence of Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne.

[3] Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

[4] In waiting on the Prince.

West[5], my niece Chomley, and Murphy[6], the writing actor, who is very good company, and two or three more. Mrs. Chomley is very lively; you know how entertaining the Clive is, and Miss West is an absolute original.

There is nothing new, but a very dull pamphlet, written by Lord Bath, and his chaplain Douglas, called a *Letter to Two Great Men.* It is a plan for the peace, and much adopted by the City, and much admired by all who are too humble to judge for themselves. I don't tell you of it for the thing itself, but for what Lord Bath said on it. The Dowager Pembroke asked him if he writ it. 'Writ it!' he said; 'yes—and it was all about her—don't you see,' said he, 'in every page that it mentions *you*? It talks of a good *peace* (piece), and a safe piece, and an honourable piece, and a lasting piece, as you are, for so I have known you these forty years.'

I was much diverted t'other morning with another volume on birds by Edwards[7], who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy; and having observed some heterodox proceedings among bantam cocks, he proposes that all schools of girls and boys should be promiscuous, lest, if separated, they should learn wayward passions. But what struck me most were his dedications; the last was to God; this is to Lord Bute, as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or t'other.

Pray read Fontaine's fable of the lion grown old; don't it put you in mind of anything? No! not when his shaggy majesty has borne the insults of the tiger and the horse, &c., &c., and the ass comes last, kicks out his only remaining fang, and asks for a blue bridle? Apropos, I will tell

[5] Hon. Cecilia West, daughter of seventh Baron (afterwards first Earl) Delawarr; m. (1763) Lieutenant-General James Johnston.

[6] Arthur Murphy (1727–1805).

[7] George Edwards (1694–1773), author of a *History of Birds*, and of *Gleanings from Natural History.*

you the turn Charles Townshend gave to this fable. 'My Lord Temple,' said he, 'has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went and at once asked for my *Lord* Carlisle's Garter—if he would have been contented to ask first for my *Lady* Carlisle's garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it.' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

673. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 20, 1760.

I am come hither in the bleakest of all winters, not to air and exercise, but to look after my gold-fish and orange-trees. We import all the delights of hot countries, but as we cannot propagate their climate too, such a season as this is mighty apt to murder rarities. And it is this very winter that has been used for the invention of a campaign in Germany! where all fuel is so destroyed that they have no fire but out of the mouth of a cannon. If I were writing to an Italian as well as into Italy, one might string *concetti* for an hour, and describe how heroes are frozen on their horses till they become their own statues. But seriously, does not all this rigour of warfare throw back an air of effeminacy on the Duke of Marlborough and the brave of ancient days, who only went to fight as one goes out of town in spring, and who came back to London with the first frost? Our generals are not yet arrived, though the Duke de Broglio's last miscarriage[1] seems to determine that there shall at last be such a thing as winter quarters; but Daun and the King of Prussia are still *choosing King and Queen* in the field.

There is a horrid scene of distress in the family of

Letter 673.—[1] He had failed in an attempt to surprise Prince Ferdinand.

Cavendish; the Duke's sister, Lady Besborough[2], died this morning of the same fever and sore-throat of which she lost four children four years ago. It looks as if it was a plague fixed in the walls of their house: it broke out again among their servants, and carried off two, a year and a half after the children. About ten days ago Lord Besborough was seized with it, and escaped with difficulty; then the eldest daughter[3] had it, though slightly: my Lady, attending them, is dead of it in three days. It is the same sore-throat which carried off Mr. Pelham's two only sons, two daughters, and a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, at once. The physicians, I think, don't know what to make of it.

I am sorry you and your friend Count Lorenzi[4] are such political foes, but I am much more concerned for the return of your headaches. I don't know what to say about Ward's[5] medicine, because the cures he does in that complaint are performed by him in person. He rubs his hand with some preparation and holds it upon your forehead, from which several have found instant relief. If you please, I will consult him whether he will send you any preparation for it; but you must first send me the exact symptoms and circumstances of your disorder and constitution, for I would not for the world venture to transmit to you a blind remedy for an unexamined complaint.

You cannot figure a duller season: the weather bitter, no party, little money, half the world playing the fool in the country with the militia, others raising regiments or with their regiments; in short, the end of a war and of a reign furnish few episodes. Operas are more in their decline than ever. Adieu!

[2] Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire, and wife of William Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough. *Walpole.*

[3] Lady Catherine Ponsonby (d. 1789), m. (1763) Hon. Aubrey Beauclerk, afterwards Lord Vere of Hanworth and Duke of St. Albans.

[4] Minister of France at Florence, though a Florentine. *Walpole.*

[5] Joshua Ward (1685–1761), a quack doctor.

674. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1760.

I shall almost frighten you from coming to London, for whether you have the constitution of a horse or a man, you will be equally in danger. All the horses in town are laid up with sore-throats and colds, and are so hoarse, you cannot hear them speak. I, with all my immortality, have been half killed; that violent bitter weather was too much for me; I have had a nervous fever these six or seven weeks every night, and have taken bark enough to have made a rind for Daphne: nay, have even stayed at home two days; but I think my eternity begins to bud again. I am quite of Dr. Garth's[1] mind, who, when anybody commended a hard frost to him, used to reply, 'Yes, Sir, 'fore Gad, very fine weather, Sir, very wholesome weather, Sir; kills trees, Sir; very good for a man, Sir.' There has been cruel havoc among the ladies; my Lady Granby is dead, and the famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton[2], and my Lady Besborough. I have no great reason to lament the last, and yet the circumstances of her death, and the horror of it to her family, make one shudder. It was the same sore-throat and fever that carried off four of their children a very few years ago. My Lord now fell ill of it, very ill, and the eldest daughter slightly. My Lady caught it, attending her husband, and concealed it as long as she could. When at last the physician insisted on her keeping her bed, she said, as she went into her room, 'Then, Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never come out of it again,' and died in three days. Lord Besborough grew outrageously impatient at not

Letter 674.—[1] Sir Samuel Garth (1661–1719), author of *The Dispensary*.

[2] Lavinia Fenton, the original 'Polly Peachem' in the *Beggar's Opera*, and widow of the third Duke of Bolton.

seeing her, and would have forced into her room, when she had been dead about four days.—They were obliged to tell him the truth—never was an answer that expressed so much horror! He said, 'And how many children have I left?'—not knowing how far this calamity might have reached. Poor Lady Coventry is near completing this black list.

You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of Lord Ferrers murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess Queen Christina[3], carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain, was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour. He got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster Hall, and I suppose to Tower Hill; unless, as Lord Talbot prophesied in the House of Lords, 'Not being thought mad enough to be shut up, till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed.' But that madman Lord Talbot was no more honoured in his vocation, than other prophets are in their own country.

As you seem amused with my entertainments, I will tell you how I passed yesterday. A party was made to go to the Magdalen House[4]. We met at Northumberland House at five, and set out in four coaches; Prince Edward, Colonel

[3] Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden. Monaldeschi, her Master of the Horse, was stabbed to death at her instigation, and almost in her presence, in one of the galleries at Fontainebleau.

[4] Founded in 1758, in Prescot Street, Goodman's Fields.

Brudenel his groom, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Carlisle, Miss Pelham, Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp[5], Lord Huntingdon, old Bowman, and I. This new convent is beyond Goodman's Fields, and I assure you, would content any Catholic alive. We were received by —oh! first, a vast mob, for princes are not so common at that end of the town as at this. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors with their white staves, met us at the door, and led the Prince directly into the chapel, where, before the altar, was an armchair for him, with a blue damask cushion, a *prie-Dieu*, and a footstool of black cloth with gold nails. We sat on forms near him. There were Lord and Lady Dartmouth[6] in the odour of devotion, and many City ladies. The chapel is small and low, but neat, hung with Gothic paper, and tablets of benefactions. At the west end were enclosed the sisterhood, above an hundred and thirty, all in greyish brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats, with a blue riband, pulled quite over their faces. As soon as we entered the chapel, the organ played, and the Magdalens sung a hymn in parts; you cannot imagine how well. The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense, to drive away the devil—or to invite him. Prayers then began, psalms and a sermon: the latter by a young clergyman, one Dodd[7], who contributed to the Popish idea one had imbibed, by haranguing entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls—so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till I believe the

[5] Francis Seymour Conway, afterwards Ingram-Seymour (1743–1822), eldest son of first Earl (afterwards first Marquis) of Hertford, whom he succeeded in 1794.

[6] Frances Caroline, daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl, K.B.; m. (1755) William Legge, second Earl of Dartmouth; d. 1805.

[7] Rev. William Dodd (1729–1777), hanged at Tyburn for forging the name of his former pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield.

City dames took them both for Jane Shores. The confessor then turned to the audience, and addressed himself to the Royal Highness, whom he called most illustrious Prince, beseeching his protection. In short, it was a very pleasing performance, and I got *the most illustrious* to desire it might be printed. We had another hymn, and then were conducted to the *parloir*, where the governors kissed the Prince's hand, and then the lady abbess or matron brought us tea. From thence we went to the refectory, where all the nuns, without their hats, were ranged at long tables, ready for supper. A few were handsome, many who seemed to have no title to their profession, and two or three of twelve years old; but all recovered, and looking healthy. I was struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at—one of these is a niece of Sir Clement Cotterel. We were shown their work, which is making linen, and bead-work; they earn 10*l.* a week. One circumstance diverted me, but amidst all this decorum, I kept it to myself. The wands of the governors are white, but twisted at top with black and white, which put me in mind of Jacob's rods, that he placed before the cattle to make them breed. My Lord Hertford would never have forgiven me, if I had joked on this; so I kept my countenance very demurely, nor even inquired, whether among the pensioners there were any *novices* from Mrs. Naylor's.

The court-martial on Lord George Sackville is appointed: General *Onslow*[8] is to be *Speaker* of it. Adieu! till I see you; I am glad it will be so soon.

Yours ever,
H. W.

[8] Lieutenant-General Richard Onslow (d. March 17, 1760), brother of Arthur Onslow the Speaker.

675. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the Irish poetry[1]: they are poetry, and resemble that of the East; that is, they contain natural images and natural sentiment elevated, before rules were invented to make poetry difficult and dull. The transitions are as sudden as those in Pindar, but not so libertine; for they start into new thoughts on the subject, without wandering from it. I like particularly the expression of calling Echo, 'Son of the Rock.' The Monody is much the best.

I cannot say I am surprised to hear that the controversy on the Queen of Scots is likely to continue. Did not somebody write a defence of Nero, and yet none of his descendants remained to *pretend* to the empire? If Dr. Robertson could have said more, I am sorry it will be forced from him. He had better have said it voluntarily. You will forgive me for thinking his subject did not demand it. Among the very few objections to his charming work, one was, that he seemed to excuse that Queen more than was allowable, from the very papers he has printed in his Appendix; and some have thought, that though he could not disculpate her, he has diverted indignation from her, by his art in raising up pity for her and resentment against her persecutress, and by much overloading the demerits of Lord Darnley. For my part, Dr. Mackenzie[2], or anybody else, may write what they please against me: I meant to speak my mind, not to write controversy—

Letter 675.—[1] An instalment of the so-called poems of Ossian, published in the following July as *Fragments of ancient poetry, collected in the Highlands and translated from the Gaelic or Erse languages.*

[2] James Mackenzie (d. 1761), a physician, and author of a *History of Health.* He is mentioned in a note on Dyer's *Fleece.*

trash seldom read but by the two opponents who write it. Yet, were I inclined to reply, like Dr. Robertson, I could say a little more. You have mentioned, Sir, Mr. Dyer's[3] *Fleece*. I own I think it a very insipid poem. His *Ruins of Rome* had great picturesque spirit, and his *Grongar Hill* was beautiful. His *Fleece* I could never get through; and from thence I suppose never heard of Dr. Mackenzie.

Your idea of a collection of ballads for the cause of liberty is very public spirited. I wish, Sir, I could say I thought it would answer your view. Liberty, like other good and bad principles, can never be taught the people but when it is taught them by faction. The mob will never sing Lillibullero but in opposition to some other mob. However, if you pursue the thought, there is an entire treasure of that kind in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge. It was collected by Pepys[4], Secretary of the Admiralty, and dates from the battle of Agincourt. Give me leave to say, Sir, that it is very comfortable to me to find gentlemen of your virtue and parts attentive to what is so little the object of public attention now. The extinction of faction, that happiness to which we owe so much of our glory and success, may not be without some inconveniences. A free nation, perhaps, especially when arms are become so essential to our existence as a free people, may want a little opposition: as it is a check that has preserved us so long, one cannot wholly think it dangerous; and though I would not be one to tap new resistance to a government with which I have no fault to find, yet it may not be unlucky hereafter, if those who do not wish so well to it, would a little show themselves. They are not strong enough to hurt; they may be of service by keeping ministers in awe.

[3] John Dyer, d. 1758.
[4] Samuel Pepys (1633–1703), the diarist.

But all this is speculation, and flowed from the ideas excited in me by your letter, that is full of benevolence both to public and private. Adieu! Sir; believe that nobody has more esteem for you than is raised by each letter.

676. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.

Herculaneum is arrived; Caserta[1] is arrived: what magnificence you send me! My dear Sir, I can but thank you, and thank you—oh! yes, I can do more; greedy creature, I can put you in mind, that you must take care to send me the subsequent volumes of Herculaneum as they appear, if ever they do appear, which I suppose is doubtful now that King Carlos[2] is gone to Spain. One thing pray observe, that *I* don't *beg* these scarce books of you, as a bribe to spur me on to obtain for you your extra-extraordinaries. Mr. Chute and I admire Caserta; and he at least is no villainous judge of architecture; some of our English travellers abuse it; but there are far more striking faults; the general idea seems borrowed from Inigo Jones's Whitehall, though without the glaring uglinesses, which I believe have been lent to Inigo; those plans, I think, were supplied by Lord Burlington, Kent, and others, to very imperfect sketches of the author. Is Caserta finished and furnished? Were not the treasures of Herculaneum to be deposited there?

I am in the vein of drawing upon your benevolence, and shall proceed. Young Mr. Pitt[3], nephew of *the* Pitt, is

Letter 676.—[1] Prints of Palace of Caserta. *Walpole.*

[2] Don Carlos, King of Naples, who succeeded his half-brother Ferdinand in the crown of Spain. *Walpole.*

[3] Thomas, only son of Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, eldest brother of the famous William Pitt. *Walpole.* —Cr. (Jan. 5, 1784) Baron Camelford of Boconnoc, Cornwall; Lord of the Admiralty, 1763. On returning from abroad he lived at Twickenham, and became intimate with Horace Walpole. This friendship cooled owing to the part taken by Pitt in connection with Conway's dismissal from the army in 1764.

setting out for Lisbon with Lord Kinnoul, and will proceed through Granada to Italy, with his friend Lord Strathmore[4]; not the son, I believe, of that poor mad Lady Strathmore[5] whom you remember at Florence. The latter is much commended; I don't know him: Mr. Pitt is not only a most ingenious young man, but a most amiable one: he has already acted in the most noble style—I don't mean that he took a quarter of Quebec, or invaded a bit of France, or has spoken in the House of Commons better than Demosthenes's nephew; but he has an odious father, and has insisted on glorious cuttings off of entails on himself, that his father's debts might be paid and his sisters provided for. My own lawyer[6], who knew nothing of my being acquainted with him, spoke to me of him in raptures —no small merit in a lawyer to comprehend virtue in cutting off an entail when it was not to cheat; but indeed this lawyer was recommended to me by your dear brother —no wonder he is honest. You will now conceive that a letter I have given Mr. Pitt is not a mere matter of form, but an earnest suit to you to know one you will like so much. I should indeed have given it him, were it only to furnish you with an opportunity of ingratiating yourself with Mr. Pitt's nephew: but I address *him* to *your* heart. Well! but I have heard of *another* honest lawyer! The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton[7], is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her Pollyhood. Two years ago, ill at Tunbridge, she picked up an Irish surgeon.

[4] John Lyon, afterwards Bowes (1737–1776), seventh Earl of Strathmore.

[5] Lady Strathmore, rushing between her husband and a gentleman with whom he had quarrelled and was fighting, and trying to hold the former, the other stabbed her in her arms, on which she went mad, though not enough to be confined. *Walpole.*—Probably Susan Cochrane (d. 1752 or 54), wife of fourth Earl of Strathmore. Her husband died in consequence of a wound 'received in a scuffle' in 1728. She afterwards married one George Forbes.

[6] His name was Dagge. *Walpole.*

[7] Miss Fenton, the first Polly of the *Beggar's Opera.* Charles, Duke of Bolton, took her off the stage, had children by her, and afterwards married her. *Walpole.*

When she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will, but the man, finding who was to be her heir, instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish one other, not quite so scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pounds apiece; the surgeon about nine thousand.

I think there is a glimmering of peace! God send the world some repose from its woes! The King of Prussia has writ to Belleisle to desire the King of France will make peace for him: no injudicious step, as the distress of France will make them glad to oblige him. We have no other news, but that Lord George Sackville has at last obtained a court-martial. I doubt much whether he will find his account in it. One thing I know I dislike—a German aide-de-camp [8] is to be an evidence! Lord George has paid the highest compliment to Mr. Conway's virtue. Being told, as an unlucky circumstance for him, that Mr. Conway was to be one of his judges (but it is not so), he replied, there was no man in England he should so soon desire of that number. And it is no mere compliment, for Lord George has excepted against another of them [9]—but he knew whatever provocation he may have given to Mr. Conway, whatever rivalship there has been between them, nothing could bias the integrity of the latter. There is going to be another court-martial on a mad Lord Charles Hay [10], who has foolishly demanded it; but it will not occupy the attention of the world like Lord George's. There will soon be another trial of another sort on another madman, an Earl Ferrers, who has murdered his steward. He was separated by Parliament from his wife, a very

[8] Captain Winzenrode, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Ferdinand.

[9] General Balfour.

[10] Lord Charles Hay, brother of the Marquis of Tweedale. *Walpole.* —Hay was placed under arrest by Lord Loudoun in consequence of his outspoken comments on Loudoun's dilatoriness in America. The case was referred to George II, but Hay died (May, 1760) before the King came to any decision.

pretty woman, whom he married with no fortune, for the most groundless barbarity, and now killed his steward for having been evidence for her; but his story and person are too wretched and despicable to give you the detail. He will be dignified by a solemn trial in Westminster Hall.

Don't you like the impertinence of the Dutch? They have lately had a mudquake, and giving themselves terra-firma airs, call it an earthquake! Don't you like much more our noble national charity? Above two thousand pounds has been raised in London alone, besides what is collected in the country, for the French prisoners, abandoned by their monarch. Must not it make the Romans blush in their Appian way, who dragged their prisoners in triumph? What adds to this benevolence is, that we cannot contribute to the subsistence of our own prisoners in France; they conceal where they keep them, and use them cruelly to make them enlist. We abound in great charities: the distress of war seems to heighten rather than diminish them. There is a new one, not quite so certain of its answering, erected for those wretched women, called abroad *les filles repenties.* I was there the other night, and fancied myself in a convent.

The Marquis of Rockingham and Earl Temple are to have the two vacant Garters to-morrow. Adieu!

Arlington Street, 6th.

I am this minute come to town, and find yours of Jan. 12. Pray, my dear child, don't compliment me any more upon my learning; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I, who have always lived in the big busy world; who lie abed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please; who sup in company; who have played at pharaoh half my life, and

now at loo till two or three in the morning; who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions—in short, who don't know so much astronomy as would carry me to Knightsbridge, nor more physic than a physician, nor in short anything that is called science. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with. How I have laughed, when some of the magazines have called me *the learned gentleman*! Pray don't be like the magazines.

I see by your letter that you despair of peace; I almost do: there is but a gruff sort of answer from the woman of Russia to-day in the papers; but how should there be peace? If *we* are victorious, what is the King of Prussia? Will the distress of France move the Queen of Hungary? When we do make peace, how few will it content! The war was made for America, but the peace will be made for Germany; and whatever geographers may pretend, *Crown Point* lies somewhere in Westphalia. Again adieu! I don't like your rheumatism, and much less your plague.

677. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Feb. 4, 1760.

I deferred answering your last, as I was in hopes of being able to send you a sheet or two of my new work [1], but I find so many difficulties and so much darkness attending the beginning, that I can scarce say I have begun. I can only say, in general, that I do not propose to go further back than I have sure footing; that is, I shall commence with what Vertue had collected from our records, which, with regard to painting, do not date before Henry III; and then from him there is a gap to Henry VII. I shall supply that with a little chronology of intervening

Letter 677.—[1] *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*

paintings, though, hitherto, I can find none of the two first Edwards. From Henry VIII there will be a regular succession of painters, short lives of whom I am enabled by Vertue's MSS. to write, and I shall connect them historically. I by no means mean to touch on foreign artists, unless they came over hither; but they are essential, for we had scarce any others tolerable. I propose to *begin* with the anecdotes of painting only, because, in that branch, my materials are by far most considerable. If I shall be able to publish this part, perhaps it may induce persons of curiosity and knowledge to assist me in the darker parts of the story, touching our architects, statuaries, and engravers. But it is from the same kind friendship which has assisted me so liberally already, that I expect to draw most information; need I specify, Sir, that I mean yours, when the various hints in your last letter speak so plainly for me?

It is a pleasure to have anybody one esteems agree with one's own sentiments, as you do strongly with mine about Mr. Hurd [2]. It is impossible not to own that he has sense and great knowledge—but sure he is a most disagreeable writer! He loads his thoughts with so many words, and those couched in so hard a style, and so void of all veracity, that I have no patience to read him. In one point, in the *Dialogues* [3] you mention, he is perfectly ridiculous. He takes infinite pains to make the world believe, upon *his* word, that they are the genuine productions of the speakers, and yet does not give himself the least trouble to counterfeit the style of any one of them. What was so easy as to imitate Burnet? In his other work, the notes on Horace, he is still more absurd. He

[2] Richard Hurd (1720–1808), Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 1774; Bishop of Worcester, 1781.

[3] *Moral and Political Dialogues*, published in 1759.

cries up Warburton's preposterous notes on Shakspeare, which would have died of their own folly, though Mr. Edwards[4] had not put them to death with the keenest wit in the world. But what signifies any sense, when it takes Warburton for a pattern, who, with much greater parts, has not been able to save himself from, or rather has affectedly involved himself in, numberless absurdities?—who proved Moses's legation by the sixth book of Virgil;—a miracle (Julian's earthquake), by proving it was none;—and who explained a recent poet (Pope) by metaphysical notes, ten times more obscure than the text! As if writing were come to perfection, Warburton and Hurd are going back again; and since commentators, obscurity, paradoxes, and visions have been so long exploded, aye, and pedantry too, they seem to think that they shall have merit by reviving what was happily forgotten; and yet these men have their followers, by that balance which compensates to one for what he misses from another. When an author writes clearly, he is imitated; and when obscurely, he is admired. Adieu!

678. To Lady Mary Coke.

Arlington Street, Feb. 19, 1760.

Thank you, Madam, for letting me see this letter; there is a great deal of humour in it, and it diverted me so much, that if I had asked, and had your leave, I should willingly have taken a copy of it; but, indeed, I have not. There was, I dare say, a very pretty supplement to the story, which your Ladyship did not tell me. Did not the Duke show he was pleased with the letter? Your father had

[4] Thomas Edwards (1699–1757), who attacked Warburton in the *Canons of Criticism*, published in 1747.

Letter 678.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. x–xi.

too much wit not to feel for a man who had the least portion of it. It is happy to have temper enough to joke oneself out of a prison, but it is happier to be able to deliver a man who jokes there; and therefore, Madam, if you know the latter part of the story, you are a most undutiful daughter for not telling it. Don't fancy because you are silent about your own virtues that you may take the same liberty with those of other people. It is well the Duke of Argyle's reputation is established. I see it would never have been spread had it depended on his own children. He was forced to owe it to strangers. In short, Madam, I am very angry, and if I could help it, I would not be

Your most devoted
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

679. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 28, 1760.

The next time you see Marshal Botta, and are to act King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, you must abate about an hundredth thousandth part of the dignity of your crown. You are no more monarch of *all* Ireland, than King O'Neil or King Macdermoch is. Louis XV is sovereign of France, Navarre, and Carrickfergus[1]. You will be mistaken if you think the peace is made, and that we cede this Hibernian town, in order to recover Minorca, or to keep Quebec and Louisbourg. To be sure, it is natural you should think so: how should so victorious and heroic a nation cease to enjoy any of its possessions, but to save Christian blood? Oh! I know you will suppose

Letter 679.—[1] Thurot took Carrickfergus on Feb. 21, 1760, but re-embarked on Feb. 25, on hearing that troops were advancing against him. He was killed on Feb. 28 in a naval engagement with Captain Elliot.

there has been another insurrection, and that it is King John [2] of Bedford, and not King George of Brunswick, that has lost this town. Why, I own you are a great politician, and see things in a moment—and no wonder, considering how long you have been employed in negotiations; but for once all your sagacity is mistaken. Indeed, considering the total destruction of the maritime force of France, and that the great mechanics and mathematicians of this age have not invented a flying bridge to fling over the sea and land from the coast of France to the north of Ireland, it was not easy to conceive how the French should conquer Carrickfergus—and yet they have. But how I run on! not reflecting that by this time the old Pretender must have hobbled through Florence on his way to Ireland, to take possession of this scrap of his recovered domains; but I may as well tell you at once, for to be sure you and the loyal body of English in Tuscany will slip over all this exordium to come to the account of so extraordinary a revolution. Well, here it is. Last week Monsieur Thurot—oh! now you are *au fait*!—Monsieur Thurot, as I was saying, landed last week in the isle of Islay, the capital province belonging to a great Scotch King [3], who is so good as generally to pass the winter with his friends here in London. Monsieur Thurot had three ships, the crews of which burnt two ships belonging to King George, and a house belonging to his friend the King of Argyll—pray don't mistake; by *his friend* [4], I mean King George's, not Thurot's friend. When they had finished this campaign, they sailed to Carrickfergus, a poorish town, situated in the heart of the Protestant cantons. They immediately made a moderate demand of about twenty

[2] John, Duke of Bedford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. *Walpole.*

[3] Archibald, Earl of Islay and Duke of Argyll. *Walpole.*

[4] The Duke of Argyll had been suspected of temporizing in the last rebellion. *Walpole.*

articles of provisions, promising to pay for them; for you know it is the way of modern invasions[5] to make them cost as much as possible to oneself, and as little to those one invades. If this was not complied with, they threatened to burn the town, and then march to Belfast, which is much richer. We were sensible of this civil proceeding, and not to be behindhand, agreed to it; but somehow or other this capitulation was broken; on which a detachment (the whole invasion consists of one thousand men) attack the place. We shut the gates, but after the battle of Quebec it is impossible that so great a people should attend to such trifles as locks and bolts, accordingly there were none—and as if there were no gates neither, the two armies fired through them—if this is a blunder, remember I am describing an *Irish* war. I forgot to give you the numbers of the Irish army. It consisted of four companies—indeed they consisted but of seventy-two men, under Lieut.-Colonel Jennings, a wonderful brave man—too brave, in short, to be very judicious. Unluckily our ammunition was soon spent, for it is not above a year that there have been any apprehensions for Ireland, and as all that part of the country are most protestantly loyal, it was not thought necessary to arm people who would fight till they die for their religion. When the artillery was silenced, the garrison thought the best way of saving the town was by flinging it at the heads of the besiegers; accordingly they poured volleys of brickbats at the French, whose commander, Monsieur Frobert, was mortally knocked down, and his troops began to give way. However, General Jennings thought it most prudent to retreat to the castle, and the French again advanced. Four or five raw recruits still bravely kept the gates, when the garrison, finding no more gunpowder in the castle than they had had in the town, and

[5] Alluding to our expensive invasions on the coast of France. *Walpole.*

not near so good a brick-kiln, sent to desire to surrender. General Thurot accordingly made them prisoners of war, and plundered the town.

END OF THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

You will perhaps ask what preparations have been made to recover this loss. The viceroy immediately dispatched General Fitzwilliam[6] with four regiments of foot and three of horse against the invaders, appointing to overtake them in person at Newry; but as I believe he left Bladen's *Cæsar* and Bland's *Military Discipline* behind him in England, which he used to study in the camp at Blandford[7], I fear he will not have his campaign equipage ready soon enough. My Lord Anson too has sent nine ships, though indeed he does not think they will arrive time enough. Your part, my dear Sir, will be very easy: you will only have to say that it is nothing, while it lasts; and the moment it is over, you must say it was an embarkation of ten thousand men. I will punctually let you know how to vary your dialect. Mr. Pitt is in bed very ill with the gout.

Lord George Sackville was put under arrest to-day. His trial comes on to-morrow, but I believe will be postponed, as the court-martial will consult the judges, whether a man who is not in the army may be tried as an officer. The judges will answer yes, for how can a point that is not common sense, not be common law?

Lord Ferrers is in the Tower; so you see the good-natured people of England will not want their favourite amusement, executions—not to mention, that it will be very hard if the Irish war don't furnish some little diversion.

[6] Third son of fifth Viscount Fitzwilliam (in Ireland); d. 1789.

[7] Where, in the summer of 1756, 'his Grace had been reading Bladen's *Cæsar* and Bland's *Military Discipline*, and playing at being a general, for he was always eager about what he was least fit for.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 193.)

My Lord Northampton frequently asks me about you. Oh! I had forgot, there is a dreadful Mr. Dering come over, who to show that he has not been spoiled by his travels, got drunk the first day he appeared, and put me horridly out of countenance about my correspondence with you—for mercy's sake take care how you communicate my letters to such cubs. I will send you no more invasions, if you read them to bears and bear-leaders. Seriously, my dear child, I don't mean to reprove you; I know your partiality to me, and your unbounded benignity to everything English; but I sweat sometimes, when I find that I have been corresponding for two or three months with young Derings. For clerks and postmasters, I can't help it, and besides, they never tell one they have seen one's letters; but I beg you will at most tell them my news, but without my name, or my words. Adieu! If I bridle you, believe that I know that it is only your heart that runs away with you.

P.S. We have received two more chests of Florence wine: I believe you forgot that Mr. Fox desired to have no more sent.

H. W.

680. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1760.

Never was any romance of such short duration as Monsieur Thurot's! Instead of waiting for the viceroy's army, and staying to see whether it had any ammunition, or was only armed with brickbats *à la Carrickfergienne*, he re-embarked on the 28th, taking along with him the mayor and three others—I suppose, as proofs of his conquest. The Duke of Bedford had sent notice of the invasion to Kinsale, where lay three or four of our best frigates. They instantly sailed,

and came up with the flying invaders in the Irish Channel. You will see the short detail of the action in the *Gazette*; but, as the letter was written by Captain Elliot[1] himself, you will not see there, that he with half the number of Thurot's crew, boarded the latter's vessel. Thurot was killed, and his pigmy navy all taken and carried into the Isle of Man. It is an entertaining episode; but think what would have happened, if the whole of the plan had taken place at the destined time. The negligence of the Duke of Bedford's administration has appeared so gross, that one may believe his very kingdom would have been lost, if Conflans had not been beat. You will see by the deposition of Ensign Hall, published in all our papers, that the account of the siege of Carrickfergus, which I sent you in my last, was not half so ridiculous as the reality—because, as that deponent saith, *I was furnished with no papers but my memory.* The General Flobert, I am told, you may remember at Florence; he was then very mad, and was to have fought Mallet,—but was banished from Tuscany. Some years since he was in England; and met Mallet at Lord Chesterfield's, but without acknowledging one another. The next day Flobert asked the Earl if Mallet had mentioned him?—No—'Il a donc,' said Flobert, 'beaucoup de retenue, car sûrement ce qu'il pourroit dire de moi ne seroit pas à mon avantage'—it was pretty, and they say he is now grown an agreeable and rational man.

The judges have given their opinion that the court-martial on Lord George Sackville is legal; so I suppose it will proceed on Thursday.

I receive yours of the 16th of last month: I wish you had given me any account of your headaches that I could show to Ward. He will no more comprehend *nervous*, than

LETTER 680.—[1] Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Elliot (d. 1808), third son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second Baronet.

the physicians do who use the word. Send me an exact description; if he can do you no good, at least it will be a satisfaction to me to have consulted him. I wish, my dear child, that what you say at the end of your letter, of appointments and honours, was not as chronical as your headaches—that is a thing you may long complain of—indeed there I can consult nobody. I have no dealings with either our state-doctors or state-quacks. I only know that the political ones are so like the medicinal ones, that after the doctors had talked nonsense for years, while we daily grew worse, the quacks ventured boldly, and have done us wonderful good. I should not dislike to have you state your case to the latter, though I cannot advise it, for the regular physicians are daintily jealous; nor could I carry it, for when they know I would take none of their medicines myself, they would not much attend to me consulting them for others, nor would it be decent, nor should I care to be seen in their shop. Adieu!

P.S. There are some big news from the East Indies. I don't know what, except that the hero Clive has taken Mazulipatam[2] and the Great Mogul's grandmother. I suppose she will be brought over and put in the Tower with the Shahgoest[3], the strange Indian beast that Mr. Pitt gave to the King this winter.

[2] Masulipatam was taken on Jan. 25, 1759, by Major Francis Forde, Clive's friend and second in command.

[3] 'A very beautiful and uncommon animal, lately arrived from the East Indies, presented by Jaffier Ally Cawn, nabob of Bengal, to General Clive, who sent it to the Right Hon. William Pitt, Esq.; and of which that gentleman had the honour to obtain his majesty's acceptance, is lodged in the Tower. It is called in the Indostan language a Shah Goest, and is even in that country esteemed an extraordinary rarity.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1759, p. 119.) It was a kind of lynx, and is depicted in *Gent. Mag.* 1761, where it is called the 'Siyah-ghush.'

681. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1760.

I have a good mind to have Mr. Sisson tried by a court-martial, in order to clear my own character for punctuality. It is time immemorial since he promised me the machine and the drawing in six weeks. After above half of time immemorial was elapsed, he came and begged for ten guineas. Your brother and I called one another to a council of war, and at last gave it him *nemine contradicente*. The moment your hurrying letter arrived, I issued out a warrant and took Sisson up, who, after all his promises, was guilty by his own confession, of not having begun the drawing. However, after scolding him black and blue, I have got it from him, have consigned it to your brother James, and you will receive it, I trust, along with this. I hope too time enough for the purposes it is to serve, and correct; if it is not, I shall be very sorry. You shall have the machine as soon as possible, but that must go by sea.

I shall execute your commission about Stoschino[1] much better; he need not fear my receiving him well, if he has *virtù* to sell,—I am only afraid, in that case, of receiving him too well. You know what a dupe I am when I like anything.

I shall handle your brother James as roughly as I did Sisson—six months without writing to you! Sure he must turn black in the face, if he has a drop of brotherly ink in his veins. As to your other brother[2], he is so strange a man, that is, so common a one, that I am not surprised at anything he does or does not do.

Bless your stars that you are not here, to be worn out

Letter 681.—[1] Nephew of Baron Stosch, a well-known virtuoso and antiquary, who died at Florence. *Walpole.*

[2] Edward Louisa Mann, the elder brother. *Walpole.*

with the details of Lord George's court-martial! One hears of nothing else. It has already lasted much longer than could be conceived, and now the end of it is still at a tolerable distance. The colour of it is more favourable for him than it looked at first. Prince Ferdinand's narrative has proved to set out with a heap of lies. There is an old gentleman[3] of the same family who has spared no indecency to give weight to them—but, you know, general officers are men of strict honour, and nothing can bias them. Lord Charles Hay's court-martial is dissolved, by the death of one of the members[4]—and as no German interest is concerned to ruin *him*, it probably will not be reassumed. Lord Ferrers's trial is fixed for the 16th of next month. Adieu!

P.S. Don't mention it from *me*, but if you have a mind you may make your court to my Lady Orford, by announcing the ancient barony of Clinton, which is fallen to her, by the death of the last incumbentess[5].

682. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1760.

I should have thought that you might have learnt by this time, that when a tradesman promises anything on Monday or Saturday or any particular day of the week, he means any Monday or any Saturday of any week, as nurses quiet children and their own consciences by the refined salvo of *to-morrow is a new day*. When Mr. Smith's Saturday and the frame do arrive, I will pay the one and send you the other.

Lord George's trial is not near being finished. By its draggling beyond the term of the old Mutiny Bill, they were

[3] George the Second. *Walpole.*
[4] General Onslow.
[5] Mrs. Fortescue, sister of Hugh, last Lord Clinton. *Walpole.*—See Table I.

forced to make out a new warrant; this lost two days, as all the depositions were forced to be read over again to, and re-sworn by, the witnesses; then there will be a contest whether Sloper[1] shall re-establish his own credit by pawning it farther. Lord Ferrers comes on the stage on the sixteenth of next month.

I breakfasted the day before yesterday at Ælia Lælia Chudleigh's. There was a concert for Prince Edward's birthday, and at three a vast cold collation, and all the town. The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terreens, philigree, figures, and everything upon earth. Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden china. There is a glass case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapislazulis, cameos, toothpick-cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings; another cupboard full of the finest japan, and candlesticks and vases of rock crystal ready to be thrown down, in every corner. But of all curiosities, are the *conveniences* in every bedchamber: great mahogany projections, as big as her own bubbies, with the holes, with brass handles, and cocks, &c.—I could not help saying, it was the *loosest* family I ever saw! Never was such an intimate union of love and a closestool! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

683. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Sir, ... Strawberry Hill, April 4, 1760.

As I have very little at present to trouble you with myself, I should have deferred writing till a better opportunity, if it were not to satisfy the curiosity of a friend; a friend

Letter 682.—[1] Colonel Sloper, one of the witnesses against Lord George.

whom you, Sir, will be glad to have made curious, as you originally pointed him out as a likely person to be charmed with the old Irish poetry you sent me. It is Mr. Gray, who is an enthusiast about those poems, and begs me to put the following queries to you; which I will do in his own words, and I may say truly, *Poeta loquitur*.

'I am so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry, that I cannot help giving you the trouble to inquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

'Is there anything known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be?

'Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it?

'I have been often told, that the poem called *Hardy-kanute*[1] (which I always admired and still admire) was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago. This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand; but, however, I am authorized by this report to ask, whether the two poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this inquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it; for if I were sure that any one now living in Scotland had written them, to divert himself and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.'

You see, Sir, how easily you may make our greatest southern bard travel northward to visit a brother. The young translator has nothing to do but to own a forgery, and Mr. Gray is ready to pack up his lyre, saddle Pegasus, and set out directly. But seriously, he, Mr. Mason, my

LETTER 683.—[1] It is supposed to have been written by Lady Wardlaw, *née* Halkett.

Lord Lyttelton, and one or two more, whose taste the world allows, are in love with your Erse elegies: I cannot say in general they are so much admired—but Mr. Gray alone is worth satisfying.

The *Siege of Aquileia*, of which you ask, pleased less than Mr. Home's other plays. In my own opinion, *Douglas* far exceeds both the other. Mr. Home seems to have a beautiful talent for painting genuine nature and the manners of his country. There was so little of nature in the manners of both Greeks and Romans, that I do not wonder at his success being less brilliant when he tried those subjects; and, to say the truth, one is a little weary of them. At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed. The best thing in it is a sermon, oddly coupled with a good deal of bawdy, and both the composition of a clergyman[2]. The man's head, indeed, was a little turned before, now topsy-turvy with his success and fame. Dodsley has given him six hundred and fifty pounds for the second edition and two more volumes (which I suppose will reach backwards to his great-great-grandfather); Lord Fauconberg, a donative[3] of one hundred and sixty pounds a year; and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold and this compliment (which happened to be

[2] Laurence Sterne (1713–1768).

[3] The perpetual curacy of Coxwold, near York.

a contradiction), 'that it was quite an original composition, and in the true Cervantic vein': the only copy that ever was an original, except in painting, where they all pretend to be so. Warburton, however, not content with this, recommended the book to the bench of bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer. Adieu!

684. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 19, 1760.

Well, this big week is over! Lord George's sentence, after all the communications of how terrible it was, is ended in proclaiming him unfit for the King's service — very moderate in comparison of what was intended and desired, and truly not very severe, considering what was proved. The other trial, Lord Ferrers's, lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the Lord High Steward[1], he neither had any dignity, nor affected any—nay, he held it all so cheap, that he said at his own table t'other day, 'I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part.' At first I thought Lord Ferrers shocked—but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying by his own sense to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the Earl; one of them is a clergyman[2], suspended by the Bishop of London for being a Methodist;

Letter 684.—[1] Lord Henley. He was created a peer in order that he might preside at this trial as Lord High Steward.

[2] Hon. Walter Shirley; d. 1786.

the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous.* After Lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which, he said, he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower—and to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; Lord Foley and Lord Jersey attended only the first day; and Lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford (in compliment to his mother), as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons who interested themselves most in the examination were at least as mad as he; Lord Ravensworth, Lord Talbot, and Lord Fortescue—indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full; and most of the beauties absent; the Duchess of Hamilton and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in—but, to the amazement of everybody, Lady Coventry was there, and what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and Lord Bolinbroke seemed to have very different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in Lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta[3] was in the same gallery; the Duke of York[4] and his young brothers were in the Prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the Princess, Princess Emily, or the Duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the Duke of York; he

[3] The eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards Duchess of Brunswick.

[4] Prince Edward Augustus, so created April 1, 1760.

would not take his seat in the House before the trial, that he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the Duke of Richmond was the finest figure; the Duke of Marlborough, with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes. He had new ones, having given away his father's to the *valet de chambre*. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs; Lord Huntingdon's, Lord Abergavenny's, and Lord Castlehaven's[5] scarce hung on their backs; the two former, they pretend, were used at the trial of the Queen of Scots. But all these honours were a little defaced by seeing Lord Temple, as Lord Privy Seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next should be Henley the lawyer, Bishop Secker, and Dick Grenville?

The day before the trial, the Duke of Bolton[6] fought a duel at Marybone with Stuart[7], who lately stood for Hampshire; the latter was wounded in the arm, and the former fell down. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

685. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 20, 1760.

The history of Lord George Sackville, which has interested us so much and so long, is at last at an end—gently enough, considering who were his parties, and what has been proved. He is declared *unfit to serve the King in any military capacity* —but I think this is not the last we shall hear of him. Whatever were his deficiencies in the day of battle, he has

[5] James Tuchet (1723-1769), seventh Earl of Castlehaven.

[6] Charles Paulet (circ. 1718-1765), fifth Duke of Bolton.

[7] Simeon, son of Sir Simeon Stuart, second Baronet, of Hartley Mauduit, Hampshire; succeeded his father, 1761; d. circ. 1782.

at least showed no want of spirit, either in pushing on his trial or during it. His judgement in both was perhaps a little more equivocal. He had a formal message that he must abide the event whatever it should be.—He accepted that issue, and during the course of the examination, attacked judge, prosecutor, and evidence. Indeed, a man cannot be said to want spirit, who could show so much in his circumstances. I think, without much heroism, I could sooner have led up the cavalry to the charge, than have gone to Whitehall to be worried as he was; nay, I should have thought with less danger of my life. But he is a peculiar man; and I repeat it, we have not heard the last of him. You will find that by *serving the King* he understands in a very literal sense; and there is a young *gentleman*[1] who it is believed intends those words shall *not* have a more extensive one.

We have had another trial this week, still more solemn, though less interesting, and with more serious determination: I mean that of Lord Ferrers. I have formerly described this solemnity to you. The behaviour, character, and appearance of the criminal by no means corresponded to the dignity of the show. His figure is bad and villainous, his crime shocking. He would not plead guilty, and yet had nothing to plead; and at last, to humour his family, pleaded madness against his inclination: it was moving to see two of his brothers brought to depose the lunacy in their blood. After he was condemned, he excused himself for having used that plea. He is to be hanged in a fortnight, I believe, in the Tower, and his body to be delivered to the surgeons, according to the tenor of the new Act of Parliament for murder. His mother[2] was to present a petition

LETTER 685.—[1] George, Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*

[2] Anne, fourth daughter of Sir Walter Clarges, Baronet, and widow of Hon. Lawrence Shirley, tenth son of first Earl Ferrers.

for his life to the King to-day. There were near a hundred and forty peers present; my Lord Keeper[3] was Lord High Steward, but was not at all too dignified a personage to sit on such a criminal: indeed, he gave himself no trouble to figure. I will send you both trials as soon as they are published. It is astonishing with what order these shows are conducted. Neither within the Hall nor without was the least disturbance, though the one so full, and the whole way from Charing Cross to the House of Lords was lined with crowds. The foreigners were struck with the awfulness of the proceeding—it is new to their ideas, to see such deliberate justice, and such dignity of nobility, mixed with no respect for birth in the catastrophe, and still more humiliated by anatomizing the criminal.

I am glad you received safe my history of Thurot: as the accounts were authentic, they must have been useful and amusing to you. I don't expect more invasions, but I fear our correspondence will still have martial events to trade in, though there are such Christian professions going about the world. I don't believe their Pacific Majesties will waive a campaign, for which they are all prepared, and by the issue of which they will all hope to improve their terms.

You know we have got a new Duke of York[4]—and were to have had several new peers, but hitherto it has stopped at him and the Lord Keeper. Adieu!

P.S. I must not forget to recommend to you a friend of Mr. Chute, who will ere long be at Florence, in his way to Naples for his health. It is Mr. Morrice, Clerk of the Green Cloth, heir of Sir William Morrice[5], and of vast wealth. I gave a letter lately for a young gentleman whom I never

[3] Robert Henley, afterwards Lord Northington. *Walpole.*

[4] Prince Edward. *Walpole.*

[5] Sir William Morrice, third Baronet, of Werrington, Devonshire; d. 1750.

saw, and consequently not meaning to encumber you with him, I did not mention him particularly in my familiar letters.

686. To ———.

April 29, 1760.

I am obliged to you for the favour of your letter communicated to me by our friend Dr. Ducarel. It is particularly pleasing to me to receive information from a gentleman, Sir, of your knowledge and character, and if ever my *Catalogue* should want another edition, I shall be immediately proud of correcting it by the light you have bestowed on me. One article I cannot help repeating out of your letter, because I do not quite understand the drift. It is *Quere* on Lord Hervey's *Epistle* for Miss Howe[1] to Mr.

Letter 686.—Not in C.; reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's Sale Catalogue of May 5, 1900.

[1] Sophia, daughter of General Howe, fourth brother of first Viscount Howe by Ruperta, daughter of Prince Rupert by Margaret Hughes, and Hon. Antony Lowther, son of first Viscount Lonsdale. Their story is given in the *Correspondence* of Mrs. Delany (vol. vi. p. 163), where it is quoted from the journal of Miss Mary Hamilton (afterwards Mrs. Dickinson, and a correspondent and friend of Horace Walpole):—Miss Howe 'was a woman of virtue and good principles, but unfortunately for her conceived a violent attachment to a Mr. Lowther, one of the handsomest men of the times, but a perfect Lothario; they had opportunities of being much together, and he attach'd himself to her, tho' she was a very plain young woman, but his vanity was gratified in having raised so strong a passion in her breast. She thought her love returned; the most passionate letters pass'd between them, and their pictures exchang'd, &c.; he at length grew tired of and neglected her, and openly addressed another woman. Miss Howe — (the wretched Miss Howe)—after having used every endeavour to recall his affection, became almost frantic with despair. She ran away one morning from Hampton Palace (where the Court then was—she was Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline) and came and laid herself at the door of Mr. Lowther's house in Pall Mall, acting a thousand wild extravagancies; this of course soon attracted a crowd of spectators. A gentleman who lived at an opposite house saw this unhappy woman, and knowing who she was, he humanely went to her, and with the assistance of his servants carried her to his house; here she fell into strong convulsions, and soon appeared to have lost her reason, which now was totally gone; her friends were sent for, who took her home, and not long after she died raving mad. Notwithstanding the lady to whom Mr. Lowther paid his addresses was made acquainted with this story, she married him soon after Miss Howe's death.'

Miss Howe died in 1726. The

Lowther. If you doubt the designation of it, I can assure [you], Sir, it was so intended. I was well acquainted with my Lord Hervey, and am very intimate with several of his family, who know the fact as I have reported it.

687. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1760.

Indeed, Sir, you have been misinformed; I had not the least hand in the answer to my Lord Bath's rhapsody[1]: it is true the booksellers sold it as mine, and it was believed so till people had read it, because my name and that of Pulteney have been apt to answer one another, and because that war was dirtily revived by the latter in his libel; but the deceit soon vanished: the answer appeared to have much more knowledge of the subject than I have, and a good deal more temper than I should probably have exerted, if I had thought it worth my while to proceed to an answer; but though my Lord Bath is willing to enter lists in which he has suffered so much shame, I am by no means fond of entering them; nor was there any honour to be acquired, either from the contest or the combatant.

My history of artists proceeds very leisurely; I find the subject dry and uninteresting, and the materials scarce worth arranging: yet I think I shall execute my purpose, at least as far as relates to painters. It is a work I can scribble at any time, and on which I shall bestow little pains; things that are so soon forgotten should not take one up too much. I had consulted Mr. Lethieuillier[2], who told me he had communicated to Mr. Vertue what observations

Letter 687.—[1] The pamphlet entitled *A Letter to Two Great Men*, Epistle in question was one of Lord Hervey's *Four Epistles after the Manner of Ovid*, and was entitled *Monimia to Philocles*. inspired, but not written, by Lord Bath.

[2] Smart Lethieuillier (1701-1760), antiquary. This name was printed in previous editions 'Lethinkai.' (See *Academy*, May 9, 1896.)

he had made. I believe they were scanty, for I find small materials relating to architects among his manuscripts. Adieu!

688. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 6, 1760.

The extraordinary history of Lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character. It does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe[1] died with the utmost propriety. So did this horrid lunatic—coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing; he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriff and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act, too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion. He went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over. He was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well, and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him—so they would

Letter 688.—[1] Hon. Charles Radcliffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater, executed in 1746.

Lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief they have about their necks when they are married, that they may die like a lord. With all the frenzy in his blood, he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons.—The Methodists have nothing to brag of in his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him and preached about him.—Even Tyburn has been above their reach. I have not heard that Lady Fanny[2] dabbled with his soul—but I believe she is prudent enough to confine her missionary zeal to subjects where the body may be her perquisite.

When am I likely to see you? The delightful rain is come; we look and smell charmingly. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

689. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 7, 1760.

What will your Italians say to a peer of England, an earl of one of the best families, tried for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomized? This must seem a little odd to them, especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus[1]. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. If I now am going to give you a minute account of him, don't think me so far part of an English mob, as to fall in love with a criminal merely because I have had the pleasure of his execution. I certainly did not see it, nor should have been struck with mere intrepidity—I never

[2] Lady Frances Shirley.

Letter 689.—[1] Pope Sixtus V (1585–1590) was noted for the rigid impartiality of his administration of justice.

adored heroes, whether in a cart or a triumphal car—but there has been such wonderful coolness and sense in all this man's last behaviour, that it has made me quite inquisitive about him—not at all pity him. I only reflect, what I have often thought, how little connection there is between any man's sense and his sensibility—so much so, that instead of Lord Ferrers's having any ascendant over his passions, I am disposed to think that his drunkenness, which was supposed to heighten his ferocity, has rather been a lucky circumstance—what might not a creature of such capacity, and who stuck at nothing, have done, if his abilities had not been drowned in brandy? I will go back a little into his history. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he has been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith[2], had no fortune, and he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable[3]. He had a mistress before and two or three children, and her he took again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by Act of Parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate in order to secure her allowance.

[2] Third Baronet, of Henbury, Cheshire; M.P. for Wigan; d. 1790. He was Comptroller of the Household, 1774–77.

[3] She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. *Walpole.*

This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected as you have heard. The shocking circumstances attending the murder, I did not tell you—indeed, while he was alive, I scarce liked to speak my opinion even to you; for though I felt nothing for him, I thought it wrong to propagate any notions that might interfere with mercy, if he could be thought deserving it—and not knowing into what hands my letter might pass before it reached yours, I chose to be silent, though nobody could conceive greater horror than I did for him at his trial. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the Earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court—many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. I had heard that on the former affair in the House of Lords, he had behaved with great shrewdness—no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended, that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness, prevented his exerting his parts—but he has not acted in anything as if his family had influence over him—consequently his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable. The very night he received sentence, he played at picquet with the warders and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower,

shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother the clergyman to intercede that at least he might have more porter; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the Earl, 'Now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!' A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro since the trial has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons[4] were certainly a very frantic race, and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week my Lord Keeper very good-naturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. 'Sir,' said the Keeper, 'I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the four thousand pounds which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man.' 'With all my heart,' said the King, 'I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me.' However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately it now appears to be law, that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said, to be sure he may before conviction.

Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop, but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him. Yet he had

[4] Lord Ferrers' grandmother was a Washington.

another relation who has been much more busy about his repentance. I don't know whether you have ever heard that one of the singular characters here is a Countess of Huntingdon[5], aunt of Lord Ferrers. She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The Earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him, and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my Lord's heart was stone. The Earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis, as simple an old woman as my Lady Huntingdon herself, consulted her whether he should permit it. 'Oh! by no means; it would be letting him die in adultery!' In one thing she was more sensible. He resolved not to take leave of his children, four girls, but on the scaffold, and then to read to them a paper he had drawn up, very bitter on the family of Meredith, and on the House of Lords for the first transaction. This my Lady Huntingdon persuaded him to drop, and he took leave of his children the day before. He wrote two letters in the preceding week to Lord Cornwallis on some of these requests: they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the absurd requests of his (Lord Ferrers's) family in his behalf. On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding-clothes, and said he thought this, at least, as good an occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all

[5] Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of an Earl of Ferrers. *Walpole.*

her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon, had prophesied that his courage would fail him at last, and had so much foundation, that it is certain Lord Ferrers had often been beat:—but the Methodists were to get no honour by him. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail,—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the Earl; and in the evening everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account: but he intends to print it, and I will send it you with some other things, and the trial. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people (the blind was drawn up on his side), he said, 'But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.' One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, 'I hope

there will be no death to-day but mine,' and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. 'On the contrary,' said the Earl, 'I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition.' The chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the chaplain persevered, and said he wished to bring his Lordship to some confession or acknowledgement of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The Earl replied he had done everything he proposed to do with regard to God and man; 'and as to discourses on religion, you and I, Sir,' said he to the clergyman, 'shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive.' The clergyman still insisted, and urged that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience, 'Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me—what do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, Sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you: I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error.' The chaplain, seeing sensibly that it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and

that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, 'I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please.'

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The sheriff said he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk; 'And though,' said he, 'my Lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your Lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you:—your Lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd: we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your Lordship seems so much to desire.' He replied he was satisfied, adding,—'Then I must be content with this,' and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him it was impossible, from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to his. 'My Lord,' said Vaillant, 'you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is pity to venture unmanning yourself.' He was struck, and was satisfied without seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, 'I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do'; and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding,

'It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop-watch, and a pretty accurate one.' He gave five guineas to the chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regards, saying, 'The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it.' He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people: but as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily and mounted the scaffold: it was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors,' and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with

him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might; for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history.

I have run into so much paper, that I am ashamed at going on, but, having a bit left, I must say a few more words. The other prisoner[6], from whom the mob had promised themselves more entertainment, is gone into the country, having been forbid the court, with some barbarous additions[7] to the sentence, as you will see in the papers. It was notified, too, to the second court[8], who have had the prudence to countenance him no longer. The third prisoner, and second madman, Lord Charles Hay, is luckily dead, and has saved much trouble.

Have you seen the Works of the philosopher of Sans Souci[9], or rather of the man who is no philosopher, and who has more *souci* than any man now in Europe? How contemptible they are! Miserable poetry; not a new thought, nor an old one newly expressed. I say nothing

[6] Lord George Sackville.

[7] 'The King confirmed the sentence, but, dissatisfied that it had gone no farther, he could not resist the ungenerous impulse of loading it with every insult in his power. . . The court-martial's decision was directed to be given out in public orders to the army, declaring the sentence worse than death.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. p. 431.)

[8] The Prince of Wales'. *Walpole.*

[9] *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci.*

of the folly of publishing his aversion to the English, at the very time they are ruining themselves for him; nor of the greater folly of his irreligion. The epistle to Keith is puerile and shocking. He is not so sensible as Lord Ferrers, who did not think such sentiments ought to be published. His Majesty could not resist the vanity of showing how disengaged he can be even at this time.

I am going to give a letter for you to Strange[10], the engraver, who is going to visit Italy. He is a very first-rate artist, and by far our best. Pray countenance him, though you will not approve his politics[11]. I believe Albano[12] is his Loretto.

I shall finish this vast volume with a very good story, though not so authentic as my sheriff's. It is said that General Clive's father[13] has been with Mr. Pitt, to notify, that if the government will send his son four hundred thousand pounds, and a certain number of ships, the *heaven-born* general knows of a part of India, where such treasures are buried, that he will engage to send over enough to pay the National Debt. 'Oh!' said the minister, 'that is too much; fifty millions would be sufficient.' Clive insisted on the hundred millions,—Pitt, that half would do very well. 'Lord, Sir!' said the old man, 'consider, if your administration lasts, the National Debt will soon be two hundred millions.' Good night for a twelvemonth!

690. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Sir, Arlington Street, May 15, 1760.

I am extremely sensible of your obliging kindness in sending me for Mr. Gray the account of Erse poetry, even

[10] Robert Strange (1721 – 1792), knighted in 1787.

[11] Strange was a confirmed Jacobite. *Walpole.*

[12] Residence of the Pretender. *Walpole.*

[13] Richard Clive, of Styche, Shropshire.

at a time when you were so much out of order. That indisposition I hope is entirely removed, and your health perfectly re-established. Mr. Gray is very thankful for the information.

I have lately bought, intending it for Dr. Robertson, a Spanish MS. called *Annales del Emperador Carlos V, Autor Francisco Lopez de Gomara*[1]. As I am utterly ignorant of the Spanish tongue, I do not know whether there is the least merit in my purchase. It is not very long; if you will tell me how to convey it, I will send it to him.

We have nothing new but some *Dialogues of the Dead* by Lord Lyttelton. I cannot say they are very lively or striking. The best, I think, relates to your country, and is written with a very good design; an intention of removing all prejudices and disunion between the two parts of our island. I cannot tell you how the book is liked in general, for it appears but this moment.

You have seen, to be sure, the King of Prussia's Poems. If he intended to raise the glory of his military capacity by depressing his literary talents, he could not, I think, have succeeded better. One would think a man had been accustomed to nothing but the magnificence of vast armies, and to the tumult of drums and trumpets, who is incapable of seeing that God is as great in the most minute parts of creation as in the most enormous. His Majesty does not seem to admire a mite, unless it is magnified by a Brobdignag microscope! While he is struggling with the force of three empires, he fancies that it adds to his glory to be unbent enough to contend for laurels with the triflers of a French Parnassus! Adieu! Sir.

LETTER 690.—[1] Francisco Lopez de Gomara is best known as the author of a *Historia General de las Indias* published at Saragossa in 1552–3. The MS. mentioned by Horace Walpole does not seem to have been printed.

691. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1760.

Well! at last Sisson's machine sets out—but, my dear Sir, how you still talk of him! You seem to think him as grave and learned as a professor of Bologna—why, he is an errant, low, indigent mechanic, and however Dr. Perelli found him out, is a shuffling knave, and I fear no fitter to execute his orders than to write the letter you expect. Then there was my ignorance and your brother James's ignorance to be thrown into the account. For the drawing, Sisson says Dr. Perelli has the description of it already; however, I have insisted on his making a reference to that description in a scrawl we have with much ado extorted from him. I pray to Sir Isaac Newton that the machine may answer; it costs, the stars know what! The whole charge comes to upwards of threescore pounds! He had received twenty pounds, and yet was so necessitous, that on our hesitating, he wrote me a most impertinent letter for his money. I dreaded at first undertaking a commission for which I was so unqualified, and though I have done all I could, I fear you and your friend will be but ill-satisfied.

Along with the machine I have sent you some new books; Lord George's Trial, Lord Ferrers's, and the account of him; a fashionable thing called *Tristram Shandy*, and my Lord Lyttelton's new *Dialogues of the Dead*, or rather *Dead Dialogues*; and something less valuable still than any of these, but which I flatter myself *you* will not despise; it is my own print, done from a picture that is reckoned very like—you must allow for the difference that twenty years since you saw me have made. That wonderful creature Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made

one of his keepers read *Hamlet* to him the night before his death after he was in bed—paid all his bills in the morning as if leaving an inn, and half an hour before the sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's[1] epitaph, *Dubius sed non improbus vixi.* What a Noble Author have I here to add to my *Catalogue*! For the other Noble Author, Lord Lyttelton, you will find his work paltry enough; the style, a mixture of bombast, poetry, and vulgarisms. Nothing new in the composition, except making people talk out of character is so. Then he loves changing sides so much, that he makes Lord Falkland and Hampden cross over and figure in like people in a country dance; not to mention their guardian angels, who deserve to be hánged for murder. He is as angry too at Swift, Lucian, and Rabelais, as if they had laughed at him like all men living, and he seems to wish that one would read the last's Dissertation on Hippocrates instead of his History of Pantagruel. But I blame him most, when he was satirizing too free writers, for praising the King of Prussia's poetry, to which anything of Bayle is harmless. I like best the Dialogue between the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Angus, and the character of his own first wife under that of Penelope. I need not tell you that Pericles is Mr. Pitt.

I have had much conversation with your brother James, and intend to have more with your eldest, about your nephew. He is a sweet boy, and has all the goodness of dear Gal and dear you in his countenance. They have sent him to Cambridge under that interested hog the Bishop of Chester[2], and propose to keep him there *three* years. Their apprehension seems to be of his growing a fine gentleman.

LETTER 691. — [1] John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham and Normanby; d. 1721.

[2] Dr. Edmund Keene, brother of Sir Benjamin, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. *Walpole.*

I could not help saying, 'Why, is he not to be one?' My wish is to have him with you—what an opportunity of his learning the world and business under such a tutor and such a parent! Oh! but they think he will dress and run into diversions. I tried to convince them that of all spots upon earth dress is least necessary at Florence, and where one can least divert oneself. I am answered with the necessity of Latin and mathematics—the one soon forgot, the other never got to any purpose. I cannot bear his losing the advantage of being brought up by you, with all the advantages of such a situation, and where he may learn in perfection living languages, never attained after twenty. I am so earnest on this, for I doat on him for dear Gal's sake, that I will insist to rudeness on his remaining at Cambridge but two years; and before that time you shall write to second my motions.

The Parliament is up, and news are gone out of town; I expect none but what we receive from Germany. As to the Pretender, his life or death[3] makes no impression here. When a real king is so soon forgot, how should an imaginary one be remembered? Besides, since Jacobites have found the way to St. James's, it is grown so much the fashion to worship kings, that people don't send their adorations so far as Rome. He at Kensington is likely long to outlast his old rival. The spring is far from warm, yet he wears a silk coat and has left off fires.

Thank you for the entertaining history of the Pope[4] and the Genoese. I am flounced again into building—a round tower, gallery, cloister, and chapel, all starting up—if I am forced to run away by ruining myself, I will come to

[3] He lived until 1766.

[4] Clement XIII had sent a bishop to arrange the affairs of the church in Corsica, in spite of the representations of the Genoese, against whom the Corsicans were in open rebellion, and who considered the Pope's action as a recognition of Corsican independence.

Florence, steal your nephew, and bring him with me. Adieu!

692. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, June 7, 1760.

When at my time of day one can think a ball worth going to London for on purpose, you will not wonder that I am childish enough to write an account of it. I could give a better reason, your bidding me send you any news; but I scorn a good reason when I am idle enough to do anything for a bad one.

You had heard, before you left London, of Miss Chudleigh's intended loyalty on the Prince's birthday. Poor thing, I fear she has thrown away above a quarter's salary! It was magnificent and well understood—no crowd—and though a sultry night, one was not a moment incommoded. The court was illuminated on the whole summit of the wall with a battlement of lamps; smaller ones on every step, and a figure of lanterns on the outside of the house. The virgin-mistress began the ball with the Duke of York, who was dressed in a pale blue watered tabby, which, as I told him, if he danced much, would soon be *tabby all over*, like the man's advertisement[1]; but nobody did dance much. There was a new Miss Bishop from Sir Cecil's endless hoard of beauty daughters, who is still prettier than her sisters. The new Spanish embassy was there—alas! Sir Cecil Bishop has never been in Spain! Monsieur de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my Lord Huntingdon. His wife homely, but seems good-humoured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness—the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have, when one has but two and

Letter 692.—[1] A stay-maker of the time, who advertised in the newspapers making stays at such a price, '*tabby all over.*' *Berry.*

those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions about so strange a country. Indeed, the ambassadress could see nothing; for Dodington[2] stood before her the whole time, sweating Spanish at her, of which it was evident, by her civil nods without answers, she did not understand a word. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away—though there was a miraculous draught of fishes for their supper, as it was a fast—but being the octave of their *Fête-Dieu*, they dared not even fast plentifully. Miss Chudleigh desired the gamblers would go up into the garrets—'Nay, they are not garrets—it is only the roof of the house hollowed for upper servants—but I have no upper servants.' Everybody ran up: there is a low gallery with bookcases, and four chambers practised under the pent of the roof, each hung with the finest Indian pictures on different colours, and with Chinese chairs of the same colours. Vases of flowers in each for nosegays, and in one retired nook a most critical couch!

The lord of the festival[3] was there, and seemed neither ashamed nor vain of the expense of his pleasures. At supper she offered him Tokay, and told him she believed he would find it good. The supper was in two rooms and very fine, and on all the sideboards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries; you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus. Last night my Lady Northumberland lighted up her garden for the Spaniards: I was not there, having excused myself for a headache, which I had not, but *ought* to have caught the night before. Mr. Dodington entertained these Fuentes's at Hammersmith[4]; and to the shame of our nation, while

[2] Afterwards Lord Melcombe. He had been Minister in Spain. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duke of Kingston. *Walpole.*

[4] Where he had a villa called 'La Trappe.'

they were drinking tea in the summer house, some gentlemen, aye, my Lord, gentlemen, went into the river and showed the ambassadress and her daughter more than ever they expected to see of England.

I dare say you are sorry for poor Lady Anson[5]. She was exceedingly good-humoured, and did a thousand good-natured and generous actions. I tell you nothing of the rupture of Lord Halifax's match, of which you must have heard so much; but you will like a *bon mot* upon it—they say the hundreds of Drury have got the better of the thousands of Drury[6]. The pretty Countess[7] is still alive, was thought actually dying on Tuesday night, and I think will go off very soon.

I think there will soon be a peace: my only reason is, that everybody seems so backward at making war. Adieu! my dear Lord!

I am your most affectionate servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

693. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 20, 1760.

WHO the deuce was thinking of Quebec[1]? America was like a book one has read and done with; or at least if one looked at the book, one just recollected that there was a supplement promised, to contain a chapter on Montreal, the starving and surrender of it—but here are we on a sudden reading our book backwards. An account came two

[5] She died on June 1, 1760.

[6] Lord Halifax kept an actress belonging to Drury Lane Theatre. And the marriage broken off was with a daughter of Sir Thomas Drury, an heiress. *Walpole.*

[7] Of Coventry. *Walpole.*

LETTER 693.—[1] On April 28, 1760, the English, under Murray, were defeated at Sillery, near Quebec, by a French force under Lévis. The latter at once laid siege to the town, which would have been lost but for the arrival of an English squadron, upon which Lévis hastily retired on May 15.

days ago that the French, on their march to besiege Quebec, had been attacked by General Murray[2], who got into a mistake and a morass, attacked two bodies that were joined, when he hoped to come up with one of them before the junction, was enclosed, embogged, and defeated. By the list of officers killed and wounded, I believe there has been a rueful slaughter—the place, too, I suppose will be retaken. The year 1760 is not the year 1759. Added to the war we have a kind of plague too, an epidemic fever and sore-throat: Lady Anson[3] is dead of it; Lord Bute and two of his daughters were in great danger; my Lady Waldegrave[4] has had it, and I am mourning for Mrs. Thomas Walpole[5], who died of it—you may imagine I don't come much to town; I had some business here to-day, particularly with Dagge, whom I have sent for to talk about Sophia[6]; he will be here *presently*, and then I will let you know what he says.

The embassy and house of Fuentes[7] are arrived—many feasts and parties have been made for them, but they do not like those out of town, and have excused themselves rather ungraciously. They were invited to a ball last Monday at Wanstead[8], but did not go: yet I don't know where they can see such magnificence. The approach, the coaches, the crowds of spectators to see the company arrive, the grandeur of the façade and apartments, were a charming sight; but

[2] Brigadier-General (afterwards General) Hon. James Murray (d. 1794), fifth son of fourth Baron Elibank. He led the right wing at the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and was left in command of the English garrison after the capitulation of Quebec. He was Governor of Canada, 1763–66; Governor of Minorca, 1779. In 1781 that island was blockaded by the French under Crillon, and Murray was forced to capitulate in Feb. 1782. On returning to England he was tried by court-martial, on charges brought against him by Draper, the Lieutenant-Governor, but was honourably acquitted on all except two trivial points.

[3] Eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. *Walpole.*

[4] Maria Walpole. *Walpole.*

[5] Daughter of Sir Gerard Vanneck. *Walpole.*

[6] Natural daughter of Mr. Whitehead, mentioned in preceding letters, by a Florentine woman. *Walpole.*

[7] The Spanish Ambassador. *Walpole.*

[8] Earl Tilney's seat in Essex.

the town is so empty that that great house appeared so too. He, you know, is all attention, generosity, and good breeding.

I must tell you a private woe that has happened to me in my neighbourhood—Sir William Stanhope[9] bought Pope's house and garden. The former was so small and bad, one could not avoid pardoning his hollowing out that fragment of the rock Parnassus into habitable chambers—but would you believe it, he has cut down the sacred groves themselves! In short, it was a little bit of ground of five acres, enclosed with three lanes, and seeing nothing. Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods. Sir William, by advice of his son-in-law[10], Mr. Ellis, has hacked and hewed these groves, wriggled a winding gravel-walk through them with an edging of shrubs, in what they call the modern taste, and in short, has desired the three lanes to walk in again—and now is forced to shut them out again by a wall, for there was not a Muse could walk[11] there but she was spied by every country fellow that went by with a pipe in his mouth. Now I am talking of modern improvements, I have wondered, with the rage of taste which reigns, that nobody has laid a plan before the Society for the Reformation of Manners, with a proposal for altering and improving the New Jerusalem in the modern style, upon consideration that *nobody one knows* could bear to go into so old-fashioned a town. The walls should be thrown down, the river taught to serpentize, Gothic seats and Palmyrine porticoes should be erected here and there in proper points of view, and shrubberies planted of all kinds of exotics from the Chinese

[9] Brother of Lord Chesterfield. *Walpole.*

[10] Welbore Ellis, married the only daughter of Sir W. Stanhope. *Walpole.*

[11] Passage modified by Lord Dover.

hyssop to the cedar of Lebanon, and the whole expense might be borne by what the old rubies and emeralds that composed the walls and gates would sell for.

It is a little unlucky for the Pretender to be dying just as the Pope seems to design to take Corsica into his hands, and might give it to so faithful a son of the church.

I have heard nothing yet of Stosch.

Presently.

Mr. Dagge has disappointed me, and I am obliged to go out of town, but I have writ to him to press the affair, and will press it, as it is owing to his negligence. Mr. Chute, to whom I spoke, says he told Dagge he was ready to be a trustee, and pressed him to get it concluded.

694. To Sir David Dalrymple.

June 20, 1760.

I am obliged to you, Sir, for the volume of Erse poetry: all of it has merit; but I am sorry not to see in it the six descriptions of night with which you favoured me before, and which I like as much as any of the pieces. I can, however, by no means agree with the publisher, that they seem to be parts of an heroic poem; nothing to me can be more unlike. I should as soon take all the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey, and say it was an epic poem on the history of England. The greatest part are evidently elegies; and though I should not expect a bard to write by the rules of Aristotle, I would not, on the other hand, give to any work a title that must convey so different an idea to every common reader. I could wish, too, that the authenticity had been more largely stated. A man who knows Dr. Blair's[1] character will undoubtedly take his word; but the

Letter 694.—[1] Hugh Blair (1718–1800), Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University. He encouraged Macpherson to print the *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*.

gross of mankind, considering how much it is the fashion to be sceptical in reading, will demand proofs, not assertions.

I am glad to find, Sir, that we agree so much on the *Dialogues of the Dead*; indeed, there are very few that differ from us. It is well for the author, that none of his critics have undertaken to ruin his book by improving it, as you have done in the lively little specimen you sent me. Dr. Brown has writ a dull dialogue, called *Pericles and Aristides*, which will have a different effect from what yours would have. One of the most objectionable passages in Lord Lyttelton's book is, in my opinion, his apologizing for the *moderate* government of Augustus. A man who had exhausted tyranny in the most lawless and unjustifiable excesses is to be excused, because, out of weariness or policy, he grows less sanguinary at last!

There is a little book coming out, that will amuse you. It is a new edition of Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, full of anecdotes and historic notes. It is published by Mr. Hawkins[2], a very worthy gentleman in my neighbourhood, but who, I could wish, did not think angling so very *innocent* an amusement. We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for, in the middle of conversation, he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection

[2] John Hawkins (1719 – 1789), knighted in 1772; executor and biographer of Samuel Johnson, and author of a *History of Music*. He was Horace Walpole's neighbour at Twickenham.

to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities. Adieu!

695. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1760.

There is nothing in the world so tiresome as a person that always says they will come to one and never does; that is a mixture of promises and excuses; that loves one better than anybody, and yet will not stir a step to see one; that likes nothing but their own ways and own books, and that thinks the Thames is not as charming in one place as another, and that fancies Strawberry Hill is the only thing upon earth worth living for—all this *you* would say, even if I could make you peevish; but since you cannot be provoked, you see I am for you, and give myself my due. It puts me in mind of General Sutton[1], who was one day sitting by my father at his dressing. Sir Robert said to Jones, who was shaving him, 'John, you cut me'—presently afterwards, 'John, you cut me'—and again, with the same patience or *Conway-ence*, 'John, you cut me.' Sutton started up and cried, 'By God! if he can bear it, I can't; if you cut him once more, damn my blood if I don't knock you down!' My dear Harry, I will knock myself down—but I fear I shall cut you again. I wish you *sorrow* of the battle of Quebec. I thought as much of losing the duchies of Aquitaine and Normandy as Canada.

However, as my public feeling never carries me to any

Letter 695.—Collated with original in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

[1] Lieutenant-General Richard Sutton (d. 1737). He is several times mentioned as Brigadier in the *Journal to Stella*.

great lengths of reflection, I bound all my Quebecquian meditations to a little diversion on George Townshend's absurdities. The *Daily Advertiser* said yesterday, that a certain great officer who had a principal share in the reduction of Quebec had given it as his opinion, that it would hold out a tolerable siege. This great general has acquainted the public to-day in an advertisement with—what do you think?—not that he has such an opinion, for he has no opinion at all, and does not think that it can nor cannot hold out a siege,—but, in the first place, that he was *luckily* shown this paragraph, which, however, he does not like; in the next, that he is and is not that great general, and yet that there is nobody else that is; and, thirdly, lest his silence, till he can proceed in *another* manner with the printer (and indeed it is difficult to conceive what manner of *proceeding* silence is), should induce anybody to believe the said paragraph, he finds himself under a necessity of giving the public his honour, that there is no more truth in this paragraph than in some others which have tended to set the opinions of some general officers together by the ears—a thing, however inconceivable, which he has shown may be done, by the confusion he himself has made in the King's English. For his *another manner* with the printer, I am impatient to see how the charge will lie against Matthew Jenour, the publisher of the *Advertiser*, who, without having the fear of God before his eyes, has forcibly, violently, and maliciously, with an offensive weapon called a hearsay, and against the peace of our sovereign Lord the King, wickedly and traitorously assaulted the head of George Townshend, General, and accused it of having an opinion, and him, the said George Townshend, has slanderously and of malice prepense believed to be a great general; in short, to make Townshend easy, I wish, as he has no more contributed to the loss of Quebec than he did to the

conquest of it, that he was to be sent to sign this capitulation too!

There is a delightful little French book come out, called *Tant mieux pour elle*[2]. It is called Crébillon's, and I should think was so. I only borrowed it, and cannot get one; *tant pis pour vous.* By the way, I am not sure you did not mention it to me; somebody did.

Have you heard that Miss Pitt has dismissed Lord Buckingham? *Tant mieux pour lui.* She damns her eyes that she will marry some captain—*tant mieux pour elle.* I think the forlorn Earl should match Miss Ariadne Drury[3]: and by the time my Lord Halifax has had as many more children and sentiments by and for Miss Falkner[4], as he can contrive to have, probably Miss Pitt may be ready to be taken into keeping. Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. The Prince of Wales has been in the greatest anxiety for Lord Bute; to whom he professed to Duncombe[5] and Middleton, he has the greatest obligations; and when they pronounced their patient out of danger, his R. H. gave to each of them a gold medal of himself, as a mark of his sense of their care and attention.

696. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1760.

The devil is in people for fidgeting about! They can neither be quiet in their own houses, nor let others be at peace in theirs! Have not they enough of one another in

[2] By the Abbé de Voisenon.

[3] Anne (d. 1769), daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Drury, of Overstone, Northamptonshire She actually made the match recommended by Walpole, becoming in 1761 the first wife of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

[4] Mary Anne Faulkner, an actress at Drury Lane Theatre.

[5] Probably William Duncan (d. 1774), afterwards (1764) a Baronet, and Physician in Ordinary to the King.

winter, but they must cuddle in summer too? For your part, you are a very priest: the moment one repents, you are for turning it to account. I wish you was in camp—never will I pity you again. How did you complain when you was in Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and I don't know where, that you could never enjoy Park Place. Now you have a whole summer to yourself, and you are as *junkettaceous* as my Lady Northumberland. Pray, what horse-race do you go to next? For my part, I can't afford to lead such a life: I have Conway papers to sort; I have lives of the painters to write; I have my prints to paste, my house to build, and everything in the world to tell posterity.—How am I to find time for all this? I am past forty, and may not have above as many more years to live; and here I am to go here and to go there—well, I will meet you at Chalfont on Thursday; but I positively will stay but one night. I have settled with your brother that we will be at Oxford on the 13th of July, as Lord Beauchamp is only loose from the 12th to the 20th. I will be at Park Place on the 12th, and we will go together the next day. If this is too early for you, we may put it off to the 15th: determine by Thursday, and one of us will write to Lord Hertford.

Well! Quebec is come to life again. Last night I went to see the Holdernesses—who by the way are in raptures with Park—in Sion Lane. As Cibber[1] says of the Revolution, I met the raising of the siege; that is, I met my Lady in a triumphal car, drawn by a Manks horse thirteen little fingers high, with Lady Emily[2]:—

et sibi Countess
Ne placeat, ma'amselle curru portatur eodem—

Letter 696.—[1] See Cibber's *Apology*, ch. iii.

[2] Lady Amelia Darcy (1754–1784), only child of fourth Earl of Holdernesse, whom she succeeded as Baroness Conyers, 1778; m. 1. (1773) Francis Godolphin-Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen, from whom she was divorced in 1779; 2. (1779) John Byron.

Mr. Milbank was walking in ovation by himself after the car; and they were going to see the bonfire at the alehouse at the corner. The whole procession returned with me; and from the Countess's dressing-room, we saw a battery fired before the house, the mob crying, 'God bless the good news!'—These are all the particulars I know of the siege: my Lord would have showed me the journal, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches from the new Dutch stoves.

The rain is come indeed, and my grass is as green as grass; but all my hay has been cut and soaking this week, and I am too much in the fashion not to have given up gardening for farming; as next I suppose we shall farming, and turn graziers and hog-drivers.

I never heard of such a Semele as my Lady Stormont brought to bed in flames. I hope Miss Bacchus Murray[3] will not carry the resemblance through, and love drinking like a Pole. My Lady Lyttelton is at Mr. Garrick's, and they were to have breakfasted here this morning; but somehow or other they have changed their mind. Good night!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

697. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 4, late, 1760.

I am this minute returned from Chaffont, where I have been these two days. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Lyttelton, and Mrs. Shirley are there; and Lady Mary is going to add to the number again. The house and grounds are still in the same dislocated condition; in short, they

[3] Elizabeth Mary Murray, only daughter of seventh Viscount Stormont by his first wife; m. (1785) George Finch-Hatton, of Eastwell, Kent.

finish nothing but children; even Mr. Bentley's Gothic stable, which I call Houynhm Castle, is not rough-cast yet.

We went to see More Park[1], but I was not much struck with it, after all the miracles I had heard that Brown had performed there. He has undulated the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, that it is full as unnatural as if it was drawn with a rule and compasses. Nothing is done to the house; there are not even chairs in the great apartment. My Lord Anson is more slatternly than the Churchills, and does not even finish children.

I am going to write to Lord Beauchamp, that I shall be at Oxford on the 15th, where I depend upon meeting you. I design to see Blenheim, and Rousham[2] (is not that the name of Dormer's?), and Althrop, and Drayton[3], before I return—but don't be frightened, I don't propose to drag you to all or any of these, if you don't like it.

Mr. Bentley has sketched a very pretty Gothic room for Lord Holderness, and orders are gone to execute it directly in Yorkshire. The first draught was Mason's; but as he does not pretend to much skill, we were desired to correct it. I say *we*, for I chose the ornaments. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you be too: Gray is in their neighbourhood—my Lady Carlisle says *he is extremely like me in his manner.* They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day; Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my Lady, I believe so[4].'

Letter 697.—[1] In Hertfordshire.

[2] Sir Clement Cottrell-Dormer's seat in Oxfordshire.

[3] Lady Betty Germain's seat, near Thrapston in Northamptonshire.

[4] Gray wrote from Cambridge on Aug. 12: 'I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from

698. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 7, 1760.

I shall write you but a short letter myself, because I make your brother, who has this moment been here, write to-night with all the particulars relating to the machine. The ten guineas are included in the sixty; and the ship, which is not yet sailed, is insured. My dear child, don't think of making me any excuses about employing me; I owe you any trouble sure that I can possibly undertake, and do it most gladly; in this one instance I was sorry you had pitched upon me, because it was entirely out of my sphere, and I could not even judge whether I had served you well or not. I am here again waiting for Dagge, whom it is more difficult to see than a minister; he disappointed me last time, but writ to me afterwards that he would immediately settle the affair for poor Sophia.

Quebec, you know, is saved; but our German histories don't go on so well as our American. Fouquet[1] is beat, and has lost five out of twelve thousand men, after maintaining himself against thirty for seven hours—he is grievously wounded, but not prisoner. The Russians are pouring on—adieu the King of Prussia, unless Prince Ferdinand's battle, of which we have expected news for these four days, can turn the scale a little—we have settled

morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.'

Letter 698. — [1] Henri Auguste (d. 1775), Baron de la Motte Fouquet, defeated and taken prisoner on June 23. 1760, at Landshut in Silesia by Laudohn.

that he is so great a general, that you must not wonder if we expect that he should beat all the world in their turns.

There has been a woful fire at Portsmouth; they say occasioned by lightning; the shipping was saved, but vast quantities of stores are destroyed.

I shall be more easy about your nephew, since you don't adopt my idea; and yet I can't conceive with his gentle nature and your good sense but you would have sufficient authority over him. I don't know who your initials mean, Ld. F. and Sr. B. B.—it don't much signify, but consider by how many years I am removed from knowing the rising generation.

I shall some time hence trouble you for some patterns of brocadella of two or three colours: it is to furnish a round tower that I am adding, with a gallery, to my castle: the quantity I shall want will be pretty large; it is to be a bedchamber entirely hung, bed, and eight armchairs; the dimensions thirteen feet high, and twenty-two diameter. Your Bianco Capello is to be over the chimney. I shall scarce be ready to hang it these two years, because I move gently, and never begin till I have the money ready to pay, which don't come very fast, as it is always to be saved out of my income, subject, too, to twenty other whims and expenses. I only mention it now, that you may at your leisure look me out half a dozen patterns; and be so good as to let me know the prices. Stosch is not arrived yet as I have heard.

Well,—at last, Dagge is come, and tells me I may assure you positively that the money will be paid in two months from this time; he has been at Thistlethwait's[2], which is nineteen miles from town, and goes again this week to make him sign a paper, on which the parson[2] will pay the

[2] Brothers and heirs of Mr. Whithed, who had changed his name for an estate. *Walpole.*

money. I shall be happy when this is completed to your satisfaction, that is, when your goodness is rewarded by being successful; but till it is completed, with all Mr. Dagge's assurances, I shall not be easy, for those brothers are such creatures, that I shall always expect some delay or evasion, when they are to part with money. Adieu!

699. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 10, 1760.

I shall be very sorry if I don't see you at Oxford on Tuesday next; but what can I say if your Wetenhalls will break into my almanack, and take my very day, can I help it? I must own I shall be very glad if their coach-horse is laid up with the fashionable sore-throat and fever: can you recommend no coachman to them like Dr. Wilmot, who will dispatch it in three days? If I don't see you at Oxford, I don't think I shall at Greatworth till my return from the north, which will be about the 20th or 22nd of August. Drayton, be it known to you, is Lady Betty Germayn's, is in your own county, was the old mansion of the Mordaunts, and is crammed with whatever Sir John[1] could purloin from them and the Norfolks. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

700. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 19, 1760.

Mr. Conway, as I told you, was with me at Oxford, and I returned with him to Park Place, and to-day hither. I am sorry you could not come to us; we passed four days most

Letter 699.—Dated in C. July 20.

[1] Sir John Germain, first Baronet (1650–1718), who inherited Drayton from his first wife, Lady Mary Mordaunt (the divorced wife of sixth Duke of Norfolk), and left it to his second wife, Lady Elizabeth Germain, *née* Berkeley.

agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford; if King's College would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess Jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers. Though the weather has been so sultry, I ferreted from morning to night, fatigued that strong young lad, Lord Beauchamp, and harassed his tutors till they were forced to relieve one another. With all this, I found nothing worth seeing, except the colleges themselves, painted glass, and a couple of croziers. Oh, yes! in an old buttery at Christ Church I discovered two of the most glorious portraits by Holbein in the world. They call them Dutch heads. I took them down, washed them myself, and fetched out a thousand beauties. We went to Blenheim and saw all Vanbrugh's quarries, all the Acts of Parliament and gazettes on the Duke in inscriptions, and all the old flock chairs, wainscot tables, and gowns and petticoats of Queen Anne, that old Sarah could crowd amongst blocks of marble. It looks like the palace of an auctioneer, who has been chosen King of Poland, and furnished his apartments with obsolete trophies, rubbish that nobody bid for, and a dozen pictures, that he had stolen from the inventories of different families. The place is as ugly as the house, and the bridge, like the beggars at the old Duchess's gate, begs for a drop of water, and is refused.

We went to Ditchley[1], which is a good house, well furnished, has good portraits, a wretched *salon*, and one handsome scene behind the house. There are portraits of the Litchfield Hunt, in *true blue* frocks, with ermine capes. One of the colleges has executed this loyal pun, and made their east window entirely of blue glass. But the

Letter 700.—[1] Lord Lichfield's seat, near Charlbury in Oxfordshire.

greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing Sir Charles Cotterell's at Rousham; it has reinstated Kent with me; he has nowhere shown so much taste. The house is old, and was bad. He has improved it, stuck as close as *he* could to Gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable—the garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable; all the scenes are perfectly classic.—Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife [2], I think I should let King George send to Herenhausen for a Master of the Ceremonies.

Make many compliments to all your family for me; Lord Beauchamp was much obliged by your invitation. *I* shall certainly accept it as I return from the north; in the meantime, find out how Drayton and Althrop lie according to your scale. Adieu! Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

701. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1760.

I CAME to town to-day on purpose to see Stosch, who has been arrived some days; and to offer him all manner of civilities on your account—when indeed they can be of no use to him, for there is not a soul in town. There was a wild report last week of the plague being in St. Thomas's Hospital, and to be sure Stosch must believe there is some truth in it, for there is not a coach to be seen, the streets are new paving, and the houses new painting, just as it is always at this season. I told him if he had a mind to see London, he must go to Huntingdon races, Derby races, Stafford races, Warwick races—that is the fashionable route

[2] Jane, daughter of Charles Adelmare Cæsar. She married, secondly, General Parker.

this year—alas! I am going part of it; the Duchess of Grafton[1] and Loo are going to the Duke of Devonshire's, Lord Gower's, and Lord Hertford's; but I shall contrive to arrive after every race is over. Stosch delivered me the parcel safe, and I should have paid him for your Burgundy, but found company with him, and thought it not quite so civil to offer it at the first interview, lest it should make him be taken for a wine-merchant. He dines with me on Tuesday at Strawberry Hill, when I shall find an opportunity. He is going for a few days to Wanstead, and then for three months to a clergyman's in Yorkshire, to learn English. Apropos, you did not tell me why he comes; is it to sell his uncle's collection? Let me know before winter on what foot I must introduce him, for I would fain return a few of the thousand civilities you have showed at my recommendation.

The Hereditary Prince has been beaten[2], and has beaten, with the balance on his side; but though the armies are within a mile of one another, I don't think it clear there will be a battle, as we may lose much more than we can get. A defeat will cost Hanover and Hesse; a victory cannot be vast enough to leave us at liberty to assist the King of Prussia. He gave us a little transport the other day; outwitted Daun, and took his camp and magazines, and aimed at Dresden; but to-day the siege is raised. Daun sometimes misses himself, but never loses himself. It is not the fashion to admire him, but for my part, I should think it worth while to give the Empress a dozen Wolfes and Laudohns, to lay aside the cautious Marshal. Apropos to Wolfe, I cannot imagine what you mean by a design

LETTER 701.—[1] Anne Liddel, first wife of Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[2] On July 10 the Hereditary Prince was defeated at Corbach in Westphalia by the French under Broglio and St. Germain; on July 16 he defeated a body of Saxons and French near Ziegenhain in Hesse, and took their leader, General Glaubitz, prisoner.

executing at Rome for his tomb. The designs have been laid before my Lord Chamberlain several months; Wilton, Adam[3], Chambers[4], and others, all gave in their drawings immediately; and I think the Duke of Devonshire decided for the first. Do explain this to me, or get a positive explanation of it—and whether anybody is drawing for Adam or Chambers.

Mr. Chute and Mr. Bentley, to whom I showed your accounts of the Papa-Portuguese war[5], were infinitely diverted, as I was too, with it. The Portuguese, 'who will turn Jews not Protestants,' and the Pope's confession, 'which does more honour to his sincerity than to his infallibility,' are delightful. I will tell you who will neither turn Jew nor Protestant, nay, nor Methodist, which is much more in fashion than either—Monsieur Fuentes will not; he has given the Virgin Mary (who he fancies hates public places, because he never met her at one) his honour that he will never go to any more. What a charming sort of Spanish Ambassador! I wish they always sent us such—the worst they can do is to buy half a dozen converts.

My Lady Lincoln[6], who was ready to be brought to bed, is dead in three hours of convulsions. It has been a fatal year to great ladies: within this twelvemonth have gone off Lady Essex[7], Lady Besborough[8], Lady Granby[9], Lady

[3] Robert Adam (1728–1792).

[4] William Chambers (1726–1796), afterwards Knight of the Swedish Order of the Polar Star, architect and writer on architecture. His *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening* called forth Mason's *Heroic Epistle*, addressed to Chambers, but published anonymously.

[5] The Pope and the King of Portugal were at variance in consequence of the imprisonment and expulsion of the Portuguese Jesuits, who had taken part in the conspiracy against the King's life.

[6] Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, wife of Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

[7] Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. *Walpole.*

[8] Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[9] Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

Anson, and Lady Lincoln. My Lady Coventry[10] is still alive, sometimes at the point of death, sometimes recovering. They fixed the spring; now the autumn is to be critical for her.

I set out for my Lord Strafford's[11] to-morrow se'nnight, so shall not be able to send you any victory this fortnight.

General Clive is arrived all over estates and diamonds. If a beggar asks charity, he says, 'Friend, I have no small brilliants about me.'

I forgot to tell you that Stosch was to dine with General Guise[12]. The latter has notified to Christ Church, Oxford, that in his will he has given them his collection of pictures. Adieu!

702. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1760.

You will laugh, but I am ready to cry, when I tell you that I have no notion when I shall be able to wait on you. —Such a calamity!—My tower is not fallen down, nor Lady Fanny Shirley run away with another printer; nor has my Lady D—— insisted on living with me as halfway to Weybridge. Something more disgraceful than all these, and wofully mortifying for a young creature, who is at the same time in love with Lady Mary Coke, and following the Duchess of Grafton and Loo all over the kingdom. In short, my Lord, I have got the gout—yes, the gout in earnest. I was seized on Monday morning, suffered dismally all night, am now wrapped in flannels like the picture of

Walpole.—She was the eldest daughter by the second wife.

[10] The beautiful Maria Gunning. *Walpole.*

[11] William Wentworth, second Earl of Strafford. See an account of his seat at Wentworth Castle, in the *Essay on Modern Gardening*, at the end of the fourth volume of *Anecdotes of Painting in England.* *Walpole.*

[12] General Guise did leave his collection as he promised; but the University employing the son of Bonus, the cleaner of pictures, to repair them, he entirely repainted them, and as entirely spoiled them. *Walpole.*

a Morocco ambassador, and am carried to bed by two servants. You see virtue and leanness are no preservatives. I write this now to your Lordship, because I think it totally impossible that I should be able to set out the day after to-morrow, as I intended. The moment I can, I will; but this is a tyrant that will not let one name a day. All I know is, that it may abridge my other parties, but shall not my stay at Wentworth Castle. The Duke of Devonshire was so good as to ask me to be at Chatsworth yesterday, but I did not know it time enough. As it happens, I must have disappointed him. At present I look like Pam's father more than one of his subjects; only one of my legs appears:

The rest my parti-colour'd robe conceals[1].

Adieu! my dear Lord.

Yours most faithfully,
Hor. Walpole.

703. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1760.

I can give you but an unpleasant account of myself, I mean unpleasant for me; everybody else I suppose it will make laugh. Come, laugh at once! I am laid up with the gout, am an absolute cripple, am carried up to bed by two men, and could walk to China as soon as cross the room. In short, here is my history: I have been out of order this fortnight, without knowing what was the matter with me; pains in my head, sicknesses at my stomach, dispiritedness, and a return of the nightly fever I had in the winter. I concluded a northern journey would take all this off—but, behold! on Monday morning I was seized as I thought

Letter 702.—[1] 'The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.' (*Rape of the Locke*, iii. 58.)

with the cramp in my left foot; however, I walked about all day: towards evening it discovered itself by its true name, and that night I suffered a great deal. However, on Tuesday I was again able to go about the house; but since Tuesday I have not been able to stir, and am wrapped in flannels and swathed like Sir Paul Pliant[1] on his wedding-night. I expect to hear that there is a bet at Arthur's, which runs fastest, Jack Harris[2] or I. Nobody would believe me six years ago when I said I had the gout. They would do leanness and temperance honours to which they have not the least claim.

I don't yet give up my expedition; as my foot is much swelled, I trust this alderman distemper is going: I shall set out the instant I am able; but I much question whether it will be soon enough for me to get to Ragley by the time the clock strikes loo. I find I grow too old to make the circuit with the charming Duchess[3].

I did not tell you about German skirmishes, for I knew nothing of them: when two vast armies only scratch one another's faces, it gives me no attention. My gazette never contains above one or two casualties of foreign politics:—overlaid, one king; dead of convulsions, an electorate; burnt to death, Dresden.

I wish you joy of all your purchases; why, you sound as rich as if you had had the gout these ten years. I beg their pardon; but just at present, I am very glad not to be near the vivacity of either Missy or Peter[4]. I agree with you much about *The Minor*[5]: there are certainly parts and wit in it. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 703.—[1] A character in Congreve's *Double Dealer*.

[2] John Harris, of Hayne, in Devonshire, married to Mr. Conway's eldest sister. *Walpole.*

[3] Anne Liddell, Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[4] A favourite greyhound. *Walpole.*

[5] A comedy by Foote, recently produced at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

704. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1760.

In what part of the island you are just now, I don't know; flying about somewhere or other, I suppose—well, it is charming to be so young! Here am I, lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet—oh yes! gout in all the forms. Six years ago I had it, and nobody would believe me—now they may have proof—my legs are as big as your cousin Guilford's—and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday se'nnight; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights—however, I move about again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much; I am herald enough to approve it if descended genealogically—but it is an absolute upstart in me; and what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it—but thus it is; if I had had any gentlemanlike virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is, that everybody that ever knew anybody that had it, are so good as to come with advice, and direct me how to manage it—that is, how to continue to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory—I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, 'Friend, do your work as quick as you can.' They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach—but I will starve temperance itself—I will be virtuous indeed; that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire; I hope, however, to be at Ragley by the 20th, from whence I shall

still go to Lord Strafford's, and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this; direct it to Arlington Street, it will be sent after me. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. My tower erects its battlements bravely; my *Anecdotes of Painting* thrive exceedingly, thanks to the gout, that has pinned me to my chair; think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe!

705. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Whichnovre, Aug. 23, 1760.

Well, Madam, if I had known whither I was coming, I would not have come alone! Mr. Conway and your Ladyship should have come too. Do you know, this is the individual manor-house[1], where married ladies may have a flitch of bacon upon the easiest terms in the world? I should have expected that the owners would be ruined in satisfying the conditions of the obligation, and that the park would be stocked with hogs instead of deer. On the contrary, it is thirty years since the flitch was claimed, and Mr. Offley was never so *near* losing one as when you and Mr. Conway were at Ragley.

He so little expects the demand, that the flitch is only hung in effigie over the hall chimney, carved in wood. Are not you ashamed, Madam, never to have put in your claim? It is above a year and a day that you have been married, and I never once heard either of you mention a journey to Whichnovre. If you quarrelled at loo every night, you

Letter 705.—[1] Of Whichnovre, near Litchfield. *Walpole.*

could not quit your pretensions with more indifference. I had a great mind to take my oath, as one of your witnesses, that you neither of you would, if you were at liberty, prefer anybody else, *ne fairer ne fouler*, and I could easily get twenty persons to swear the same. Therefore, unless you will let the world be convinced, that all your apparent harmony is counterfeit, you must set out immediately for Mr. Offley's, or at least send me a letter of attorney to claim the flitch in your names; and I will send it up by the coach, to be left at the *Blue Boar*, or wherever you will have it delivered. But you had better come in person; you will see one of the prettiest spots in the world; it is a little paradise, and the more like the antique one, as, by all I have said, the married couple seems to be driven out of it. The house is very indifferent: behind is a pretty park; the situation, a brow of a hill commanding sweet meadows, through which the Trent serpentizes in numberless windings and branches. The spires of the cathedral of Lichfield are in front at a distance, with variety of other steeples, seats, and farms, and the horizon bounded by rich hills covered with blue woods. If you love a prospect, or bacon, you will certainly come hither.

Wentworth Castle, Sunday night.

I had writ thus far yesterday, but had no opportunity of sending my letter. I arrived here last night, and found only the Duke of Devonshire, who went to Hardwicke[2] this morning: they were down at the menagerie, and there was a clean little pullet, with which I thought his Grace looked as if he should be glad to eat a slice of Whichnovre bacon. We follow him to Chatsworth to-morrow, and make our entry to the public dinner, to the disagreeableness of which I fear even Lady Mary's company will not reconcile me.

[2] Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

My Gothic building, which my Lord Strafford has executed in the menagerie, has a charming effect. There are two bridges built besides; but the new front is very little advanced. Adieu, Madam!

Your most affectionate evidence,

HOR. WALPOLE.

706. To Sir Horace Mann.

Chatsworth[1], Aug. 28, 1760.

I AM a great way out of the world, and yet enough in the way of news to send you a good deal. I have been here but two or three days, and it has rained expresses. The most important intelligence I can give you is, that I was stopped from coming into the north for ten days by a fit of the gout in both feet, but as I have a tolerable quantity of resolution, I am now running about with the children and climbing hills—and I intend to have only just so much of this wholesome evil as shall carry me to a hundred. The next point of consequence is, that the Duke of Cumberland has had a stroke of the palsy. As his courage is at least equal to mine, he makes nothing of it; but being above an inch more in the girth than I am, he is not yet arrived at skipping about the house. In truth, his case is melancholy: the humours that have fallen upon the wound in his leg have kept him lately from all exercise; as he used much, and is so corpulent, this must have bad consequences. Can one but pity him? A hero, reduced by injustice to crowd all his fame into the supporting bodily ills, and to looking on the approach of a lingering death with fortitude, is a real object of compassion. How he must envy, what I am sure I don't, his cousin of Prussia risking his life every hour against Cossacks and Russians! Well! but this risker has

LETTER 706.—[1] Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire. *Walpole.*

scrambled another victory[2]: he has beat that pert pretender Laudohn—yet it looks to me as if he was but new gilding his coffin; the undertaker Daun will, I fear, still have the burying of him!

I received here your letter of the 9th, and am glad Dr. Perelli so far justifies Sisson as to disculpate me. I trust I shall execute Sophia's business better.

Stosch dined with me at Strawberry before I set out. He is a very rational creature. I return homewards to-morrow; my campaigns are never very long; I have great curiosity for seeing places, but I dispatch it soon, and am always impatient to be back with my own Woden and Thor, my own Gothic Lares. While the lords and ladies are at skittles, I just found a moment to write you a line. Adieu!

Arlington Street, Sept. 1.

I had no opportunity of sending my letter to the Secretary's office, so brought it myself. You will see in the *Gazette* another little victory of a Captain Byron[3] over a whole diminutive French squadron. Stosch has had a fever. He is now going to establish himself at Salisbury.

707. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1760.

I was disappointed at your not being at home as I returned from my expedition; and now I fear it must be another year before I see Greatworth, as I have two or three more engagements on my books for the residue of this season. I go next week to Lord Waldegrave, and afterwards to George Selwyn, and shall return by Bath, which

[2] On Aug. 15, 1760, at Liegnitz in Silesia.

[3] Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Hon. John Byron (1723–1786), second son of fourth Baron Byron. He had destroyed some French shipping and stores in Chaleur Bay, New Brunswick.

I have never yet seen. Will not you and the General come to Strawberry in October?

Thank you for your lamentations on my gout; it was, in proportion to my size, very slender—my feet are again as small as ever they were; when I had what I called *big shoes*, I could have danced a minuet on a silver penny.

My tour has been extremely agreeable. I set out with winning a good deal at loo at Ragley; the Duke of Grafton was not so successful, and had some high words with Pam. I went from thence to Offley's at Whichenovre, the individual manor of the flitch of bacon, which has been growing *rusty* for these thirty years in his hall. I don't wonder; I have no notion that one could keep in good humour with one's wife for a year and a day, unless one was to live on the very spot, which is one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. It is the brink of a high hill; the Trent wriggles through a lovely meadow at the foot; Litchfield and twenty other churches and mansions decorate the view. Mr. Anson[1] has bought an estate close by, whence my Lord used to cast many a wishful eye, though without the least pretensions even to a bit of lard.

I saw Litchfield cathedral, which has been rich, but my friend Lord Brook[2] and his soldiery treated poor St. Chadd with so little ceremony, that it is in a most naked condition. In a niche at the very summit they have crowded in a statue of Charles the Second, with a special pair of shoe-strings, big enough for a weathercock. As I went to Lord Strafford's I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation. There are two-and-twenty thousand inhabitants making knives and scissors; they remit 11,000*l.* a week to London. One man there has

Letter 707.—[1] Thomas Anson, of Shugborough, near Lichfield, elder brother of the Admiral.

[2] Robert Greville (1607–1643), second Baron Brooke, killed while directing an attack upon Lichfield Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Chad.

discovered the art of plating copper with silver—I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty. Lord Strafford has erected the little Gothic building, which I got Mr. Bentley to draw; I took the idea from Chichester Cross. It stands on a high bank in the menagerie, between a pond and a vale, totally bowered over with oaks. I went with the Straffords to Chatsworth, and stayed there four days; there was Lady Mary Coke, Lord Besborough and his daughters, Lord Thomond, Mr. Bonfoy, the Duke, the old Duchess[3], and two of his brothers—would you believe that nothing was ever better humoured than the ancient Grace? She stayed every evening, till it was dark, in the skittle-ground, keeping the score; and one night, that the servants had a ball for Lady Dorothy's[4] birthday, we fetched the fiddles into the drawing-room, and the Dowager herself danced with us!

I never was more disappointed than at Chatsworth, which, ever since I was born, I have condemned—it is a glorious situation; the vale rich in corn and verdure, vast woods hang down the hills, which are green to the top, and the immense rocks only serve to dignify the prospect. The river runs before the door, and serpentizes more than you can conceive in the next vale. The Duke is widening it, and will make it the middle of his park; but I don't approve an idea they are going to execute, of a fine bridge with statues under a noble cliff—if they will have a bridge (which by the way will crowd the scene), it should be composed of rude fragments, such as the giant of the Peak would place to step upon, that he might not be wet-shod. The expense of the works now carrying on will amount to 40,000*l.* A heavy quadrangle of stables

[3] Widow of the third Duke.

[4] Lady Dorothy Cavendish, only daughter of fourth Duke of Devonshire; m. (1766) William Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, third Duke of Portland; d. 1794.

is part of the plan, is very cumbrous, and standing higher than the house, is ready to overwhelm it. The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought plate. The inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me. The heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks, are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw. The great apartment is trist; painted ceilings, inlaid floors, and unpainted wainscot make every room sombre. The tapestries are fine, but not fine enough, and there are few portraits. The chapel is charming. The great *jet d'eau* I like, nor would I remove it—whatever is magnificent of the kind in the time it was done, I would retain—else all gardens and houses wear a tiresome resemblance—I except that absurdity of a cascade tumbling down marble steps, which reduces the steps to be of no use at all. I saw Haddon, an abandoned old castle of the Rutlands, in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling. The Duke sent Lord John[5] with me to Hardwicke, where I was again disappointed—but I will not take relations from others—they either don't see for themselves, or can't see for me. How I had been promised that I should be charmed with Hardwicke, and told that the Devonshires ought to have established themselves there! never was I less charmed in my life. The house is not Gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers, aye, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the Queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-chamber—the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-

[5] Lord John Cavendish.

usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids! is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for King David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is a state, with a long table, covered with a sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold—at least what was gold—so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing stag-hunting in miserable plastered relief. The next is her dressing-room, hung with patchwork on black velvet. Then her state bed-chamber—the bed has been rich beyond description, and now hangs in costly golden tatters. The hangings, part of which they say her Majesty worked, are composed of figures as large as life, sewed and embroidered on black velvet, white satin, &c., and represent the virtues that were necessary for her, or that she was forced to have, as Patience and Temperance, &c. The fire-screens are particular; pieces of yellow velvet, fringed with gold, hang on a cross-bar of wood, which is fixed on the top of a single stick, that rises from the foot. The only furniture which has any appearance of taste are the tables and cabinets, which are all of oak, richly carved. There is a private chamber within, where she lay, her arms and style over the door. The arras hangs over all the doors. The gallery is sixty yards long, covered with bad tapestry, and wretched pictures of Mary herself, Elizabeth in a gown of sea-monsters, Lord Darnley, James the Fifth and his Queen, curious, and a whole history of Kings of England, not worth sixpence apiece. There is an original of old Bess of Hardwicke herself, who built the house. Her estates were then reckoned at 60,000*l.* a year, and now let for 200,000*l.* Lord John Cavendish told me that the tradition in the family is, that it had been prophesied to her that she should never die as long as she was building, and that at last she died in

a hard frost, when the labourers could not work. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake—nothing else pleased me there. However, I was so diverted with this old beldame, and her magnificence, that I made this epitaph for her:

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,
And every time so well perform'd,
That when death spoil'd each husband's billing,
He left the widow every shilling.
Fond was the dame, but not dejected;
Five stately mansions she erected
With more than royal pomp, to vary
The prison of her captive Mary.

When Hardwicke's tow'rs shall bow their head,
Nor mass be more in Worksop said;
When Bolsover's[6] fair fame shall tend,
Like Oldcotes[7], to its mould'ring end;
When Chatsworth tastes no Candish bounties,
Let fame forget this costly countess.

As I returned, I saw Newstead[8] and Althorpe; I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched, with the ancient cistern of the convent, and their arms on it, a private chapel quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned; the present Lord[9] has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house. In recompense he has built two baby forts, to pay his country in castles for the damage done to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day!

[6] Near Chesterfield in Derbyshire.

[7] In Nottinghamshire, near Tickhill.

[8] Lord Byron's seat in Nottinghamshire.

[9] William Byron (1722–1798), fifth Baron Byron.

In the hall is a very good collection of pictures, all animals; the refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; the vaulted roof remaining—but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor! Althorpe has several very fine pictures by the best Italian hands, and a gallery of all one's acquaintance by Vandyke and Lely. I wonder you never saw it; it is but six miles from Northampton.

Well, good night; I have writ you such a volume, that you see I am forced to page it. The Duke has had a stroke of a palsy, but is quite recovered, except in some letters, which he cannot pronounce; and it is still visible in the contraction of one side of his mouth. My compliments to your family.

Yours ever,
H. W.

708. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 4, 1760.

You ordered me to tell you how I liked Hardwicke. To say the truth, not exceedingly. The bank of oaks over the ponds is fine, and the vast lawn behind the house: I saw nothing else that is superior to the common run of parks. For the house, it did not please me at all; there is no grace, no ornament, no Gothic in it. I was glad to see the style of furniture of that age; and my imagination helped me to like the apartment of the Queen of Scots. Had it been the château of a Duchess of Brunswick, on which they had exhausted the revenues of some centuries, I don't think I should have admired it at all. In short, Hardwicke disappointed me as much as Chatsworth surpassed my expectation. There is a richness and vivacity of prospect in the latter; in the former, nothing but triste grandeur.

Newstead delighted me. There is grace and Gothic

indeed—good chambers and a comfortable house. The monks formerly were the only sensible people that had really good mansions. I saw Althorpe too, and liked it very well: the pictures are fine. In the gallery I found myself quite at home; and surprised the housekeeper by my familiarity with the portraits.

I hope you have read Prince Ferdinand's thanksgiving[1], where he has made out a victory by the excess of his praises. I supped at Mr. Conway's t'other night with Miss West[2], and we diverted ourselves with the encomiums on her Colonel Johnston[3]. Lady Ailesbury told her that to be sure next winter she would burn nothing but laurel faggots. Don't you like Prince Ferdinand's being so tired with thanking, that at last he is forced to turn God over to be thanked by the officers?

In London there is a more cruel campaign than that waged by the Russians: the streets are a very picture of the murder of the innocents—one drives over nothing but poor dead dogs[4]! The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! Christ! how can anybody hurt them? Nobody could but those Cherokees the English, who desire no better than to be halloo'd to blood:—one day Admiral Byng, the next Lord George Sackville, and to-day the poor dogs!

I cannot help telling your lordship how I was diverted the night I returned hither. I was sitting with Mrs. Clive, her sister and brother, in the bench near the road at the end of her long walk. We heard a violent scolding: and looking out, saw a pretty woman standing by a high chaise,

LETTER 708.—[1] An acknowledgement of the 'good conduct and valour' of the troops which took part in the successful engagement at Ziegenhain on July 16, 1760. (See *Gent. Mag.*, 1760, p. 386.)

[2] Eldest daughter of John (afterwards) Earl of de la Warre. *Walpole.*

[3] The late General James Johnston. *Walpole.*—To whom she was married in 1763.

[4] In consequence of an outbreak of hydrophobia, orders for the destruction of dogs found in the streets of London had been issued by the magistrates and Common Council.

in which was a young fellow, and a coachman riding by. The damsel had lost her hat, her cap, her cloak, her temper, and her senses; and was more drunk and more angry than you can conceive. Whatever the young man had or had not done to her, she would not ride in the chaise with him, but stood cursing and swearing in the most outrageous style: and when she had vented all the oaths she could think of, she at last wished *perfidion* might seize him. You may imagine how we laughed.—The fair intoxicate turned round, and cried, 'I am laughed at!—Who is it? What, Mrs. Clive? Kitty Clive?—No: Kitty Clive would never behave so!' I wish you could have seen my neighbour's confusion. She certainly did not grow paler than ordinary. I laugh now while I repeat it to you.

I have told Mr. Bentley the great honour you have done him, my Lord. He is happy the temple succeeds to please you.

I am your Lordship's most faithful friend and servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

709. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19, 1760.

THANK you for your notice, though I should certainly have contrived to see you without it. Your brother promised he would come and dine here one day with you and Lord Beauchamp. I go to Navestock on Monday, for two or three days; but that will not exhaust your waiting[1]. I shall be in town on Sunday; but as that is a court-day, I will not—so don't propose it—dine with you at Kensington; but I will be with my Lady Hertford about six, where your brother and you will find me if you please.

LETTER 709.—[1] Mr. Conway was a Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, and then in waiting at Kensington. *Walpole.*

I cannot come to Kensington in the evening, for I have but one pair of horses in the world, and they will have to carry me to town in the morning.

I wonder the King expects a battle; when Prince Ferdinand can do as well without fighting, why should he fight? Can't he make the Hereditary Prince gallop into a mob of Frenchmen, and get a scratch on the nose; and Johnson straddle 'cross a river and come back with six heads of hussars in his fob, and then can't he thank all the world, and assure them he shall never forget the victory[2] they have not gained? These thanks are sent over: the *Gazette* swears that this no-success was chiefly owing to General Mostyn[3]; and the *Chronicle* protests, that it was achieved by my Lord Granby's losing his hat, which he never wears; and then his Lordship sends over for three hundred thousand pints of porter to drink his own health; and then Mr. Pitt determines to carry on the war for another year; and then the Duke of Newcastle hopes that we shall be beat, that he may lay the blame on Mr. Pitt, and that then he shall be minister for thirty years longer; and then we shall be the greatest nation in the universe. Amen! My dear Harry, you see how easy it is to be a hero. If you had but taken impudence and Oatlands in your way to Rochfort, it would not have signified whether you had taken Rochfort or not. Adieu! I don't know who Lady Ailesbury's Mr. Alexander is. If she curls like a vine with any Mr. Alexander but you, I hope my Lady Coventry will recover and be your Roxana.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Near Warburg in Westphalia, where on July 31, 1760, Prince Ferdinand had defeated the French reserves under the Chevalier de Muy—a victory largely due to the English cavalry under Granby and Mostyn.

[3] General John Mostyn (1710–1779), son of Sir Roger Mostyn, third Baronet; Governor of Minorca, 1768; Governor of Chelsea Hospital, 1768.

710. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2, 1760.

I announce my Lady Huntingtower[1] to you. I hope you will approve the match a little more than I suppose my Lord Dysart[2] will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece Charlotte at St. James's Church.

The moment my Lord Dysart is dead, I will carry you to see Ham House[3]; it is pleasant to call cousins with a charming prospect over against one. Now you want to know the detail; there was none. It is not the style of our court to have long negotiations: we don't fatigue the town with exhibiting the betrothed for six months together in public places. *Vidit, venit, vicit*; the young Lord has liked her some time; on Saturday se'nnight he came to my brother, and made his demand. The Princess did not know him by sight, and did not dislike him when she did; she consented, and they were to be married this morning. My Lord Dysart is such a brute that nobody will feel for him; he has kept his son till six-and-twenty, and would never make the least settlement on him: 'Sure,' said the young man, 'if he will do nothing for me, I may please myself; he cannot hinder me of ten thousand pounds a year, and sixty thousands that are in the funds, all entailed on me'—a reversion one does not wonder the bride did not refuse, as there is present possession too of a very handsome person, the only thing his father has ever given him. His

Letter 710.—[1] Charlotte (d. 1789), third daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K.B.; m. (Oct. 2, 1760) Lionel Tollemache, styled Lord Huntingtower, who succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Dysart in 1770.

[2] Lionel Tollemache (1707–1770), fourth Earl of Dysart.

[3] Lord Dysart's seat at Richmond.

grandfather, Lord Granville, has always told him to choose a gentlewoman, and please himself—yet I should think the ladies Tweedale and Cowper[4] would cackle a little.

I wish you could have come here this October for more reasons than one. The Teddingtonian history is grown wofully bad. Marc Antony[5], though no boy, persists in losing the world two or three times over for every gipsy that he takes for a Cleopatra. I have laughed, been cool, scolded, represented, begged, and at last spoken very roundly—all with equal success—at present we do not meet—I must convince him of ill usage, before I can make good usage of any service to him. All I have done is forgot, because I will not be enamoured of Hannah Cleopatra too. You shall know the whole history when I see you; you may trust me for still being kind to him; but that he must not as yet suspect. They are bent on going to London, that she may visit and be visited, while he puts on his red velvet and ermine, and goes about begging in robes!

Poor Mr. Chute has had another very severe fit of the gout; I left him in bed, but by not hearing he is worse, trust on Saturday to find him mended. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I have kept a copy of my last memorial, which you, who know all the circumstances, will not think a whit too harsh.

711. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 5, 1760.

I am afraid you will turn me off from being your gazetteer. Do you know that I came to town to-day by

[4] Aunts of Lord Huntingtower.

[5] Richard Bentley, whose friendship with Walpole came to an end in consequence of this quarrel.

accident, and was here four hours before I heard that Montreal[1] was taken? The express came early this morning. I am so posthumous in my intelligence, that you must not expect any intelligence from me—but the same post that brings you this, will convey the extraordinary *Gazette*, which of late is become the register of the Temple of Fame. All I know is, that the bonfires and squibs are drinking General Amherst's health.

Within these two days Fame and the *Gazette* have laid another egg; I wish they may hatch it themselves! but it is one of that unlucky hue which has so often been addled: in short, behold another secret expedition[2]. It was notified on Friday, and departs in a fortnight. Lord Albemarle[3], it is believed, will command it. One is sure at least that it cannot be to America, for we have taken it *all*. The conquest of Montreal may perhaps serve in full of all accounts, as I suspect a little that this new plan was designed to amuse the City of London at the beginning of the session, who would not like to have wasted so many millions on this campaign, without any destruction of friend or foe. Now, a secret expedition may at least furnish a court-martial, and the citizens love persecution even better than their money. A general or an admiral to be mobbed either by their applause or their hisses, is all they desire.—Poor Lord Albemarle!

The charming Countess[4] is dead at last; and as if the whole history of both sisters was to be extraordinary, the Duchess of Hamilton[5] is in a consumption too, and going

LETTER 711.—[1] Montreal surrendered to the united forces of Amherst, Murray, and Haviland, on Sept. 8, 1760.

[2] This force was first designed for an attack on Mauritius and Réunion, then for an attempt on Belleisle, but owing to the death of George II, and other circumstances, it was eventually countermanded.

[3] George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle. *Walpole.*

[4] Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry. *Walpole.*

[5] Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, and afterwards of Argyll. *Walpo'e.*

abroad directly. Perhaps you may see the remains of these prodigies, you will see but little remains; her features were never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's, and she has long been changed, though not yet I think above six-and-twenty. The other was but twenty-seven.

As all great ladies are mortal this year, my family is forced to recruit the peerage. My brother's last daughter is married; and, as Biddy Tipkin[6] says, though their story is too short for a romance, it will make a very pretty novel —nay, it is almost brief enough for a play, and very near comes within one of the unities, the space of four-and-twenty hours. There is in the world, particularly in my world, for he lives directly over against me across the water, a strange brute called Earl of Dysart[7]. Don't be frightened, it is not he. His son, Lord Huntingtower, to whom he gives but four hundred pounds a year, is a comely young gentleman of twenty-six, who has often had thoughts of trying whether his father would not like grandchildren better than his own children, as sometimes people have more grandtenderness than paternal. All the answer he could ever get was, that the Earl could not afford, as he has five younger children, to make any settlement, but he offered, as a proof of his inability and kindness, to lend his son a large sum of money at low interest. This indigent usurer has thirteen thousand pounds a year, and sixty thousand pounds in the funds. The money and ten of the thirteen thousand in land are entailed on Lord Huntingtower. The young Lord, it seems, has been in love with Charlotte for some months, but thought so little of inflaming her, that yesterday fortnight she did not know him by sight. On that day he came and proposed himself to my

[6] In Steele's *Tender Husband*. *Walpole.*

[7] Lionel Talmache, Earl of Dysart, lived at Ham House, over against Twickenham. *Walpole.*

brother, who with much surprise heard his story, but excused himself from giving an answer. He said he would never force the inclinations of his children; he did not believe his daughter had any engagement or attachment, but she might have: he would send for her and know her mind. She was at her sister Waldegrave's, to whom, on receiving the notification, she said, very sensibly, 'If I was but nineteen, I would refuse point-blank; I do not like to be married in a week to a man I never saw. But I am two-and-twenty; some people say I am handsome, some say I am not; I believe the truth is, I am likely to be large and to go off soon—it is dangerous to refuse so great a match.' Take notice of the *married in a week*; the love that was so many months in ripening, could not stay above a week. She came and saw this impetuous lover, and I believe was glad she had not refused point-blank—for they were married last Thursday. I tremble a little for the poor girl; not to mention the oddness of the father, and twenty disagreeable things that may be in the young man, who has been kept and lived entirely out of the world; he takes her fortune, ten thousand pounds, and cannot settle another shilling upon her till his father dies, and then promises only a thousand a year. Would one venture one's happiness and one's whole fortune for the chance of being Lady Dysart?—if Lord Huntingtower dies before his father, she will not have sixpence. Sure my brother has risked too much!

Stosch, who is settled at Salisbury, has writ to me to recommend him to somebody or other as a travelling governor or companion. I would if I knew anybody; but who travels now? He says you have notified his intention to me—so far from it, I have not heard from you this age: I never was so long without a letter—but you don't take Montreals and Canadas every now and then. You repose like the

warriors in Germany—at least I hope so—I trust no ill health has occasioned your silence. Adieu!

712. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1760.

If you should see in the newspapers, that I have offered to raise a regiment at Twickenham, am going with the expedition, and have actually kissed hands, don't believe it—though I own, the two first would not be more surprising than the last. I will tell you how the calamity befell me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my *Anecdotes of Painting*: I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, 'Not at home;' but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up, 'Sir, the Prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit!' There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum vatem aspicict*—and down I went to receive him—him was the Duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good-humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He stayed two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I showed him all my castle, the pictures of the Pretender's sons, and that type of the Reformation, Harry the Eighth's *measure*, moulded into a weight to the clock he gave Anne Boleyn—but observe my luck; he would have the *sanctum sanctorum* in the library opened: about a month ago I removed the MSS.[1] into another place—

Letter 712.—[1] Probably the MS. of the *Memoirs*.

all this is very well; but now for the consequences; what was I to do next? I have not been in a court these ten years; consequently have never kissed hands in the next reign. Could I let a Duke of York visit me, and never go to thank him? I know, if I was a great poet, I might be so brutal, and tell the world in rhyme that rudeness is virtue; or, if I was a Patriot, I might, after laughing at kings and princes for twenty years, catch at the first opening of favour and beg a place. In truth, I can do neither; yet I could not be shocking; I determined to go to Leicester House, and comforted myself that it was not much less meritorious to go there for nothing, than to stay quite away. Yet I believe I must make a pilgrimage to Saint Liberty of Geneva, before I am perfectly purified, especially as I am dipped even at St. James's. Lord Hertford, at my request, begged my Lady Yarmouth to get an order for my Lady Hervey to go through the park, and the Countess said so many civil things about me and my suit, and granted it so expeditiously, that I shall be forced to visit her, even before she lives here next door to my Lady Suffolk. My servants are transported; Harry expects to see me first minister like my father, and reckons upon a place in the Custom House. Louis, who drinks like a German, thinks himself qualified for a Page of the Back Stairs—but these are not all my troubles. As I never dress in summer, I had nothing upon earth but a frock, unless I went in black, like a poet, and pretended that a cousin was dead, one of the Muses. Then I was in panics lest I should call my Lord Bute, 'your Royal Highness.' I was not indeed in much pain at the conjectures the Duke of Newcastle would make on such an apparition, even if he should suspect that a new opposition was on foot, and that I was to write some letters to the Whigs[2].

[2] Horace Walpole had written *Letters to the Whigs* in the years 1747 and 1748.

Well! but after all, do you know that my calamity has not befallen me yet? I could not determine to bounce over head and ears into the Drawing-room at once, without one soul knowing why I came thither. I went to London on Saturday night, and Lord Hertford was to carry me the next morning; in the meantime I wrote to Morrison, explaining my gratitude to one brother, and my unacquaintance with t'other, and how afraid I was that it would be thought officious and forward if I was presented now, and begging he would advise me what to do, and all this upon my bended knee, as if Schutz had stood over me, and dictated every syllable. The answer was by order from the Duke of York, that he smiled at my distress, wished to put me to no inconvenience, but desired, that as the acquaintance had begun without restraint, it might continue without ceremony—now I was in more perplexity than ever! I could not go directly, and yet it was not fit it should be said I thought it an *inconvenience* to wait on the Prince of Wales. At present it is decided by a jury of court matrons, that is, courtiers, that I must write to my Lord Bute and explain the whole, and why I desire to come now—don't fear; I will take care they shall understand how little I come for. In the meantime, you see it is my fault if I am not a favourite—but, alas! I am not heavy enough to be tossed in a blanket, like Dodington; I should never come down again; I cannot be driven in a royal curricle to wells and waters; I can't make love now to my cotemporary Charlotte Dives; I cannot quit Mufti and my perroquet for Sir William Irby[3] and the prattle of a Drawing-room, nor Mrs. Clive for Ælia Lælia Chudleigh;—in short, I could give up nothing but an earldom of Eglington—and yet I foresee, that this phantom of the reversion of a reversion will make me plagued;

[3] Vice-Chamberlain to the Princess Dowager of Wales.

I shall have Lord Egmont whisper me again; and every tall woman and strong man that comes to town will make interest with me to get the Duke of York to come and see them. Oh! dreadful, dreadful! It is plain I never was a Patriot, for I don't find my virtue a bit staggered by this first glimpse of court sunshine.

Mr. Conway has pressed to command the new Quixotism on foot, and has been refused; I sing a very comfortable *Te Deum* for it. Kingsley[4], Crauford, and Keppel are the generals, and Commodore Keppel the admiral. The mob are sure of being pleased; they will get a conquest, or a court-martial. A very unpleasant thing has happened to the Keppels; the youngest brother, who had run in debt at Gibraltar, and was fetched away to be sent to Germany, gave them the slip at the first port they touched at in Spain, surrendered himself to the Spanish governor, has changed his religion, and sent for a whore, that had been taken from him at Gibraltar—*naturam expellas furcâ*—there's the true blood of Charles the Second sacrificing everything for popery and a bunter!

Lord Bolinbroke, on hearing the name of Lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room, not to hide his crying, but his not crying.

Draper[5] has handsomely offered to go on the expedition, and goes. Ned Finch t'other day on the conquest of Montreal, wished the King joy of having lost no subjects, but those that perished in the *rabbits*. Fitzroy asked him if he thought they crossed the great American lakes in such

[4] Lieutenant-General William Kingsley (d. 1769).

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel William Draper (1721–1787), afterwards Lieutenant-General and K.B. He commanded at the capture of Manilla in 1762, and became Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca in 1779. In the latter capacity he quarrelled with General Murray, the Governor. After the capture of the island by the French in 1782, Murray was tried by court-martial on charges brought by Draper, but was acquitted on all but two trivial points, and Draper's conduct was severely censured by George III.

little boats as one goes in to Vauxhall? He replied, 'Yes, Mr. Pitt said the *rabbits*'—it was in the falls, the *rapids*.

I like Lord John[6] almost as well as Fred Montagu; and I like your letter better than Lord John: the application of Miss Falkener was charming. Good night.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. If I had been told in June, that I should have the gout, and kiss hands before November, I don't think I should have given much credit to the prophet.

713. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1760.
I tell a lie, I am at Mr. Chute's.

Was ever so agreeable a man as King George the Second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from a ridicule? I was to have kissed hands to-morrow—but you will not care a farthing about that now—so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night; rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven, he went into the water-closet—the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise louder than royal wind, listened, heard something like a groan, ran in, and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau—he tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the Prince. I know not a syllable more, but am come to see and hear as much as I can. I fear you *will cry and roar all night*, but one could not

[6] Lord John Cavendish.

keep it from you. For my part, like a new courtier, I comfort myself, *considering what a gracious Prince comes next*[1]. Behold my luck; I wrote to Lord Bute, thrust in all the *unexpecteds, want of ambition, disinteresteds,* &c. that I could amass, gilded with as much duty, affection, zeal, &c. as possible. I received a very gracious and sensible answer, and was to have been presented to-morrow, and the talk of the few people that are in town for a week. Now I shall be lost in the crowd, shall be as well there as I desire to be, have done what was right, they know I want nothing, may be civil to me very cheaply, and I can go and see the puppet-show for this next month at my ease—but perhaps you will think all this a piece of art—to be sure, I have timed my court as luckily as possible, and contrived to be the last person in England that made interest with the successor—you see virtue and philosophy always prove to know the world and their own interest—however, I am not so abandoned a Patriot yet, as to desert my friends immediately—you shall hear now and then the events of this new reign—if I am not made Secretary of State—if I am, I shall certainly take care—to let you know it.

I had really begun to think that the lawyers for once talked sense, when they said the *King never dies.* He probably got his death, as he had liked to have done two years ago, by viewing the troops for the expedition from the wall of Kensington Garden. My Lady Suffolk told me about a month ago that he had often told her, speaking of the dampness of Kensington, that he would never die there. For my part, my man Harry will always be a favourite—he tells me all the amusing news; he first told me of the late Prince of Wales's death, and to-day of the King's.

Letter 713.—[1] 'Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.' (Pope, *Dialogue* I, 108.)

Thank you, Mr. Chute is as well as can be expected—in this national affliction. Sir Robert Brown[2] has left everything to my Lady, aye, everything, I believe, his very avarice.

Lord Huntingtower wrote to offer his father 8,000*l.* of Charlotte's fortune, if he would give them 1,000*l.* a year in present, and settle a jointure on her. The Earl returned this truly laconic, for being so unnatural, an answer: 'Lord Huntingtower, I answer your letter as soon as I receive it: I wish you joy: I hear your wife is very accomplished. Yours, Dysart.' I believe my Lady Huntingtower must contrive to make it convenient for *me*, that my Lord Dysart should die—and then he will. I expect to be a very respectable personage in time, and to have my tomb set forth, like the Lady Margaret Douglas's[3], that I had four earls to my nephews, though I never was one myself—Adieu! I must go govern the nation.

Yours ever,
H. W.

714. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1760.

I beg your pardon for so long a silence in the late reign; I knew nothing worth telling you; and the great event of this morning you will certainly hear before it comes to you by so sober and regular a personage as the postman. The few circumstances known yet are, that the King went

2 Sometime Consul at Venice. He died on Oct. 5, 1760.

3 Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, daughter of Margaret Tudor, Queen Dowager of Scotland, by her second husband, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus. She died in 1577, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. A 'golden heart set with jewels, and ornamented with emblematic figures enamelled, and Scottish mottos; made by order of the Lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry, Lord Darnley, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox and Regent of Scotland, murdered by the Papists,' was formerly in possession of Horace Walpole, and is now in the collection of his Majesty.

well to bed last night; rose well at six this morning; went to the water-closet a little after seven; had a fit, fell against a bureau, and gashed his right temple: the *valet de chambre* heard a noise and a groan, and ran in: the King tried to speak, but died instantly. I should hope this would draw you southward: such scenes are worth looking at, even by people who regard them with such indifference as your Lordship or I. I say no more, for what will mix in a letter with the death of a king!

I am my Lady's and your Lordship's most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

715. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Tuesday, Oct. 28 [1760].

THE day after I had writ to you last, I perceived that I had misdated my letter the 26th instead of the 25th, and that instead of the water-closet I should have said coming from the water-closet. In the relation of the death of a king these are important circumstances; pray correct them—Harry would call me an historian of no veracity[1].

The new reign dates with great propriety and decency. The civilest letter to Princess Emily, the greatest kindness to the Duke; the utmost respect to the dead body. No changes to be made but those absolutely necessary, as the Household, &c., and what some will think the most unnecessary, in the representative of power. There are but two new cabinet counsellors named, the Duke of York and Lord Bute, so it must be one of them. The Princess does not remove to St. James's, so I don't believe it will be she. To-day England kissed hands; so did I, and it is more comfortable to kiss hands with all England, than

LETTER 715.—[1] This paragraph is almost obliterated with ink in the original, by a later hand.

to have all England ask why one kisses hands—well! my virtue is safe; I had a gracious reception, and yet I am almost as impatient to return to Strawberry, as I was to leave it on the news. There is great dignity and grace in the King's manner—I don't say this, like my dear Madame de Sévigné, because he was civil to me[2]; but the part is well acted. If they do as well behind the scenes, as upon the stage, it will be a very complete reign. Hollingshed or Baker would think it begins well, that is, begins ill; it has rained without intermission, and yesterday there came a cargo of bad news, all which, you know, are similar omens to a man who writes history upon the information of the clouds. Berlin is taken by the Russians[3]; the Hereditary Prince beaten by the French[4]. Poor Lord Downe has three wounds. He and your brother's Billy Pitt[5] are prisoners. Johnny Waldegrave was shot through the hat and through the coat, and would have been shot through the body, if he had had any. Irish Johnson is wounded in the hand, Ned Harvey[6] somewhere, and Prince Ferdinand mortally in his reputation, for sending this wild detachment. Mr. Pitt has another reign to set to rights. The Duke of Cumberland has taken Lord Sandwich's in Pall Mall; Lord Chesterfield has offered his house to Princess Emily—and if they live at Hampton Court, as I suppose this court will, I may as well offer Strawberry for a royal nursery, for at best it will become a cakehouse; 'tis such a convenient airing for the Maids of Honour! If I was not forced in

[2] Having been treated with extreme graciousness on going to court at Versailles, she wrote, 'Le roi est le plus grand roi du monde.'

[3] The allied Austrian and Russian armies occupied Berlin from Oct. 9–13, 1760.

[4] At Kloster Kampen, in Rhenish Prussia, where on Oct. 16, 1760, a detachment under the Hereditary Prince was defeated in an attempt to surprise the French under De Castries.

[5] Lieutenant-Colonel William Augustus Pitt (1728–1809), fourth son of George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, Hampshire, and brother of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers; K.B., 1792; General, 1793; Governor of Portsmouth, 1794–1809.

[6] Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Harvey.

conscience to own to you that my own curiosity is exhausted, I would ask you, if you would not come and look at this new world;—but a new world only reacted by old players is not much worth seeing; I shall return on Saturday. The Parliament is prorogued till the day it was to have met; the will is not opened—what can I tell you more? Would it be news that all is hopes and fears, and that great lords look as if they dreaded wanting bread? Would this be news? believe me, it all grows stale soon—I had not seen such a sight these three-and-thirty years: I came eagerly to town; I laughed for three days, I am tired already. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I smiled to myself last night. Out of excess of attention, which costs me nothing, when I mean it should cost nobody else anything, I went last night to Kensington to inquire after Princess Emily and Lady Yarmouth: nobody knew me; they asked my name—when they heard it, they did not seem ever to have heard it before, even in that house. I waited half an hour in a lodge with a footman of Lady Yarmouth's; I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago—now it only diverted me. Even moralizing is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time; but I pity those who don't moralize till they cry!

716. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 28, 1760.

The deaths of kings travel so much faster than any post, that I cannot expect to tell you news, when I say your old master is dead. But I can pretty well tell you what I like best to be able to say to you on this occasion, that

you are in no danger. Change will scarce reach to Florence when its hand is checked even in the capital. But I will move a little regularly, and then you will form your judgement more easily.

This is Tuesday; on Friday night the King went to bed in perfect health, and rose so the next morning at his usual hour of six; he called for and drank his chocolate. At seven, for everything with him was exact and periodic, he went into the closet to dismiss his chocolate. Coming from thence, his *valet de chambre* heard a noise; waited a moment, and heard something like a groan. He ran in, and in a small room between the closet and bedchamber he found the King on the floor, who had cut the right side of his face against the edge of a bureau, and who after a gasp expired. Lady Yarmouth was called, and sent for Princess Amelia; but they only told the latter that the King was ill and wanted her. She had been confined some days with a rheumatism, but hurried down, ran into the room without farther notice, and saw her father extended on the bed. She is very purblind, and more than a little deaf. They had not closed his eyes; she bent down close to his face, and concluded he spoke to her, though she could not hear him—guess what a shock when she found the truth. She wrote to the Prince of Wales—but so had one of the *valets de chambre* first. He came to town, and saw the Duke and the Privy Council. He was extremely kind to the first—and in general has behaved with the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency. He read his speech to the Council with much grace, and dismissed the guards on himself to wait on his grandfather's body. It is intimated that he means to employ the same ministers, but with reserve to himself of more authority than has lately been in fashion. The Duke of York and Lord Bute are named of the cabinet council. The late King's will is not yet opened. To-day

everybody kissed hands at Leicester House, and this week, I believe, the King will go to St. James's. The body has been opened; the great ventricle of the heart had burst. What an enviable death! In the greatest period of the glory of this country, and of his reign, in perfect tranquillity at home, at seventy-seven, growing blind and deaf, to die without a pang, before any reverse of fortune, or any distasted peace, nay, but two days before a ship-load of bad news: could he have chosen such another moment? The news is bad indeed! Berlin taken by capitulation, and yet the Austrians behaved so savagely that even Russians felt delicacy, were shocked, and checked them! Nearer home, the Hereditary Prince has been much beaten by Monsieur de Castries[1], and forced to raise the siege of Wesel, whither Prince Ferdinand had sent him most unadvisedly: we have scarce an officer unwounded. The secret expedition will now, I conclude, sail, to give an *éclat* to the new reign. Lord Albemarle does not command it, as I told you, nor Mr. Conway, though both applied.

Nothing is settled about the Parliament; not even the necessary changes in the Household. Committees of council are regulating the mourning and the funeral. The town, which between armies, militia, and approaching elections, was likely to be a desert all the winter, is filled in a minute, but everything is in the deepest tranquillity. People stare; the only expression. The moment anything is declared, one shall not perceive the novelty of the reign. A nation without parties is soon a nation without curiosity. You may now judge how little your situation is likely to be affected. I finish; I think I feel ashamed of tapping the events of a new reign, of which probably I shall not see half. If I was not unwilling to balk your curiosity,

LETTER 716. — [1] Charles Eugène Gabriel de la Croix (1727–1801), Marquis de Castries; Maréchal de France, 1783.

I should break my pen, as the great officers do their white wands, over the grave of the old King. Adieu!

P.S. I think this will be a lucky event for the sale of Stosch's cabinet.

717. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 31, 1760.

When you have changed the cipher of George the Second into that of George the Third, and have read the addresses, and have shifted a few Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber, you are master of the history of the new reign, which is indeed but a new lease of the old one. The *favourite*[1] took it up in a high style, but having, like my Lord Granville, forgot to ensure either House of Parliament, or the mob, the third House of Parliament, he drove all the rest to unite. They have united, and have notified their resolution of governing as before. Not but the Duke of Newcastle cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted everybody whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day, thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years' growth.

The young King has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions. He has shown neither inveteracy nor malice—in short we must have gained—he cannot be so unfeeling, so avaricious, or so German as his grandfather.

Even the Household is not settled yet. The greatest difficulty is the Master of the Horse[2]. Lord Huntingdon

Letter 717.—[1] Lord Bute.
[2] Lord Huntingdon became Master of the Horse.

is so by all precedent. Lord Gower, I believe, will be so, by that liberty of unreasonableness which the Duke of Bedford assumes, as heir of my Lord Russel. Poor Lord Rochford[3] is undone: nobody is unreasonable to save him.

The Duke of Cumberland has taken Schomberg House in Pall Mall; Princess Emily is dealing for Sir Richard Lyttelton's in Cavendish Square. People imagined the Duke of Devonshire had lent her Burlington House; I don't know why, unless they supposed that she was to succeed my Lady Burlington in *everything*.

A week has finished my curiosity fully; I return to Strawberry to-morrow; and I fear go next week to Houghton, to make an appearance of civility to Lynn, whose favour I never asked, nor care if I have or not; but I don't know how to refuse this attention to my Lord Orford, who begs it.

I trust you will have approved my behaviour at court, that is, my mixing extreme politeness with extreme indifference. Our predecessors, the philosophers of ancient days, knew not how to be disinterested without brutality; I pique myself on founding a new sect. My followers are to tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and to despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it. We are a thousand times a greater nation than the Grecians; why are we to imitate them? Our sense is as great, our follies greater; sure we have all the pretensions to superiority! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. As to the fair widow Brown, I assure you the devil never sowed 200,000*l.* in a more fruitful soil: every guinea has taken root already. I saw her yesterday: it shall be some time before I see her again.

[3] He had been Groom of the Stole to George II.

718. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1760.

As I suppose your curiosity about the new reign is not lessened by being at such a distance, I am, you see, prompt in satisfying it, and I can do it in few words. It set out with great show of alteration; it soon settled into the old channel. The favourite appeared sole minister for a day or two. The old ministers agreed to continue as they were; and though the Duke of Newcastle attempted to pretend to have a mind of retiring, he soon recollected that he had no such inclination. Mr. Pitt on Thursday acquainted the King that he was content to manage the war, and wished to act in other things as he had done under the Duke of Newcastle in the late reign: the City have expressed the same advice; the Duke signified his acquiescence yesterday: and thus only the superficies of the Drawing-room is altered, not the government. The Household will probably not be settled till after the burial. The young King, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indication imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall, and full of dignity; his countenance florid and good-natured; his manner is graceful and obliging: he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody; at most, coldness. To the Duke of Cumberland he has shown even a delicacy of attention. He told him he intended to introduce a new custom into his family, that of living well with all his family; and he would not permit anybody but the Princess to be named in the prayers, because the Duke of Cumberland must have been put back for the Duke of York. This is a nature that your own is suited to represent; you will now act in character.

I will tell you something,—the King loves medals; if you ever meet with anything very curious in that way, I should think you would make your court agreeably by sending it to him. I imagine his taste goes to antiques too, perhaps to pictures, but that I have not heard. If you learn that any purchases may be made in either kind, and that are beyond your own purse, you may acquaint him through the Secretary of State. I should like to have you make yourself necessary to him in his pleasures, as they are so reputable.

The Lord Mayor laid the first stone of the new bridge[1] yesterday. There is an inscription on it in honour of Mr. Pitt, which has a very Roman air, though very unclassically expressed[2]; they talk of the contagion of his public spirit. I believe they had not got rid of their panic about mad dogs.

The King's will was opened last night. He has given fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Princess Amelie, and the Princess of Hesse[3]. The Duke, it is said, has relinquished his share. The interest of the whole is to be paid to the two Princesses for their lives, and the survivor is to have the principal. A strong box, containing about ten thousand pounds, is left to Lady Yarmouth. But there is besides an unrevoked deed, dated soon after the battle of Culloden, by which he has given the greatest part of his jewels, which are very fine, to the Duke, and about an hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Unluckily, the chief part of this sum is upon mortgages in Germany; consequently, German and French armies are executors. What more was laid out thus, or remains, I know not—I cannot believe in this apparent poverty. It is pretended

LETTER 718.—[1] Blackfriars Bridge. [2] The inscription was exceedingly ridiculed, particularly in a pamphlet written on purpose. *Walpole.*—For the inscription, see *Ann. Reg.* 1760, p. 143. [3] Mary, the King's fourth daughter. *Walpole.*

that the present war exhausted all his savings[4]; I was going to say, *credat Judæus*—but a Jew is the last man alive who would believe so.

I have just received yours of October 20, and thank you for supplying my seeming defect about Mr. Morris; but I assure you I had writ about him; the letter, I fear, miscarried; perhaps it was in that that I troubled you for a pattern of brocadella, which you have never mentioned. These are the dates of my letters of this year: Jan. 19; Feb. 6, 29; March 4, 26; April 20; May 9, 25; June 20; July 7; August 2; September 1; Oct. 5, 28. Pray examine them and tell me if any are wanting.

Don't say I have not announced to you the Duchess of Hamilton, and her husband General Campbell, Lady Ailesbury's brother. I have mentioned them to you already. They set out this week. I think the Duchess will not answer your expectation. She never was so handsome as Lady Coventry, and now is a skeleton. It is hard upon a standard beauty, when she travels in a deep consumption. Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains

[4] 'Mr. Onslow, the Speaker, showed me a remarkable paper, which had been brought to him at the King's command, in the year 1758, by Baron Munchausen, with whom Mr. Onslow had no acquaintance. In that memorandum the King declared that he had then expended on the war 2,500,000*l.*, the savings of thirty years; that he had borrowed above 200,000*l.* here in England, as much more in Germany, and that the Hanoverian chancery of war owed 200,000 rix-dollars. "The King," concluded the paper, "can do no more himself towards the war." If he did more in the two following years, and it has never been pretended that he stopped his hand in 1758, his remaining ability to go on induces a suspicion that there was as little exactness observed in stating the rest of the account. On the envelope of Munchausen's paper Mr. Onslow had written, "I could send no answer to this."' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. ii. pp. 457–8.)

of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. If she had lived to ninety like Helen, I believe they would have thought that her wrinkles deserved an epic poem. Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty! Adieu!

719. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1760.

I am not gone to Houghton, you see: my Lord Orford is come to town, and I have persuaded him to stay and perform decencies.

King George the Second is dead richer than Sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as my Lord Hardwicke. He has left fifty thousand pounds between the Duke, Emily, and Mary: the Duke has given up his share. To Lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with the contents: they call it eleven thousand pounds. By a German deed, he gives the Duke to the value of 180,000*l.*, placed on mortgages, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more: then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation, on the pretence of the expenses of the war: but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him—a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closter-seven! He gives him besides all his jewels in England—but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee. The Duke, too, has some uncounted cabinets. My Lady Suffolk has given me a particular of his jewels, which plainly amount to 150,000*l.* It happened oddly to my Lady Suffolk. Two days before he died, she went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review: she found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom

she had not seen for so many years, and to my Lady Yarmouth; but they did not know her. It struck her, and has made her very sensible to his death.

The changes hang back. Nothing material has been altered yet. Ned Finch, the only thing my Lady Yarmouth told the new King she had to ask for, is made Surveyor of the Roads, in the room of Sir Harry Erskine, who is to have an old regiment[1]. He excuses himself from seeing company, as favourite of the favourite. Arthur is removed from being Clerk of the Wine-cellar, a sacrifice to morality. The Archbishop[2] has such hopes of the young King, that he is never out of the circle. He trod upon the Duke's foot on Sunday, in the haste of his zeal; the Duke said to him, 'My Lord, if your Grace is in such a hurry to make your court, that is the way.' *Bons mots* come thicker than changes: Charles Townshend, receiving an account of the impression the King's death had made, was told Miss Chudleigh cried—'What,' said he, 'Oysters?' And last night, Mr. Dawnay[3] asking George Selwyn if Princess Amelia would have a guard? he replied, 'Now and then one, I suppose.'

An extraordinary event has happened to-day; George Townshend[4] sent a challenge to Lord Albemarle, desiring him to be with a second in the fields. Lord Albemarle took Colonel Crauford, and went to Marybone. George Townshend bespoke Lord Buckingham, who loves a secret too well not to tell it; he communicated it to Stanley, who went to St. James's, and acquainted Mr. Caswall, the

LETTER 719.—[1] The 67th Foot. He had been dismissed in the preceding reign for parliamentary opposition.

[2] Thomas Secker.

[3] Probably Hon. John Dawnay (1728–1781), only brother of third Viscount Downe, whom he succeeded in Dec. 1760.

[4] Townshend was persuaded that a pamphlet, commenting on his assumption of a principal part in the capture of Quebec, had been written at the instigation of the Duke of Cumberland. He therefore challenged Lord Albemarle, the Duke's favourite.

captain on guard. The latter took a hackney-coach, drove to Marybone, and saw one pair. After waiting ten minutes, the others came: Townshend made an apology to Lord Albemarle for making him wait—'Oh,' said he, 'men of spirit don't want apologies—come, let us begin what we came for'—at that instant, out steps Caswall from his coach, and begs their pardon, as his superior officers, but told them they were his prisoners; he desired Mr. Townshend and Lord Buckingham to return in their coach; he would carry back Lord Albemarle and Crauford in his. He did, and went to acquaint the King, who has commissioned some of the matrons of the army to examine the affair, and make it up. All this while, I don't know what the quarrel was—but they hated one another so much on the Duke's account, that a slight word would easily make their aversions boil over.

Don't you, nor even your general, come to town on this occasion? Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

720. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common toying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis's place, but he is saved, and Sir Thomas remains as lumber not yet disposed of. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, 'No petticoat Government, no Scotch minister, no Lord George Sackville.' Two hints

totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less; it is left at Leicester House; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except Lady Susan Stuart[1] and Sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody. All his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This young man don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well. It was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmorland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Litchfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says they go to St. James's, because now there are so many *Stuarts* there.

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's Chamber[2], hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and

LETTER 720.—[1] Lady Susan Stuart (d. 1805), daughter of sixth Earl of Galloway; m (1768), as his third wife, Granville Leveson-Gower, second Earl Gower, cr. Marquis of Stafford in 1786. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Augusta.

[2] Near the House of Peers.

his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns, all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich copes, the choir and almsmen all bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day: the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaroscuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct—yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old—but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older enough to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased—no order was observed, people set or stood where they could or would, the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin, the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers, the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read, and the anthem, besides being unmeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis[3], and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father, how little reason so ever he had to love him, could not be pleasant. His leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours, his face bloated and

[3] An 'adonis' wig.

distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend—think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle—but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with t'other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering[4], the Groom of the Bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle—the King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun[5]. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, 'Who is to be Groom of the Bedchamber?' 'What is Sir T. Robinson to have?' I have been to Leicester Fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

[4] John Clavering, d. 1762.
[5] At Torgau in Saxony, on Nov. 3, 1760.

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